THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il[illegible]ated [illegible] Magazine
Fou[illegible] D[illegible] j. Franklin

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FAIRBANK'S

Magic Cleansers

Fairy Soap

You should avoid the use of toilet soaps containing coloring matter and high perfumes, because they are usually used to disguise cheap materials. A pure, white soap is best of all; the purest and best white soap is Fairy Soap.

Fairy Soap is made from edible products, and is almost good enough to eat. It contains no dyes, adulterations or excessive perfume. It is just as pure and good as it looks.

For the toilet and bath, there's nothing quite so good as Fairy Soap—the handy, floating, oval cake. Yet the price is but 5c.

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

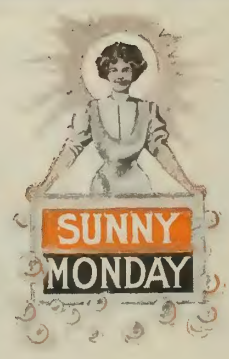
Gold Dust

Gold Dust does more than clean—it sterilizes, and leaves everything it touches sanitarily safe. It makes dish-water that digs, kills the germs of decay which linger in oft-used kitchen utensils, cuts dirt and grease from floors, doors and other woodwork, and for all general household cleaning is far superior to any other washing powder or cleanser.

Besides its cleansing virtues, Gold Dust has the merit of doing work quickly and saving your strength.

Don't use Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene. The Gold Dust Twins need no outside help. For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bathroom pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"



Sunny Monday

Laundry Soap

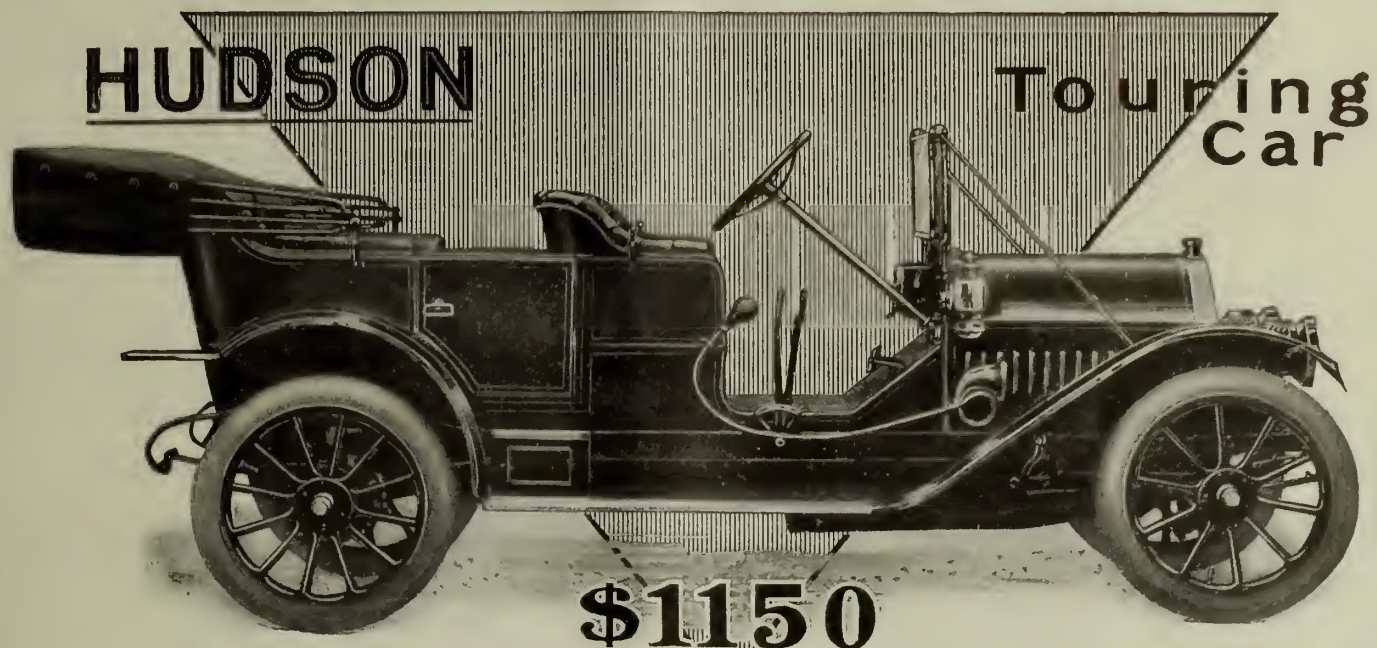
We recently had tests made, taking two suits of underwear, washing one each week with a yellow laundry soap (containing rosin) and one with Sunny Monday *(N. R.).

At the end of several weekly washings, the garments washed with yellow soap had shrunk fully three inches, the fibre had matted, the threads had grown harsh and taken on a felt-like texture. The Sunny Monday *(N. R.) washed garments were just as white and clean and soft as when new; they had not shrunk a bit. Rosin is bad for clothes; Sunny Monday *(N. R.) is white, and contains no rosin. It is the safe laundry soap for flannels, woolens and finer fabrics.

*N. R. means "No rosin." Sunny Monday Laundry Soap contains no rosin. Rosin cheapens soap but injures clothes.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"

THE N.K.FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago



"Look for the Triangle on the Radiator"

This price includes three oil lamps, two gas lamps, generator, horn, tire repair outfit, tools and jack.

What The "Factor of Safety" Means To You

A structural engineer, in drawing up specifications for a bridge or building, first figures everything theoretically safe.

He figures out what maximum strain each part will be called on to stand. He knows how strong each part should be; then, to have a "factor of safety," he increases his theoretical figures.

Each bolt is made a little thicker, every piece of steel a little heavier, every rod a little stronger.

Practical Experience Necessary

To be able to know what this factor should be requires not only theoretical engineering skill, but practical experience as well.

HUDSON engineering is not mere theory, but a combination of theory and long practical experience. Our engineers have unusual ability. Proof of this is the fact that they have designed four famous American cars. They found out years ago how strong they should make axles, steering gears, crank shafts, frames and wheels.

You keep up insurance both on your life and your property. You consider insurance not only a good investment, but a necessary investment. So do we. We insure the safety of HUDSON cars by putting into them materials better than necessary. They will withstand the *unusual* as well as the ordinary strain. We charge you for this additional value. It is included in the price you pay—your insurance premium put there for your protection, for the protection of your family and your friends.

Thousands of HUDSON cars are daily demonstrating the ability and experience of HUDSON engineers. They are daily proving that HUDSON *safety factors* are real ones. They are demonstrating that they are built by men who are familiar with the contingencies of the road—men with a thorough knowledge of the unusual service that a motor car may be called upon to perform.

Does Everything Asked

In the Richmond Times-Dispatch Virginia Endurance Run from Richmond to Washington, D. C., a Hudson finished with a perfect score. It was the ***only car in its class to finish perfect.*** The run lasted three days—468 miles of rocky, muddy mountain roads.

In a recent demonstration test in Honolulu, H. I., a Hudson covered 596 miles, with the bonnet sealed and without stopping the motor. The car averaged 19 miles per gallon of gasoline for the entire distance, 67 miles per quart of engine oil, and ran 596 miles on one quart of transmission oil.

The city of Kingston, Kansas, uses a Hudson in its fire department. It carries eight men and draws a hose cart, speeding to fires at the rate of 25 miles an hour.

A Hudson has been driven from Long Island, N. Y., to Tampa, Fla., a distance of over 1600 miles, without touching a bolt, nut, spark plug or making a mechanical adjustment.

A Hudson has been driven from Detroit to New Haven, Conn., at an expense of less than one cent per mile for oil and gasoline and without making a repair.

Performances like these are proof that the Hudson safety factors do more than make the Hudson car safe. They make it an economical car to operate and maintain. The question of upkeep is one which vitally concerns every automobile user. As making the Hudson strong insures you against accident, so does it insure you against repair bills.

Sixty-eight corporations are already using Hudson cars for commercial purposes. They prefer them because they give steady service without costing much to maintain, and because their first cost is reasonable. In many instances they bought their second and third Hudsons after carefully trying out and testing the first one.

Consider Margin of Comfort

The Hudson is not only safe and strong, inexpensive to keep, but is big, handsome, comfortable. It is the best looking in its class. It has good lines, showing clever design and careful proportioning. No car rides any easier—few as easy. Note the foot room in front—the big 18-inch steering wheel—the rake of the steering post—the curved accelerator which fits the foot. These refinements are most appreciated when making a long drive. It is like riding in a parlor car instead of a day-coach.

We want you to examine the Hudson. Take an expert with you if you can. The expert will tell you that, while Hudson features and Hudson refinement are not new in the sense of never having been used before, they are new in a car at the Hudson price. He will tell you that the value is all there before your eyes in good, sound automobile design, material and finish.

The fact that we are building close to 800 cars a month is proof that Hudson owners are finding unusual value in Hudson cars. No other automobile company has ever sold so many cars their first year as we have. The reason for this large business is found in the quality of the car itself. When you buy a Hudson, you get the most for your money.

Write today for the Hudson Catalog. It tells you in detail about Hudson cars and who the men are who are back of the Hudson Company. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us today.

CUT OUT AND MAIL

Hudson Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich.
Mail New Hudson Catalog to

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Member Licensed Association

Here is a very interesting letter from the Philippines. It shows that some people like Ivory Soap so much that they have it brought *nearly half way 'round the globe for them.*

"Enclosed is a photograph which I have recently taken in the town of Bontoc, in north central Luzon, with the idea that you may be able to use it as an advertisement of Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap is furnished by the Philippine Government for each of the seven Igorrote Industrial Schools under my supervision. At first the pupils did not like it, but now, if the teachers do not keep it under lock and key, the boys carry it home.

The soap, after being landed at Manila, is put on board a little coasting vessel and in a couple of days reaches the town of Vigan, 300 miles north. At Vigan begins a one hundred mile journey into the extremely wild and mountainous country, which is the home of the Igorrotes. As it is impossible for wagons to make this trip over the mountains, the cases are carried on the backs of pack animals for the first three days, at the end of which time they reach the town of Cervantes, the capital of the province of Lepanto-Bontoc. From Cervantes to Bontoc, Igorrote carriers are used, as the mountain trails are very steep.

The photograph represents an actual, bona fide occurrence. The men are taken in their every-day costume. The little basket hats on their heads serve as pockets. The axes in their belts are used as implements of peace, or as weapons of war. The spears are their constant companions, and the hats, axes, spears, and the 'Gee-strings' 'round their waists are all of home manufacture."

It is not necessary for *you* to send eleven thousand miles for a cake of Ivory Soap. It is on sale in nearly every one of the three hundred thousand grocery stores in the United States.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Pressure on the Professor

Transcribed by Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

I AM forty-four years old. My wife is forty-one. We have two boys, aged seven and two. I teach at one of the great universities of the East. People call me "Professor." I sometimes think I would gladly give half my salary not to be called "Professor." I envy the people who are called "Mister."

The public does not understand the subtle distinctions between Professor, Associate Professor, Assistant Professor, Instructor, Assistant. They give us all the same title. They believe we all get the same salary and should maintain the same dignity. A full professor in our department gets four thousand a year. We have one instructor, aged thirty, who gets nine hundred.

I am an assistant professor and my salary is eighteen hundred. There was a time, as a boy on a Western farm, when I would have considered eighteen hundred dollars a princely income. Now the problem is—how to save on eighteen hundred a year when your living expenses are twenty-five hundred.

The problem was difficult ten years ago. Today it is impossible. Meat has gone up. Vegetables have gone up. House-rent has gone up. Our standard of living—what people expect of us and what we expect of ourselves—has gone up. The rising cost of living and the rising standard of living have come upon us unawares. They have pinned us to the wall.

In our house we talk about prices more than about any other one thing. When we were first married Mary and I used to read Dante and the poets of the Italian Renaissance. We argued about Petrarch—my wife, when at college, had written a thesis on Petrarch. Now we no longer discuss Petrarch. We talk prices—ways and means.

I lecture on Political Economy. I began, ten years ago, a study of the History of Prices in the Nineteenth Century. It is not yet finished; I have been too busy paying bills to finish it. I think I know something about the fundamental causes of the rise of prices during the last fifteen years. But my wife and I don't talk about fundamental causes. We hate the butcher, and we hate our landlord. At least Mary does, and I hate them because she hates them. My salary has been eighteen hundred now for nine years. Nine years ago we had no children, and prices were lower. In those days we still read Dante and argued over Petrarch, and I spent my evenings on the History of Prices. I had saved six hundred dollars. The high prices crept over us like old age—very, very gradually.

The second baby came and we ran into debt. Assistant professors should not have second babies. In fact, they usually don't have. I shall tell you about that later.

When the second baby came I asked for a raise in salary. You may not know how much that asking cost us. It took me six months to make up my mind to do it.

"I Wish You Were a Full Professor," Said Mary for the Millionth Time

An Interview With the President

YOU see, we college professors have an *amour propre*. We know that we are underpaid, and are satisfied to be reasonably underpaid. We are not greedy, and when we undertake this work we know that the pleasure of it, and the dignity of it, and the satisfaction of guiding the youth of the nation must be paid for in dollars and cents, in our own work, in our wives' work, and in a thousand daily unheroic sacrifices. We don't demand a fair day's wage for a fair day's work like a steamfitter, or a headwaiter, or a railroad president. It is *infra dig.*

But dignity does not pay the doctor's bill, and the butcher can't wait because you have scruples. I find that dignity, without visible means of support, becomes very undignified. So I went and asked.

The president is an able and a reasonable man. Besides, he is a friend of mine. We were once instructors together in a Middle Western college. This made it harder for me.

He was pleasant, but worried. He spoke about the university deficit, and he became silent, and his brows wrinkled, and I knew that he was thinking out plans to raise more money. Then he took down the report of an investigation of salaries in colleges—I knew the report verbatim—and showed me what I already knew—that we were paying assistant professors better than most universities. He showed me a number of big Western colleges paying sixteen hundred dollars, and fourteen hundred, and twelve hundred, and then he showed me a great Eastern university that paid only nine hundred and seventy-eight dollars. "An assistant professor there," he said, "has nineteen dollars a week to spend." He smiled. "There are others, you see, even worse off."

I thought of the second baby. "It's a little embarrassing," I began, suddenly realizing with a spasm of pain how well dressed my old associate was—"It's embarrassing to be obliged to ask for ——"

He interrupted. "You are quite right. I am working on a plan for reorganizing salaries, and I think—eh—I think—in a month or two—something—eh—something will develop."

I went back to my wife and the second baby, and I worked a little harder at the book reviews and the other hackwork, which have occupied all my leisure the last six years. I felt more hopeful. The president had said, "Something—eh—something will develop."

A Laboratory but No Money

SOMETHING did develop, but it was the wrong thing. We had hoped that the millionaire—he was a very rich and very malodorous benefactor—would give us five hundred thousand dollars for our current expenses, so that the strain upon the teaching force would be eased up. Instead, he gave us a costly physical laboratory, with no endowment to support it. When I estimated the expense of keeping up that laboratory I knew that my salary would not be raised for another five years. When I looked at the second baby—he is much handsomer and dearer than any physical laboratory—I realized that he was a mistake.

Assistant professors can't have second babies, at least not until the physical laboratories are all built. Whenever I visit a university and see the gleaming marble of the great library, or the ivy-crowned college buildings, or the ultra-modern gymnasium, or the expensive football fields, I realize that all these externalities, all these pompous and imposing equipments, are built—at least in part—at the expense of the men who teach. We pay dearly for our title of professor. We pay dearly for the quiet of our lives, for our self-esteem, for the cultural opportunities which are offered to us, but which we have not the money or the leisure to enjoy.

When I reached home, after hearing on the campus that the malodorous millionaire had given us a physical laboratory instead of money with which to pay our obligations, my eyes first fell on Jinnie, our little black maid-of-all-work. In the city where we live an efficient servant receives six dollars a week, but Jinnie, or Virginia (as she calls herself on Sundays), toils for us with a willing but misdirected assiduity for four dollars. We should like to have a maid as efficient as that of my wife's cousin; but he makes three thousand a year as salesman for a drygoods house, and we cannot compete with that.

My first thought was that Jinnie would have to go. Four dollars a week is two hundred and eight dollars a year—a ninth of my salary—not counting the food she eats and the things she breaks and wastes. But then, it simply could not be done. With two babies, with cooking and keeping the house in order, with our very occasional guests to entertain, it simply was not possible.

Doctor Grinnell managed it; he always seemed to manage. Grinnell had a wife and three children. Besides, he had an old father and mother in a little New Hampshire village, and he had to help out there. Grinnell made eleven hundred dollars as instructor, earned four hundred in the summer school, another four hundred from book reviews, two hundred and fifty as assistant editor of a university scientific journal, and finally one hundred and fifty from tutoring in all twenty-three hundred dollars a year. The Grinnells lived in a five-room flat with a policeman above

and a small Italian real-estate speculator below. But Mrs. Grinnell was young and very strong. She even did her own laundry. Grinnell, by the way, gave up a twelve-hundred-dollar position in a small Western college town for the superior cultural advantages of the East.

Well, we kept Jinnie and we still have her. I sometimes think she and I have a good deal in common, we are both a little underpaid, and a little underambitious. Mary and I talked over plans—the same old, old plans that we had gone over and over and over again. We were paying $41.66 a month for rent; nine years ago we had paid thirty-two dollars for the same apartment. We could not economize on food, clothing, amusements. I had already given up smoking, except for an occasional pipe; we rarely ever went to theaters. Our summer vacation—well, this year we must give it up. Even if we rented the apartment in the city, what with the railroad fare and the little charges that you never foresee even in the cheapest place, it would bring up our summer expenses a hundred dollars if we went away. As for books, we must simply buy none. We must get what we want from the university. And no more of our little monthly dinners to a few fellow-professors, although they cost only two dollars extra. Perhaps we could cut down, too, on ——

"Do you remember, when we were first married," broke in Mary inconsequently, "how we planned our wonderful Italian trip? And after that we were going to spend a year in Germany, and study, and write your book on the History of Prices in the Nineteenth Century?"

I brushed this remark aside as irrelevant. "That old overcoat of mine," I said; "it would look all right with a little—I mean, Eisenstein can fix it up for another year. Don't you think so?"

A New Lease of Life for the Old Overcoat

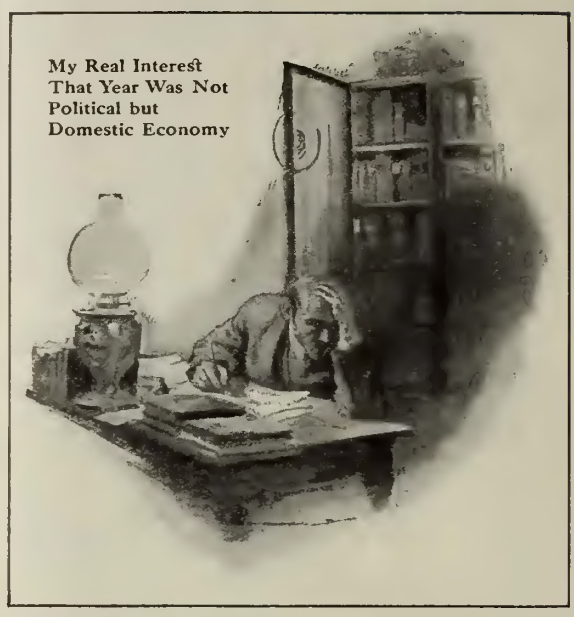
MY OVERCOAT—it had been annually condemned to death for five years, and yet each autumn Eisenstein, the corner tailor—of whom I stand in some awe—was asked to "try his best" to make it look presentable. As for my dress clothes—but for the ingenious Eisenstein I should long since have been obliged to refuse our occasional invitations.

"I wish you were a full professor," said Mary for the millionth time.

"I wish I were," I answered for the millionth time.

If I were full professor here I should receive four thousand; if I were called to other universities I would get anywhere from eighteen hundred dollars to five thousand. The average for the better universities, according to a report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, is twenty-five hundred. With twenty-five hundred, especially with twenty-five hundred in a smaller place, I should be comfortable, rich—able to work and to achieve something.

My wife thinks that it is sheer favoritism that has advanced other men more rapidly and has left me at forty-four an assistant professor at eighteen hundred a year. But I know otherwise. Not everybody can become a full professor. Our universities and colleges are coming under a sort of factory organization, with only a few full professors, a larger number of assistant professors, and a still greater number of instructors. Not all instructors can become assistant professors, and not all assistant professors, however long or faithfully they serve, can become full professors. I am only average—perhaps a trifle below average. I write slowly, after hours of steady, plodding work. Unless you write and publish you don't get the reputation that advances you. But, for the last fifteen years, I have written nothing except a few articles in the economic journals and those eternal, unsigned book reviews. If only I had had time to finish my History of Prices in the Nineteenth Century!



My Real Interest That Year Was Not Political but Domestic Economy

After Mary went to bed that night I took down my Prices and determined to finish it. Another six months, working every night, would do it. The big envelope that held my notes was very dusty. There was a leadpencil note on it: "Consult French statistics tomorrow, April 3, '06." I gasped. Was it possible that I had not touched this work for two whole years! I began reading. "It is well written," I said to myself. "Henceforth I shall make any sacrifice to permit the finishing of this book, which will mean my reputation, my appointment as a full professor, a salary of twenty-five hundred or even of four thousand a year." The second baby in the next room began to cry. I thought suddenly of the second baby, and my mind went back to the things the baby needed and the rising prices of the things that the baby needed. I must finish those book reviews if we were to come out straight at the end of the month. The History of Prices in the Nineteenth Century would wait. . . . It still waits.

. . . . . .

I have just read over what I have written. It is excessively autobiographical—probably not what you want to read, certainly not what I want to write. I am merely one of twenty thousand professors. I do not count. If it were not for Mary and the two youngsters I should not much care.

But there are thousands of college professors, here and elsewhere, in small colleges and big, who do count. It is pretty bad for the average man even in the little prairie universities, where you don't need to keep up appearances and your wife can raise chickens; in the big cities and in the universities in city suburbs the tension is sometimes too great to bear. For a dozen years now I have watched tragedies. I have seen brilliant young men, full of promise, full of life, unselfish and high-spirited, simply ground down by overwork, underpay and high prices, with the result that they have grown narrow and hard and embittered.

If you want to know just what the pressure is upon the professor, lead his life, which is so pleasant in some respects and so hard and harassing in others. Or, if you want to know his earnings and how far his earnings go, consult the statistics that have been gathered and the studies that have been made upon the subject. Here is what the Carnegie Foundation says about us:

"About a third of the American colleges and universities report an average salary to a full professor of less than one thousand dollars, and not quite half report an average of more than one thousand but less than two thousand.

"Heretofore," says the Foundation, "little has been done to fix salaries in respect to any fair or even possible line of comfort. And it has, therefore, happened that at the same time, when small economies have lowered an entire faculty into discontent and inefficiency, an amount sufficient to raise the teaching body into an atmosphere of content and cheerful work has been spent on facing the campus buildings with marble, and in giving to the athletic field the appearance of a Roman amphitheater."

"An Assistant Professor There," He Said, "Has Nineteen Dollars a Week to Spend"

It is either athletic fields or—content and the second baby. I said that assistant professors should not have a second baby. Here are some statistics on the subject gathered by a Leland Stanford professor.

He gathered data on one hundred and twelve assistant professors in average universities. They averaged a little under 37 years in age. Of these, twenty-nine were still unmarried. Of the eighty-three married ones, forty-nine had no children or only one child. When these one hundred and twelve assistant professors are dead they will leave insufficient children in the world to grow up and take their places and the places of their wives. It is race suicide at the top—race suicide compelled by economic pressure.

Some college teachers are very well off. I know an instructor with a thousand-dollar salary who spends four thousand a year on his yellow motor car. A friend of mine makes six thousand annually on a side business. One professor in our university inherited three million dollars, and is a generous contributor to the institution. The big lawyers, physicians and engineers who lecture in our professional schools often make more in a month outside the college than in a year within the college.

But let us take a composite picture of the one hundred and twelve assistant professors who reported to the Leland Stanford man. This composite professor went through school and college, spending seven years in undergraduate and post-graduate work. He had to borrow money to do it; he went into debt over four hundred dollars—about fifty thousand dollars of debt for the whole one hundred and twelve of him.

The Professor's Hopeless Outlook

AT 27, this composite man, with a debt hanging over him, took a position as instructor. At 32 he became an assistant professor; at 37 he was in the same position. Up to the age of 37, this man had earned $13,200, or one hundred and ten dollars a month for ten years of work. A bricklayer earning four dollars a day and working two hundred and twenty-five days a year would by the time he was 37 have earned $14,400. A clerk at fifteen dollars a week would have earned $13,260 between the ages of 20 and 37.

It is a little hard on the professor, who is squeezed between the stationary salary at the top and the rising prices at the bottom. It is so hard, in fact, that according to an apparently accurate calculation the average college teacher is some thirty per cent worse off than he was twenty years ago. It is so hard that a feeling of discontent is abroad in the colleges, and the men who teach are beginning to grow embittered over the conditions that force down their salaries and force up their cost of living.

But the greatest hardship falls on the student and on the country. For the student is given a perfunctory and superficial education, and the whole community pays for the inefficiency of the men who are graduated.

The truth is that, instead of getting an adequate number of well-paid, well-trained college teachers we are getting an excessive number of ill-paid, ill-trained ones. The title "Professor" is becoming a synonym for cheap labor—and is falling into disrepute. In many of our universities—for there are many exceptions—we don't care about the quality of the instruction but only for the quantity of it.

Last year our Professor of Semitic languages—a learned man who used to earn four thousand dollars a year—was retired on a pension from the Carnegie Foundation. We could have secured a very able man at the same salary. Instead we engaged two men at two thousand dollars each. The old professor had classes averaging sixteen pupils; the new men will have classes averaging ten. The additional course will look well in the university catalogue, but—the instruction will be worse. And the two men, whose salaries will be raised very slowly, will find it hard to live on what supported the one man before.

If you were sick would you rather have two badly-trained, underpaid, dispirited physicians, or one able specialist? If you were on trial for your life would you

rather have two discouraged and incompetent attorneys or one lawyer who knew the law? In the universities we are being offered an excessive amount of instruction by men who are not first-raters. Some of our college curricula are like the menus of the cheap *table d'hôte*. You may make your choice of six meats—all bad.

Last year one of the brightest men in economics took his doctor's degree. He was a born teacher. I have never known any one who had a more remarkable gift of exposition, of making you not only see a thing but feel that you had known it ever since you were born. Moreover, he had a passion for teaching. During all his post-graduate work he spent several evenings a week teaching in a social settlement. He would have been an ornament to any university.

But the man unfortunately—for us—was ambitious. When I urged him to go into academic work he drew for me a comparison between the biggest rewards in law or medicine or journalism or architecture, where a "top-notcher"—to use his phrase—could make a hundred thousand dollars a year, and those of the university, where a salary of eight thousand dollars as president is as rare as the job of President of the United States. Our student—who wanted to marry right away—had no stomach for a five years' instructorship at nine hundred dollars. He had refused several offers as an investigator at double an instructor's salary, and the last I heard of him he had become statistician for a great railroad company.

We don't get the best men in college teaching and we don't make the best of the men we do get. We collect in our colleges great masses of dead wood: men who can't hold a better position; men with their ambitions ground out of them; men who draw small salaries and do not earn them, no matter how hard they work. They are conscientious—I know no body of more conscientious men. But leaving out exceptions—and there are some thousands of them—it is true of many college professors that they would leave if they were any longer capable of more remunerative work, just as Jinnie would leave me if my wife's cousin offered her six dollars a week instead of the four that I pay her.

The year the second baby came I was so worried and so harried that I could not have told you the difference between the Ricardian Theory of Rent and the law of gravitation. I remember stopping several times in my course on Industrial History of the United States to wonder whether a certain check would come in before a certain bill. My real interest that year was not political but domestic economy. Without intending it, I cheated the university and the students.

Nor am I the help to the students that *my* professor was twenty years ago. When I was a graduate student we used to spend every Saturday evening with our professor. I used to look forward to that evening. We had lemonade and sandwiches and cigars, and discussions that lasted until late at night and were worth more to me than all my regular university work. I used to look forward to the time when I, as a professor, could have my students about me in the same way. But I can't do it. I can't afford it. Mary has too much work. The children have to be put to bed and our own supper cleared away. The flat isn't presentable—nor are we, Mary and Jinnie and I. Some of my students have more pocket money than I have salary.

You could not have a trade union of Professors of Chemistry or of Instructors in Medieval History, but the universities and the professors together could work out a plan somewhat similar. In the course of time we could agree that no college teacher should receive less than a living wage, and those who could not earn it would be kept out. Then we would have fewer teachers and better teachers, and the professor and his wife and his children, and the students and the university and the community generally, would all be better served.

America is rich. America believes in education—and in higher education. America can afford to pay its educators—and is willing to pay its educators.

But we are still in the pioneering stage of education. We are still in the stage where we are trying to do much instead of doing what we do well. We have too many colleges, too many courses in the colleges, too many professors for these courses, too many graduate schools, too many ill-manned laboratories, too much expensive competition among universities, too little coördination. And the cost of all this is paid by the teacher—and the student.

We have accomplished wonderful things in education, just as we accomplished wonderful things when the American pioneer went out into the forest and cut down the trees, laid out the farms and built the cities. But the true work of America in education, as in everything else, is just beginning. We must begin at the very beginning, and try to unite all these separate stones—these competitive seats of learning—into one cohesive edifice.

I hope that, before the second baby grows up, the pressure on the professor will be lessened; in fact, I believe that within the last few years the process of betterment has perhaps begun. Prices, it is true, have continued to rise; but, on the other hand, we have now the promise of pensions, and some universities are beginning to hope that, in the matter of the reorganization of salaries, "something—eh—something will develop." It is all very encouraging. Nevertheless, for the time being, I shall not raise Jinnie's wages.

A DEAD-GAME SPORT

Ole Reliable Entertains an Angel and Catches the Devil

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

THE morning sun slanted across Ole Reliable's front gallery, spattering it with cottonwood shadows; a huge blot in the middle resembled a bulldog that had been flattened by a steam-roller.

Drif sat with his back to the street, his head cocked to one side and his eyes glued upon the door. Like Joan of Arc he was listening to voices. With corrugated ribs and grumbling vacancy between them, Drif wore Joan's expression of spirituality; but he wasn't seeing visions of war. He accepted General Sherman's definition, and believed in arbitration. In the early morning Drif always listened at this door, catching the cue for his behavior. When Selina came out he wanted to know whether to wag his stump and ingratiate himself, back off to the edge of the gallery, or crawl under the house and hide behind the chimney.

Drif heard voices, and there was no miracle about it. Selina was coming out. Being uncertain what to do, he compromised by retiring halfway to the gallery when Selina flung open the door.

The big black woman slammed down her basket and rearranged the pans. They rattled noisily, and Drif could tell that they were empty. The dog looked at the man, and the man looked at the dog; each had a fellow-feeling for the other's unfurnished apartment. Every morning these pans went away empty; so did Zack and Drif. Every afternoon the pans came back—full. Every afternoon Zack and Drif came back.

Zack talked seductively from the doorway while Selina covered the pans with a gingham apron. He dilated upon lodge gossip, and watched Selina's lips for a smile that did not show up.

"Git Up From Dar. Somebody Done Stole Everything We Got"

"You ought to seed what we done to dat country nigger. Ef you won't tell ——" Selina snatched up her basket.

"Zack, you done tole me mo' lies dan enough about yo' lodge tomfoolery. Ef you's talkin' fer dat two bits you might jes as well keep yo' mouf shet; 'tain't doin' you no mo' good dan a mustard plaster on a wooden leg."

Selina made a competent procession by herself: Zack fell in behind and followed to the front fence.

"Seliny, jes ten cents—I wants a cup o' coffee."

Selina stopped; Zack stopped, and Drif backstood him from a safe distance.

"You don't git no dime."

Zack jewed himself down fifty per cent and suggested, "I kin make out wid a nickel fer some tobacco."

But she declined to play the five-cent limit.

Selina felt among the creases about her waist, found a sunken cord and tightened it. Then she hoisted her dress above the dew, tucked it under the belt and marched on. Drif sat down in the dust. Zack limped back to the steps. He took out a clay pipe, knocked it on the edge of the gallery and blew through the stem. Never had it seemed so clean and empty. Then he spread a piece of paper, knelt down as low as he could get, and turned his pockets inside out. With infinite care he saved the tobacco dust and filled his pipe. The old man sat with his chin in his hand, turning loose an economical puff when he could hold it no longer, and watching Selina.

Selina took long strides for a fat woman, and there was something inexorable in the expression of her heels as they kicked up her dress behind. Zack shook his head; there was no use hoping.

Then Zack saw something—something that made him spring up and let out a generous cloud of smoke. He ran to the end of the gallery. "Huh! dat's Bully Bing"—his prosperous relative.

Bully Bing—nobody knew what the name meant, but everybody knew him, and he was coming down the side street—a burly yellow man with breeches of gorgeous stripe and hue. It was Bully Bing, synonym for cigars, whisky, cash—tales of adventure with dice and pasteboards—for Bing was a gambler, and he got the stuff.

Ole Reliable gazed. A riot of joy burst across the glory-guarded hills of Vicksburg. The sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed. The waters ran on merrily past the river-girdled town. But—and his pulse stopped—if Bing kept on and Selina kept on they would bump into each other at the corner. Selina had a "prejudy agin 'im." Bing and his rascally methods were the honest woman's pet abomination. Ole Reliable tried to shout, but like a man in a dream his tongue refused to work. He could see both of them coming closer and closer together, but neither one could see the other. In another minute there would be a transit, or a collision. All the strength of his soul went out in one silent and despairing message. Bing heard it, and got a hunch. Whenever Bing had a pair of deuces, and a psychological hunch, he played the hand to a show-down. If he held three aces, and a hunch that they were beat, he chucked 'em into the discards. Now he had a hunch to stop and dodge behind a fence.

Zack believed in meeting good things a little more than halfway. He hustled to the corner and caught Bing with both hands. "Bless de Lawd, ef here ain't Bing. My own dead sister's boy. Whar is you been all dis time? Come right on home wid me."

Bing gladdened the old man's heart by a more than equal cordiality. "I ain't got no time to fool around

Vicksburg; jes drapped in from Memphis an' N'Yawleens, but I couldn't pass throo' widout seein' Uncle Zack. Does dey still call you 'Ole Reliable'?"

"Sholy, sholy—everybody, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

Arm in arm they passed through the gate, and Ole Reliable placed Selina's chair in the middle of the kitchen. "Set down an' make yo'sef easy. Lemme res' yo' hat."

When Bing pulled off his derby—in two shades of brown—it uncovered a perfectly naked head, knotty like an Irish potato, and shaven clean. Before bending his knees he hitched up his trousers so they would not bag. A band of silk ran down the sides of his legs. Bing always affected this eccentricity, and always wore patent-leather shoes with gray cloth tops. His double-breasted vest had pearl-gray buttons—big as a dollar—matching the tops of his shoes.

Zack paused to admire the elegance with which his nephew lounged back in Selina's chair and whistled a sporty tune. The old man smiled in his heart; Bing's money came easy, and he was just as likely to shell out a dollar as a nickel.

"It feels mighty good to be talkin' wid kinfolks. I gits tired o' Saint Louey an' N'Yawleens." Bing spoke feelingly of his affection for kinfolks, and Zack mentally doubled the amount of his prospective touch.

Drif poked his head in and, feeling the atmosphere of brotherly love, came lumbering toward them. Bing eyed him like a connoisseur, patted him on the head and they made friends. Drif's disposition had sweetened with adversity. "I been hearin' a lot about dis dog in Saint Louey. Everybody is braggin' 'bout Ole Reliable an' Drif. You-all sho did make a rep."

Drif wagged the stump of his tail, and Zack wagged himself all over. It was good to be famous. "Dat dog done hissef proud in Saint Louey. He sholy brought me a pile o' money," remarked Zack with an air of easy affluence. "Jes like stealin' candy from blind babies."

"So dem niggers tole me. Dey tell me you cleaned up scads o' coin, specially when Drif kilt dat dog from Kansas City."

"Huh! Dat Kansas City pup didn't make chewin'-gum fer Drif."

"How much did you win?"

"Three or four hundred—I fergits."

"He 'pears like a mighty good fighter." Bing leaned back and surveyed the dog, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. "Well, Uncle, how is tricks?"

"Fine—comin' so rapid an' reglar I stayed home to rest." As Zack was meditating a loan he recommended himself very highly. It would be a shame to strike the opulent Bing for two bits; so he leaned forward and inquired, "Times pretty good wid you?"

Bing laughed. "Fine ain't no name fer it. I quit runnin' wid cheap niggers; no tin-horn gamblers fer me—I'm playin' de ponies."

"Ponies is some out o' my juishdiction. Ain't dey mighty hard to guess?"

"Sho, ef you *guess* 'em; but dey's easy ef you know."

"How is dat? How *kin* you know?"

Bing winked very wisely. "You got to know de jockies, give 'em a few drinks, maybe ten dollars or fifty, an' find out how de ponies is goin' to run. Den ef you wants two or three hundred plunks jes go down to de track an' git it."

This was sweet music to Zack; he would be a piker to ask for less than ten. He drew his chair closer and was already selecting the words—a casual, doesn't-matter-if-you-don't kind of a phrase that would slip off his tongue like an oily accident—when Bing beat him to it.

"Uncle, if 'twon't be no trouble, you kin lemme have a ten-spot until I git my spondulicks from de bank in N'Yawleens. I'll pass it back dis ebenin'."

"Ponies is Some Out o' My Juishdiction"

Zack drew a sharp breath as the ice-water hit him in the face. He shut up, like a 'possum-whiskered banker turning down a gold-brick proposition.

"What you want wid ten dollars?"

"Tuk a notion to pick up a couple o' hundred dis mornin'."

"Huh, dat's good. Jes pick it up an' pass dat ten-spot back to yo'sef dis ebenin'."

Bing wriggled. "I got to hab de ten befo' I kin win de two hundred."

"How you spec to win dat much?"

Then the man of wisdom leaned forward and explained: "Crackerjack wins dat second race in Memphis today; Vicksburg suckers don't know how de race is fixed."

Ole Reliable put his head close to the knowledgy nephew. During his brief sporting experience he had heard it intimated that things might be "fixed," and much profit gained thereby. "How is it fixed?"

Bing whispered in strict confidence: "King Leo, he's de favorite, but his rider is crooked. Dat nigger kin swaller a wire nail an' spit up a corkscrew. He's jes dat crooked. We done paid him fifty dollars to make a foul, an' Crackerjack wins. It's a leadpipe cinch. Put up ten an' pull down two hundred or three hundred, same as pickin' up clods in de road. But I tuk a few drinks las' night which turned me a fool an' spent all my money. I 'lowed to step down here an' git de ten from you. We'll go half-an'-half. Us better hustle befo' dese suckers gits wise."

Bing arose and held out his hand; from the assurance of his gesture he might well have been halfway to town with the money. Zack tightened his lips and shook his head. "You wants to gamble; I don't 'low nobody to gamble wid my money."

"Den *you* make de bet—dat's jes de same."

"No, sir—I done got burnt on a hossrace. While I war in Saint Louey a slick-looking nigger put me on to a cinch, jes like you spoke it, 'a leadpipe cinch'—an' I drapped twenty-five."

Bing threw back his head and roared. "Dem niggers touted you; played you fer a easy mark." His high good humor failed to get a smile. Ole Reliable looked mighty solemn. "Ef 'twas a dog-fight—bettin' on a dog, dat's a sure thing, ain't it, Drif?"

Drif twitched his stub and Ole Reliable tilted his hat to one side, for the spirit of sporty days swept over him again.

Bing did some rapid-fire thinking, which gave his uncle a chance to consider. At first the gambler put up such a stiff front that he dazzled the old man. Passing over these glittering generalities Uncle Zack began to observe details. Bing used to flash a diamond ring—which was gone. Upon his last visit he had sported an opal scarf pin—which was gone. He had worn a double-festoon watch-chain, heavy enough to hold a steamboat, with a dangling charm. These were absent, too.

Ole Reliable was still wondering when Bing inquired, "What time is it?"

Ole Reliable looked at Selina's clock. "Nigh on to seben o'clock; ain't yo' watch runnin'?"

"No. I drapped it, an' dat feller in N'Yawleens is tryin' to fix it. He ain't no 'count; he couldn't fix a plow p'int."

"Bing, you's quit wearin' dat diamond ring?"

"My gal tuk a likin' to it. I gits sick o' diamonds."

"Whar's dat necktie pin—the big un wid de sparkles?"

"Anudder gal swiped dat. Women pesters me a heap 'bout jew'lry."

Bing waved his hand grandiloquently and dished out a sumptuous conversation, but the signboards did not point to prosperity.

"Uncle Zack, ain't you gwine to lemme have dat ten? You can't lose."

"How come I can't lose? You lost yo' watch an' diamond ring an' dat pin what you had?"

When anybody called Bing's bluff he always laid down. "Uncle, I'm gwine to tell you de troof: I been playin' in hard luck. It started jes two weeks ago dis las'-gone Saddy. I had three big stacks in front o' me, an' chipped away two of 'em drawin' to flushes. Den I made a flush an' los' de udder stack. After dat de cards run tougher an' tougher, until las' Saddy mornin', jes as de clock struck fo', all of a sudden my luck changed, an' got wuss. Dat's when I lost my jew'lry."

"Ef You Hadn't Had No Breakfust How Many Biskits *Could* You Eat?"

"Huh!" observed Uncle Zack; "dat's de gen'l complaint all over town—de way de cards is runnin'."

"Dis tip on Crackerjack is de fust straight goods I'se had fer a month. I must git a stake somewhar."

His appeal might have drawn blood from a turnip, but it couldn't bleed a cent out of Ole Reliable. There was a reason.

"None o' my money goes on *dat*. Ain't I been tellin' you 'bout dis gamblin'? You done frolicked yo' money off on craps an' poker an' sechlike."

Bing straightened up and demanded, "You got yo' money on dog-fights?"

"Huh! I don't call dat gamblin'. You knows exactly what a bulldog's gwine to do, but you can't tell about a tricky hoss wid a tricky nigger on top o' it."

Bing wasn't hunting an argument; he wanted a stake. "All right, Uncle, I ain't 'sputin' yo' word. Dat's past an' gone. Jes gimme fo' bits to git breakfast."

"Nary a cent. Ef you had fo' bits you'd try to beat a crap game fer ten dollars."

The seventh son of a seventh son could not have predicted more truly. Bing grinned—then broke down and laughed. "Dat's good; I'm up agin it. I ain't been to sleep fer three nights an' ain't et nuthin'. I'd be thankful to lie down an' take a nap while you gits me a bite."

"Turn in an' I'll send fer a breakfust."

Zack promised with a beautiful faith that the gods would provide the rations. He took up his hat and started off; then he turned. "Shut de do' an' keep still; some o' dese niggers might tote de news to Seliny. She's comin' home at three o'clock."

"She won't ketch me here." The two were agreed upon that.

Bing stumbled into the room and fell across the bed. Zack made half a dozen false starts before he got his mind set, and struck a hot trail for Colonel Spottiswoode's. It was the Colonel's breakfast-hour. A knock on the door of hope, with skill and finesse, would bring a handout. Being a tactful person and a shrewd judge of white folks, Zack reconnoitered. Through an open window he saw the Colonel alone at the breakfast-table. Zack noted the thoughtful attitude, the half-smile, the curling smoke from a cigar and the manner in which Colonel Spottiswoode handled his newspaper. Luck was with him. He tightened his hat with businesslike precision, opened the gate and hurried around to the rear. Zack stepped up on the back gallery as if he hadn't a moment to lose and rapped upon the open kitchen door. The fat cook barred his entrance, but that didn't matter, for Zack was "a persuadin' nigger" with women.

"Good mornin', Aunt Abby. You's lookin' fine; you gits better-lookin' every time I sees you."

"Dey ain't no breakfust here fer you. Git out o' my kitchen."

Zack rewarded her hospitality with a pleasant smile. "I want to see de Cunnel."

"Can't see 'im—he's eatin' breakfust." Aunt Abby dropped into a kitchen chair and snatched off a shoe, then the other and stuck her feet into a pair of carpet slippers. "Dese shoes was killin' me."

"War dat what had you riled? I kin fix it. Seliny loves to wear new shoes. I'll take dese home an' git her to break 'em. She's got a bigger foot dan what you is."

"I'm more'n obleeged to you—more'n obleeged. Here's some new stockings what ain't neber been wore. Take dem along an' dey'll keep de shoes from hurtin'."

The stockings were blatantly new and brilliantly striped. Zack tucked them in his pocket. "I'll fetch 'em back Saddy night, so you kin wear 'em Sunday."

All the doors were open, and Zack's lifted voice went to the dining-room. "I tole de Cunnel I'd git 'im some pea sticks. I never likes to promise nuthin' an' den not do it."

The answering voice came back: "Is that you, Zack? Come right in."

Zack smiled at the cook as he shuffled through the kitchen and dropped his hat at the dining-room door. "Good mornin', Cunnel."

"Good morning, Zack. What did I hear you say?"

"Well, suh, I laid off to be stickin' yo' peas. Dere's fine young cane out yonder, an' I 'lowed to go git 'em."

"Good! Aunt Abby ——" The cook came and stood in the door, glaring at Ole Reliable. She knew what that meant—her lawful spoil would be gobbled up by a man who was hollow plumb down to his toes. "Get a hatchet for Uncle Zack. Have you had breakfast?"

"Yas, suh; had a snack, but ——"

"Take a cup of coffee and a bite before you go. Aunt Abby, fix up a lunch and put it in a bucket. You'll get mighty hungry cutting cane."

Zack had his coffee and bite, etcetera—diversified etcetera—until Aunt Abby stood over him and demanded: "Ef you hadn't had no breakfust how many biskits *could* you eat?"

"Jes many as you kin make. Everywhere else I eats cornbread, 'cause dey don't know how to make biskits like your'n."

Then he started with his hatchet and bucket of lunch, Aunt Abby's shoes, stockings and good wishes, for Zack was a diplomat; and he left her grinning in the kitchen.

Colonel Spottiswoode followed him to the front gate. "Where are you going?"

Zack indicated the rugged country among the hills south of town.

"Take this quarter; ride on the street car as far as it goes."

"Thankee, Cunnel; thankee."

Ole Reliable pranced off as if life were a joyful holiday for cutting cane. After turning a couple of corners he stopped to buy a nickel sack of tobacco and fire up his pipe. Then he faced toward home and forgot to hurry.

From the brow of the hill he could look down on his own gallery, four blocks away. He saw a man come out of the door with a bundle under his arm and hurry away in the direction of town.

"Dat's jes like a nigger. De minit you leaves him by hissef he studies 'bout stealin' sumpin. 'Tain't Bing—dat's a lame nigger." Zack broke into a run, but he kept dropping Aunt Abby's shoes and let the lame negro escape. Ole Reliable rushed into the house where Bing lay asleep in his underclothes. "Git up from dar. Somebody done stole everything we got."

"Who? What?"

"Nigger—gone—wid a bundle." Zack looked breathlessly around the room to see what was missing.

Bing smiled sleepily and turned over. "Dem was my clo'es, what I sont to de pressin' club."

"Huh! Mighty stylish fer a busted nigger."

"Dat's de time to be stylish, so folks won't know."

Ole Reliable saw the point and laughed. "Here, Bing, git up an' eat yo' breakfust while it's hot."

Zack leaned his elbows on the table and watched Bing stoking the bucket of grub. All the time he was conscious that something was gone. What could it be—furniture? Clock? Vases? He rose and rambled, looked under the bed, peeped into the kitchen; then his face cleared and he sat down again.

"Answer me dis one question. Did you send yo' derby an' dem shoes to de pressin' club? I wants to know *dat.*"

Bing pushed aside the empty bucket, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and laid down his knife. "You sho is one mistrustful ole man—won't take nobody's word fer nuthin'. Den lissen to me. I sont dem clo'es to de pawnbroker an' got five dollars. I'm playin' a hunch, an' bettin' de clo'es off my back. Dat's what I call a dead-game sport."

Uncle Zack stared at the gambler, mouth wide open. "Well, well, well; ef dat don't beat de Jews! Here you is widout a rag to yo' back!"

"Never let dat worry you."

"When Seliny comes home you'll see somebody what's worried sho 'nuff, an' 'tain't gwine to be Seliny."

"I'll have plenty money befo' she gits home; an done lit out o' dis house—you hear me talkin'?"

"S'pose dat hoss don't win?"

"Crackerjack is boun' ter win; 'tain't nuthin' else to it."

"I hope he do; you's gwine to need clo'es mighty bad."

Zack sat in Selina's chair and fidgeted, watching the clock. Every once in a while he shuffled about the room with the furtive movement of a pet 'coon that is expecting to be put out. Then he had an idea—an idea in shoes and stockings. He laid the new shoes on the seat of a chair, smoothed out the stockings and draped them across the back. The light was best at the front window, so he placed them there like a Christmas gift. Selina couldn't miss seeing the layout, and Zack hoped those stockings would start a diverting conversation. They did.

A sudden creak of the front steps chilled him to the marrow. But it was only the lame negro.

"Here's de tickets what de gent'man sent me fer."

Bing sat up in bed. The pawnticket he tossed aside; its contents were quite familiar. The other ticket had some blue pencil marks on it which meant nothing to Zack, although Bing appeared satisfied. "Twenty-six to one," he remarked.

"Yas, suh," said the lame man; "but dey backed him down to eighteen. Lot o' folks is bettin' on Crackerjack."

"Huh! I knowed dem Memphis niggers couldn't keep nuthin'. You hold de pawnticket an' bring back my things." Bing dismissed his messenger with the air of a Cabinet minister.

Zack performed a problem in mental arithmetic. "Dat means you gwine to git a hundred an' thirty?"

"Sholy."

"Befo' Seliny comes home?"

He Was Afraid to Stay and Afraid to Run When He Saw Bing's Naked Head Bumping Against the Floor

Bing rolled over on the bed and laughed and laughed. "I wouldn't be a married man fer nuthin'."

Ole Reliable flared up. "Better quit laughin' at me. Can't never tell what's gwine to happen to you. Puts me in mind of a feller what laughed at another nigger wid his ear cut off, 'cause de nigger looked so lopsided. Dat very day he had a fight and got his nose bit off. Den he looked a heap more funnier dan de lopsided nigger. Dat's what *he* got fer laughin'."

Bing went to sleep as peacefully as a fat baby, while Zack watched for Selina and watched for the lame negro.

The expected came unexpectedly. Selina's sunbonnet appeared. Zack rushed back and shook Bing into a half-stupor. "Here she comes, here she comes!" Then he darted out of the house and ran to meet his wife.

"Hold on Seliny, hold on!" He waved his hand and shouted. When he reached the top of the long hill he was out of breath. "A boy come an' say Sis Minervy's dyin'. De preacher is dere an' dey wants you, bein's you's de presidin' officer. Git on dis street car. Here's a dime. I jes wanted to save you dat long walk."

"I didn't know Sis Minervy was sick!" said Selina.

"She war tuk down sudden." Zack told his story under strong excitement, and it carried conviction. He shoved Selina to the car and bundled her aboard, then hurried back to the house and left the basket of victuals on the gallery while he was telling Bing the news.

"Got to git out, Bing; she won't be gone long."

"Can't go widout clo'es—cops'll git me."

"You'll wish dey had."

"What fer you tell Seliny dat lie? You'll make her madder dan ever."

"She'll be jes 'bout as mad as she kin git. A little mo' ain't gwine to hurt."

Bing hustled Zack off to the poolroom, gave him specific instructions how to find it: "Upstairs—'way in the back. Be mighty careful—find out about the race." Zack headed for town on a dead run.

If Zack hadn't been mighty spry Selina and Sis Minervy would have beat him home. As it was they were two blocks behind when he cleared the gallery at a jump. Bing sat in the rocking-chair, maddeningly complacent. Drif slept beside the overturned basket, his stomach puffed out like a toy balloon.

"Git up, Bing, an' hide; put on dat wrapper."

"How about de race?"

"Ain't heard from it yit. We's goin' to hear from Seliny right away."

"What you speck to do?" Bing inquired.

"I won't have to do nuthin'; she'll 'tend to dat."

Zack pulled down the window and sneaked out on the gallery. Then he threw up both arms and ran to the gate with a glad cry: "Praise Gawd, Sis Minervy! Dat boy skeered me terrible."

All three of them saw the front door being softly closed and heard the click of the lock. "Who you got in my house?"

Zack made no unnecessary answer, for Selina went to see. The women passed him; Zack stopped midway between the house and the gate. Drif saved Selina the trouble of kicking him off the gallery, which surely was thoughtful of Drif. The black woman tried the door—it was locked. Then she ran to the window and peered in. "Look dere, Sis Minervy; see fer yo'sef dem striped stockin's—an' women's shoes. You Zack!" She heard the patter of bare feet inside, and Zack came running.

"Lemme explain."

"Splainin' time is done gone by. Open dis do', you hussy! open dis do'." With three hundred pounds of wrath against it the door fell in. Zack heard a yell from Bing, the crash of chairs and crockery. He was afraid to stay and afraid to run when he saw Bing's naked head bumping against the floor.

"Hit's a man, a man!" Sis Minervy screamed, and two women got up, gasping with surprise.

Zack dashed in to defend his injured innocence. "You-all done woke Bing up!"

Selina stood over the prostrate man and stirred him with her foot. "Git up from dere an' dress yo'sef; ain't you 'shamed! Whar's yo' clo'es?"

"Sont 'em over to de pressin' club."

"You triflin', gamblin' nigger—come here to my house an' waller over my bed. Let de dog eat up de dinner, broke my chair ——"

"I'll pay fer it."

"I don't want none o' yo' gamblin' money. I wants to fight you all over dis yard, an' den some in de street."

Selina's intense surprise gave the two men a chance to explain as much as they thought she ought to know, which culminated in Bing's attractive proposition: "Soon as dat man comes wid my money I'm gwine to pay you twenty-five dollars."

Selina shook her head and sat down outside the door; she meant to watch the hole till the rabbit came out. "You niggers is been lyin' so plentiful I'm gwine to set right here an' see."

Bing and Zack looked at each other, the clock, the road, each with the unspoken inquiry, "See any dust risin'?"

Presently a dust did rise, and a lame negro hobbled out of it with a bundle under his arm.

"Crackerjack wins!" whispered Bing. "I had a hunch."

Zack ran out to meet the lame negro and waved his hand triumphantly to Bing. Selina rose with her arms akimbo—they had to prove it to her.

Bing, in a faded blue wrapper, lounged carelessly in the door, while the messenger handed him a roll of bills.

"Dere's a hundred an' twenty-three dollars an' six bits—I paid de pawnbroker six an' a quarter."

"Keep de change," Bing remarked, counting his money nonchalantly. The lame negro pocketed the silver and Selina's eyes bulged. Bing skinned off five fives and laid them in her hand. "Dat pays fer de things you broke. Here's a extry five to buy a new wrapper, jes fer luck."

Ole Reliable broke into a guffaw. "What did you say 'bout gamblin' money—you wouldn't hab it?"

Selina wheeled: "I don't call dis gamblin' money. Gamblin' money is what you goes and loses shootin' craps."

Bing had started in as Prince Bountiful, and he played it to a fare-you-well.

"Come on, you-all; less go to de restaraw an' git some dinner in place o' dat what Drif et up."

SELLING THE STAPLES

THE DRUMMER

IN PRESENT-DAY selling there are two kinds of salesmen between which distinctions are continually being made. One is the drummer, and the other the specialty salesman. The drummer sells staples, such as hardware, groceries, drugs. He carries hundreds of separate commodities. His sample trunks are big. He centers his energy upon everything identified with the particular trade upon which he works. The specialty salesman, on the contrary, is usually a specialist in selling some one article, like an adding machine, an automobile, a vacuum cleaner, a restricted line of supplies or tools used in manufacturing. His samples may consist chiefly of well-arranged facts, backed by a few photographs in his pocket. The drummer is old, the specialty salesman new.

A generation ago there were few specialties to sell. Many of today's conveniences were unknown. Those already in existence struggled up in local fields, selling themselves as they could. The business world had not learned to set men to selling one article. But inventions multiplied, magazine advertising and other factors welded the American public together, and a national market was created for every concern that could take advantage of it. Soon the specialty man became a prominent figure in selling. He was caught young, and trained to sell just one thing. Special devices were often built into that one thing to help him sell it. His margin of profit permitted more elaborate tactics, his field was wider in every way, and his whole proposition more interesting.

The drummer must often sell a staple like common table salt in carlots upon a cent a barrel profit. There is nothing in table salt to appeal to the imagination, and he sells to customers to whom the most exciting event in the world would be some little trifle like an extra cash discount.

The specialty man selling a cash register or adding machine to the same customer, however, may call his attention to a wholly new way of conducting his business and enlarging his profits, and lead him to think in fresh channels by appealing to his imagination. Thus the specialty man has become a striking figure, regarded as the spirited racehorse of selling, while the old-fashioned drummer is not infrequently thought of as a broken-down plug, wearing out the remainder of his days in a treadmill; useful, perhaps, and necessary just now, but certain to be eliminated by the next movement in business expansion.

This way of comparing them, however, is quite wrong; for the drummer still has the most interesting and difficult field in selling. The very fact that he has to handle table salt on a penny margin makes his whole sale largely a play upon human nature. He studies customers where the specialty man studies goods, and is a past master in his knowledge of human nature because he has to be.

The best way of comparing ability in these different fields is to let a specialty man and a drummer change jobs.

A typical specialty salesman's experience may not only be confined to a single device, like a typewriter, but he may often have been trained so thoroughly in the special advantages of one make of typewriter that he cannot sell another make. An aggressive Western house in this very line has built up a strong sales force, taking men who have never sold goods, yet who display marked ability, and training them to sell that machine against all others. Competitors have repeatedly taken away crack men from this organization, yet it is said that they seldom succeed in selling other machines because of their highly specialized training. And it is pretty widely true in business that the specialty man in any line, no matter what his ability or experience, would find it difficult to sell solid staple goods to the regular mercantile trade.

A Lumber Salesman Turned Publisher

WHAT the seasoned drummer can do when he changes to a specialty is shown in the experience of a man who had sold nothing but lumber and tobacco until he was thirty-five years old. A New York publisher hired him to sell advertising in Texas. His only instructions came in the form of a note, saying: "We inclose herewith our current rate card, by which you will be governed accordingly." The drummer had never seen an advertising rate card, so he sat down to study it. He found that there were a good many different varieties of advertising space—space on different pages, space in different positions, and so forth. The prices varied accordingly, and there were special discounts for the number of times an advertisement appeared, and also for different kinds of business, hotels paying one price, stores another, schools another. Down at the very bottom of the schedule he found a kind of advertising that

seemed best to begin with. The quotation read: "Reading notices, plain type, marked Advt., $1.50 a line." That was the highest price in the list, and he thought it would show results quickest. There was no discount for position, character of advertising, length of time it ran—a straightforward staple article. So he started out selling nothing but reading notices, and in two weeks the New York office wired him to stop, for he had filled the paper with "readers."

Then he visited a Western boom town which for two years had furnished much advertising to Eastern newspapers. The place was full of advertising solicitors when he got there, but had received a setback, and he was assured that nobody wanted advertising space as a gift, much less to buy it. Studying the situation, he learned that one promoter, the most influential there, had never spent a penny for advertising. So he called upon him, laid a proposition before him so emphatically that he sold him a whole page in his paper, and then, with this page, the only advertisement that promoter was ever known to put out, went around to all the other promoters and fairly clubbed them into line. He didn't ask them to buy space at all, but exhibited a proof of his page and asked how much space they wanted in the same issue. Of course, the sheep all jumped after the bell-wether. Today that lumber salesman is publisher of the newspaper he worked for then.

A specialty man may sell to the same customer but once. His goods are usually unfamiliar, ingenious, interesting. He has advantages as a sort of mysterious stranger who comes from somewhere outside the customer's every-day life; but there is nothing strange or mysterious about the drummer. He covers the same territory and deals with the same people year after year, and has to live with all his past failures and successes, as well as those of the house. His goods are often too well known.

When the specialty salesman runs into a grumpy "prospect" he can throw the burden of argument upon technical points in his goods, making him forget his ill temper by contemplating the beauties of a back-spacing device or a sub-total button. When the drummer turns up a tough customer he has to play straight for human nature, and the way in which he will seize a trifling advantage and make capital out of it is often most interesting—it is the old problem of the actor, improvising a play with three boards and a passion.

Late one evening a pharmaceutical salesman stepped into a small drugstore. It had been a long, hot day. The proprietor, alone, was perched on a high ladder, painting the ceiling. Before his visitor could say anything he began to scold:

"Great Jehoshaphat, another drummer! Say, is a man never to have any time to himself? If there's been one of you fellows here today there's been a hundred."

The salesman had the situation instantly.

"My friend," said he, "when a man has worked through a day like this he has some excuse for being a little peevish."

"What the devil are you selling?" snapped the druggist.

"Let's say nothing about that," replied the drummer. "I'm here to buy, not to sell, and I want some of those fine cigars of yours I got when I was in your town three months ago."

The druggist laid aside his paintbrush.

"Don't come down," said the drummer, moving toward the cigar case; "I can wait on myself."

"Just a moment, sir," said the druggist ceremoniously. "I ask no favors of anybody. I can wait on my trade, sir. This job is about done, anyway, and it's time to close up."

The drummer bought a dollar's worth of cigars, insisted that the druggist smoke one with him, helped shut up the store, and finally took him to his hotel, where they talked pleasantly till midnight. The druggist was still on his guard, and occasionally stopped short to ask what house the drummer represented and what he was selling. But the latter always evaded the question. The druggist was his guest. Far be it from him to break the sacred laws of hospitality by talking business. When they parted for the night the drummer had overcome his scruples to such an extent that he promised to show his samples next morning if the druggist really insisted upon it. And the following day he sold him a very tidy bill of goods, still under polite protests.

In the territory of this same pharmaceutical salesman there was an opinionated German druggist who had taken his degree at Heidelberg, and he refused to listen to representatives of any American pharmaceutical house because he believed that none but German drugs were trustworthy. His stock was all purchased of one little wholesale house that handled imported goods, and practically all of the pharmaceutical travelers had given him up as hopeless—the only thing they got out of him was a lecture on the superiority of German pharmaceuticals, with a scolding for representing an American house.

The Diploma and the Diplomatist

BEFORE this particular salesman called upon him, he took much pains to learn the exact pronunciation of his most unpronounceable name. For several weeks, at odd moments, he repeated that name over and over, like a German lesson. Finally he reached that town one evening and walked in upon the druggist, called him by name in correct form, told who he was and who he represented, and before the druggist could open up on him said:

"I am told that you are a graduate of Heidelberg."

The German was proud to confirm this.

"Will you let me look at your degree?" asked the drummer. "It isn't very often that we get a chance to see a real Heidelberg sheepskin in this country."

The German was taken off his guard, and warmed up while he was showing the framed parchment. Yet when the drummer tried to switch him on to the subject of American pharmaceuticals he found him cautious. Various cautious approaches were made, the druggist meantime waiting on customers who came in. The drummer had found no opening, and was about to leave, trusting to a good first impression to pave the way for business later, when a physician entered, went behind the prescription counter, and talked several moments in German with the druggist. The drummer had heard the cashier greet him by name, so when the visitor came out he stood directly in his path and said, "Good evening, Doctor Schmidt."

The physician drew back, looked at him a moment, and then replied stiffly, "Sir, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance—how do you know my name?"

"Why, I guess everybody knows Doctor Schmidt!" the drummer said easily. "I wanted to ask you to try one of our friend's cigars." Within five minutes the doctor was genuinely interested in the drummer's samples, particularly serums and antitoxins put up in convenient forms—improvements in his tools.

"Has our friend got these?" he asked.

"No, but if you want to prescribe them he will get them," said the pharmaceutical man. "Will you speak to him?"

Doctor Schmidt went around behind the prescription counter again, and there was considerable talk in German, he urging politely, and the druggist softly protesting—"Nein, nein," and "Ach! ach!" Then Doctor Schmidt left the store, and presently the Heidelberg graduate came out, raised his hands in despairing surrender, and exclaimed:

"Ach, I gif in! Yes, I vill do vat you vish."

Glancing superficially over the samples, he ordered a dozen of each preparation that had interested the physician. At that point the drummer stepped in as adviser, holding his customer back—a device of selling as useful as any urging tactics. It was suggested that he cut the

quantities down, increase the variety of goods, and remember that he was ordering under pressure. As an outcome, a representative assortment of pharmaceuticals was put into this pharmacy, and the druggist was won over permanently.

One of the most capable salesmen in the men's collar trade is a young fellow who says that he has never been able to sell goods on facts, but has to sell on feelings instead. "Facts" are usually arguments made up in advance—figures, illustrations, contrasts and so forth, used by a salesman on all customers alike. But this man has to work out his campaign on the spot, and make it fit the man he is selling to.

In a certain small town in his territory there were two haberdashers, neither of whom handled his line—both had the goods of his biggest competitor. Getting off the train there one afternoon, he first called on the merchant who had the largest rating. Men's collars are hotly competitive, for the assortment of styles and sizes is so large that few merchants can carry the goods of more than one manufacturer. Selling the line to a merchant for the first time, therefore, is equivalent to taking some competitor's goods out of his store. The salesman talked about ten minutes, arguing that, as his goods were carefully made and decidedly popular with the public, the haberdasher could increase his collar sales by putting them in. His prospect listened cynically. By-and-by he turned away, saying:

"Young man, you speak your piece well; but when you say you can increase my collar business thirty to fifty per cent you don't know what you're talking about, for I do ninety-five per cent of all the collar business here now. Good day."

The salesman walked out and headed for the other haberdasher, a small merchant, two blocks down the street. As he went along he whipped himself into a state of indignation. At every step he got madder and madder, for sales purposes, and when he strode into the other store he went right up to the desk, shook his finger under the haberdasher's nose, and said emphatically:

"Mr. Fruend, I've come in here to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The merchant looked up, astonished.

"Yes, sir; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and if you're not I'm ashamed of you."

"Young man, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Why, the idea of a merchant—a merchant!—sitting here and letting his only competitor take ninety-five per cent of all the men's collar trade in his own town!"

"Who said that?" exclaimed the haberdasher. "It's a lie!" he continued, now beginning to warm up under the salesman's indignation. In five minutes the latter was demonstrating that, where the smaller man handled identically the same collars as his big competitor, he must always take the remnants of trade. He showed Mr. Fruend the possibilities for building new business with a different line, and Mr. Fruend got quite excited as the principle of the thing was spread before him. He agreed to stock this other line, and immediately sold out his present stock of competing collars to the salesman at the wholesale price. Not until the salesman went to the hotel to get his samples did he remember that, in the heat of his indignation, he had not told Mr. Fruend his name nor what collar house he represented!

The deal was closed, however.

That evening, as he walked past on his way to the train, the haberdasher beckoned him in for a moment. His indignation was gone, he had cooled off, and forgotten his big competitor up street.

"Say, young man," said Mr. Fruend, "if those collars are as good as you are they're all right. Come in and see me often. That was absolutely the finest line of flub-dub I ever heard in my life."

The sale of staple goods sometimes turns on almost invisible points. It was a collar salesman who stood chatting with the young woman in the cash cage of a country general store when a drummer in another line walked in and asked for the proprietor.

"He's out just now," said the young woman. "Is there nobody else who can attend to you?"

"No," said the salesman indifferently. "I want the proprietor to look into *my* proposition."

The collar man was there later in the day when this drummer returned and explained his proposition to the proprietor, but made no sale, for the young woman in the cash cage, whom he had assumed was a clerk, and snubbed accordingly, was in reality the proprietor's wife, a most capable buyer herself. The slight had wounded her, and that drummer paid the penalty accordingly.

The incident impressed the collar salesman. He resolved that no matter what appearances seemed to indicate, he would never take people for granted in that way.

Several weeks later he walked into the same sort of general store in another town. The only person to be seen in the men's furnishing department was a young girl, scarcely eighteen—palpably a clerk. The collar man thought there was no use in speaking to her, and started toward the office to find the proprietor. Then, suddenly, he remembered his resolution, and turned to the girl.

"I suppose you buy the collar stock here, don't you?" he asked, as a matter of form.

"Sure," was her reply. "I buy all the men's furnishings."

She not only purchased an ample bill of goods, but balanced her order in styles and sizes with a skill that could not have been excelled by an experienced collar man.

In selling the staples, prices are split into fractions of a cent; competition is never absent for a moment, even when it isn't there, and the buyer is shrewd and at home in the salesman's line. The latter is forced to fight most of his battles upon human issues as the only escape from ironbound trade conditions, and consequently has a sure instinct for people. In a few moments the experienced drummer will gauge a group of persons, sort the individuals into sizes and capacities, determine their relations to each other, and be ready to use them all. When a man has this faculty, plus business experience, he will come pretty near getting his share of trade in any territory and with any salable goods. He will get it as long as there is trade to get, and when there seems to be no trade, owing to depression or other conditions, he will still get what there is.

THE INHERITANCE

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

IT WAS a quarter after eleven by the jeweled traveling clock on Bob Hammersly's marble mantelpiece when that elegant young gentleman opened his heavy eyelids, swallowed once or twice with some difficulty, and gave vent to a mournful, inarticulate roar for the purpose of summoning the colored valet whose services he shared with his fellow-lodgers. Receiving no response he suppressed a maudlin inclination to weep, and cursed loudly the folly which had caused him to invite Mademoiselle Celestine Forsythe to a late supper after her turn upon the Victoria Roof the preceding evening, during which exhilarating experience, costing the modest sum of thirty-nine dollars, he had imbibed a quantity of liquid refreshment resulting in a dull headache over his right temple; while he attributed a peculiarly bitter and altogether unpleasant taste on the roof of his mouth to the extraordinary number of heavy cigars which he had consumed during the same period.

As he thrust off the coverlet and swung his legs over the side of the bed he took no pleasure in the glorious coloring of his silken pajamas nor the golden sunlight streaming through the half-raised window-shade. The former had not been paid for and the latter hurt his eyes. He felt ill and decidedly shaky. Again he cursed loudly the neglect of his servant, feeling sure the nigger was at that moment shooting craps in the neighboring stable.

He groped around with his toes for his slippers, and unexpectedly came in contact with his boots, confused inextricably with his evening clothes, upon the floor. His tall hat hung dejectedly from an electric burner. There was a stale smell of cigar and cigarette smoke in the air. It was nothing more nor less than an oft-repeated dawn of the morning after.

"And Now I'm Looking Around for an Heir—Some Straight, Honest, High-Minded, Clean Young Fellow Like Yourself"

A more uselessly ornamental member of society than Bob Hammersly at twenty-six it would have been hard to find. His father, a respected member of the New York Bar, had died while his son was still at boarding-school, and Bob had lost his mother a year or so after. He had no guardian and no near relatives, and the small and laboriously accumulated paternal estate yielded only the moderate income of two thousand a year. This, however, had been ample to allow him to cut a good deal of a dash at Harvard, where he had accomplished little save to develop an extraordinary capacity for doing nothing artistically, and to cultivate to a high degree of refinement his taste for wines, liquors and cigars. He had been known there as a cool hand at poker and an excellent polo player, which sport his limited means allowed him to indulge in only vicariously. But he had been exceedingly popular, had made most of the clubs, and was regarded by his friends as a gentleman of no mean order. While he had in his freshman and sophomore years occasionally gone out to try for the track and other teams, he had soon tired of it, preferring the more easily-won distinction of being a social favorite and one of the first "ten." Thus, his figure, which had originally been lithe and muscular, had long since tended to flabbiness.

After graduation he had spent eight or ten months floating through the capitals of Europe, consuming large quantities of beer at Munich, and eventually returned to his native city with no greater ambition than to lead the easy life of a young man about town, aping the speech and manners of the elderly roués who sat in the windows of the club and honored him with cynical comments upon society at large. It was probably the insidious philosophy of these worldly-wise men that had done most to make him what he was and to weaken his regard for any but the material side of life. They liked and petted him, these useless old boys, and were quite willing to ruin him out of hand in return for the pleasure he gave them. For Bob was a good-natured lad and would spend a whole afternoon in the bay window with one of them, just to keep him from being lonely. In fact, for this and other reasons, his life had come to be more and more circumscribed by the walls of the club. One could sign little slips for things there and not be called on to pay until the end of the month—a highly important consideration. Moreover, not owning a motor himself, he found it convenient to be on hand where he could, without great effort, requisition those of his friends.

Five years of gilded youth, while it could in no sense be said to have sobered him, had left him highly dissatisfied. His income was insufficient for his tastes and he was badly in debt. His health had suffered considerably from late hours and a minimum of solid food. He felt soggy and wondered at the fellows who could put in a couple of hours

How He'd Miss it All—the Shop—the Club—His Little Room at Mrs. Flynn's Boarding-House!

at racquets without feeling it. So far as ideals went he had entirely ceased to have any. The thought of work was abhorrent. Eventually he supposed he should marry some rich little girl who would not interfere too much with his liberty, but until that step became necessary he preferred to drift uselessly along, from the club to the card-table. Occasionally—but only occasionally—he felt himself a poor thing. This was usually before breakfast on such mornings as the present, when he had been hitting it up the night before and was seedy in consequence.

"Curse the coon!" he growled, filling a tall glass from a siphon upon the window-sill and tincturing it darkly with brandy. "I don't suppose he's even laid out a clean shirt for me."

He felt a sudden humiliation at not being able to afford a proper English valet—ashamed of the poverty that forced him to live in such a hole. He jerked up the shade viciously and a dull pain shot through his head. Somehow the brandy did not seem to have its usual effect. Life was a beastly mess, anyhow. His eye caught a pile of letters on the corner of the table, and while he held the tumbler to his lips with one hand he fumbled them over with the other. There were five dinner invitations for the coming month, a varied assortment of bills alternately marked "Account rendered" and "Please remit," and a letter from a firm of lawyers threatening suit if he did not at once pay a bill of several hundred dollars. "Well, let 'em sue"—that was all the good it would do them. There was one letter addressed in a fine, copperplate hand which he almost neglected to open and only picked up after he had started dressing. It was dated four days before, and he had a confused impression that it had been lying around there for some time.

March 27, 19—

My dear Mr. Hammersly: If you have no other engagement will you do me the honor of dining with me at the club on Thursday, April the first, at eight o'clock? As an old friend of your father I am much interested in your career and hope to have the pleasure of knowing you before long.

Sincerely yours,

RANDOLPH MIDDLETON.

Hammersly tossed the letter upon his dressing-table and made a very wry face in the glass. These old boys who had been "friends of your father" were such a bore! Always preaching around about following in his footsteps and doing honor to a distinguished name! Usually they hadn't been friends of your father at that—only anxious to make talk. But Middleton—wasn't he the rich old guy that had founded the Orthopedic Hospital? Sure he was. Bob remembered him well—a punctilious old gentleman, a good deal of a swell, and reputed to be immensely rich. He recalled having been introduced to him once in the billiard-room. The old chap had mentioned his father then. There was nothing to do now but to accept the invitation. He'd telephone some excuse for not having answered and say he'd come.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Rufus, the valet, interrupting his chain of thought, "but they is three gentlemen downstairs what is askin' for you."

"You reptile!" shouted Hammersly; "where have you been all this time? Sick aunt? Sick Tommy-cat! What do these fellows downstairs look like?"

"They looks like they was after real money," replied Rufus with a stage grin, as he dodged to a safe distance from mere force of habit.

. . . . . .

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Hammersly," exclaimed Mr. Middleton cordially as he grasped Bob's hand in the reading-room of the club. "It is very kind of you to give a whole evening to an old fellow like me. I hope you won't regret it. No cocktail, eh? Sure you won't—just one? Well, I admire you all the more for it. Your father never touched anything. A wonderful man—your father! One of my most intimate friends."

"I often heard him speak of you, sir," replied Bob, feeling this polite lie to be a necessary sacrifice to good taste. As for the cocktail, he had declined it owing to a temporary abhorrence therefor, due to the state of his head. He had no intention of giving the impression that he was a teetotaler, but if the old boy understood it that way—why——

"I hear very flattering accounts of you!" continued Mr. Middleton, his little beadlike eyes twinkling at his guest. "You seem to be a great favorite with everybody. It would have been a great satisfaction to your father."

"You flatter me!" stammered Bob in some embarrassment. "I'm afraid I hardly measure up to my father's standards."

He almost blushed as he made these modest answers, wondering who the devil old Middleton took him for, anyway.

"And now," said his host, pressing a bell and handing him a bill-of-fare, "what shall we have for dinner? How about some nice anchovies? or do you prefer fresh caviar? Some onion soup *au gratin*, eh?—and after that flaked crab meat à la Newburg?"

Bob turned white in spite of himself. Any evening but this such a dinner would have delighted him.

"Excuse me," he interrupted as courteously as possible; "you might leave me out of all that, if you don't mind. Fact is, I care for very little and only the simplest things. Got out of the habit—training in college, you know!"

"Well, well!" cried Mr. Middleton. "I like to see a young man keeping his appetites well in hand. Frugality in diet is the secret of health. All one really needs is a certain amount of proteids—the rest is superfluous and clogs the system. I congratulate you!"

He smiled admiringly at Bob to the latter's extreme embarrassment and considerately ordered a frugal and wineless repast of soup and roast chicken.

Bob was obliged to admit that his host was an entertaining and attractive companion. He had traveled all over the world and appeared to know everybody worth knowing both in America and Europe; but in spite of the fact that life was obviously a serious matter to him he illumined every subject upon which he touched with an elusive humor. It was only at the conclusion of the repast, however, when they were comfortably sipping their coffee, that the little man disclosed the real purpose of his invitation.

"Yes," he said, flecking the ash from his cigar, "I knew your dear father very well. Fine type of man. Highest principles and all that. In the early days I used to be at the house a good deal. You don't remember me, of course. But his death was a great shock to me. Besides, he had been a lot of help to me professionally. Sound judgment he had. Well, I've lived all over the world since then and had my ups and downs, my good luck and my bad, and now I'm settled down here comfortably to end my days. I've never married and all my relatives are dead and gone long ago."

Hammersly nodded sympathetically. His experiences with other old men had enabled him to listen to just this sort of rot indefinitely. Mr. Middleton gave him a quizzical glance over his cigar.

"And now," he remarked quietly, "I'm looking around for an heir—some straight, honest, high-minded, clean young fellow like yourself."

His glance brightened until it broke into a tender smile. "Like yourself!" he repeated, with a note almost of affection in his voice. Bob felt a sudden palpitation of the heart and the blood coursed upward, suffusing his face.

"Oh—oh!" he stammered, "I—really—you know——"

"Perhaps I know more than you think," continued Mr. Middleton. "I've heard a lot about you, Robert, my boy. You don't mind an old fellow calling you by your first name, eh? Particularly if he's going to make you his heir! And I believe from what I have learned that you will be admirably suited to inherit what little I shall leave. I want my successor to be the type of young man best qualified to make the most of it."

Bob's astonishment and confusion rendered him all but speechless. He could hardly doubt Mr. Middleton's sincerity, yet it was obvious the latter had a curiously abortive idea of his real character. Where, he wondered, could his host have secured such extraordinary information concerning him? Who could have been his eulogist? Was it quite honest to accept such generosity without undeceiving him? He hesitated with a feeling of guilt.

"Really," he replied a little excitedly, but in his most charming manner, "I hardly know how to thank you. It's tremendous. I never expected any such thing, of course. I'm glad you think I'm the sort of chap you approve of. I'm really not, I'm afraid—not the fellow you imagine me. But I'll try to fill the bill and make good."

"Ah! That's the right spirit!" exclaimed the little man eagerly. "I knew I shouldn't go wrong. You are your father's own son. A chip of the old block."

He held out his thin, wrinkled hand and Bob shook it heartily, while his heart leaped inside his immaculate shirt bosom. By George, what luck! Here was a fortune without having to marry it. Talk about being born with a golden spoon in your mouth! Why here was an old chap trying to cram one down your throat. He hardly listened to what Middleton was saying.

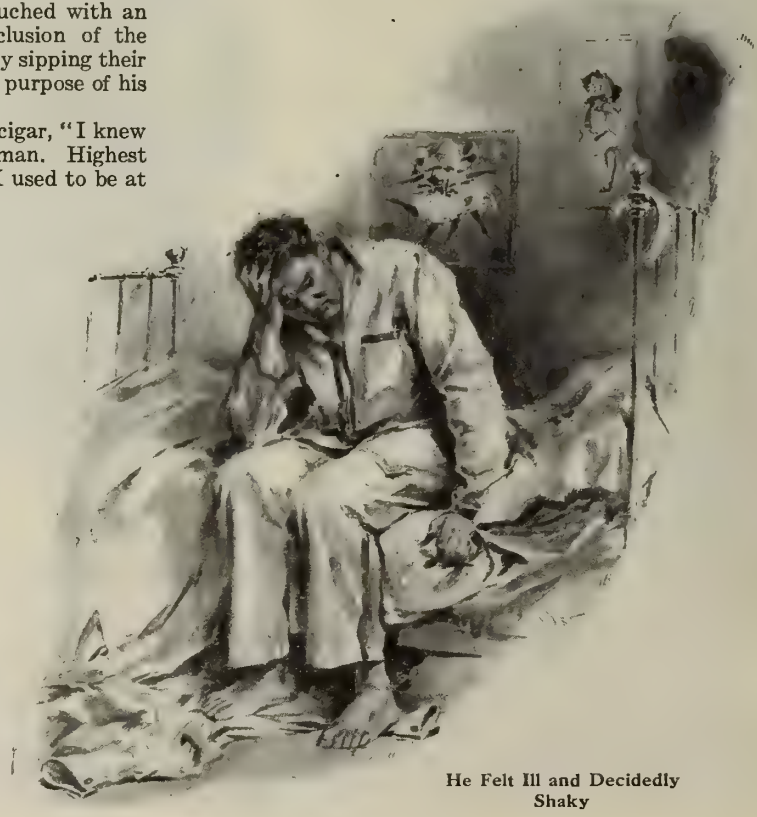
"I do not think that you will find the terms onerous," continued the old gentleman, "in view of your present physical and mental condition. Of course, perfect health is indispensable—a sound mind in a sound body—*mens sana in corpore sano*, you know. No late hours, no tobacco and no alcohol—which to you, I am glad to say, will be no deprivation. Then you must fit yourself for whatever department of work you may select by going in at the bottom and learning the business right from the ground up."

For a moment Hammersly's elated spirits took a swoop downward like an aeroplane meeting a cross-draft. Was the old fellow going to make a parson out of him? No whisky? No cigarettes? Ugh! Could he stand it? But the thought of the millions that had endowed the Orthopedic Hospital rushed back to his encouragement. Why, it was worth any sacrifice for a few years. The old fellow could not last long; and then, by George, he could do as he liked!

"Your conditions seem reasonable enough," he replied calmly. "When shall I begin?"

"At once," answered Mr. Middleton. "Take a day or two to think it over and decide what sort of business or profession you would prefer to take up. If you say so, I'll drop over to your rooms some afternoon and we can arrange the details."

"You can't make it too soon for me, sir," answered Bob with a winning smile. "I'm ready to go to work tomorrow."



He Felt Ill and Decidedly Shaky

"Very well," said his host; "I'll come in tomorrow afternoon. Good night, Robert. I believe you will make the best heir an old man ever had."

A few of the boys on their way home from one of the shows, who happened to drop in unexpectedly upon Hammersly a little after twelve that same evening, were greeted by an astonishing vision of Bob in his shirt-sleeves and Rufus in a state of perspiring collapse. The walls had been entirely stripped of their decorations, which—mostly photographs of female stage favorites—lay in a heap in the center of the floor, together with half a dozen sporting prints. A wooden case near the door was piled high with the remains of Bob's cellar, flanked by a double row of empty bottles and siphons. Dust hung on the air in clouds. A neat batch of white envelopes, carefully stamped and addressed, stood on the corner of the mantel. The visitors stared for one instant, staggered by the sight of so much energy.

"What the devil's up? Moving out?" ejaculated the stouter of the two, known as "Ikey" Dupre, by virtue of his ostentatious antisemitism.

Bob regarded him malevolently.

"Nothing of the sort. Cleaning house, that's all. What'll you give for this fine line of stage beauties?"

"Why don't you auction 'em off?" suggested the other. "I'll give you a quarter for that top one."

Bob raised it gingerly by his fingertips. It depicted a young lady in an abbreviated skirt, gazing coquettishly over her folded hands.

"Twenty-five cents for this fascinating picture!" he exclaimed in horror. "Twenty-five cents for Celestine Forsythe! Thirty cents for Celestine—just to save her self-respect."

Ikey dug into the pile with his foot.

"No," he hesitated. "But I'll bid on the lot, though. How'll you trade for five dollars, to include the prints?"

"Ikey! Ikey!" cried Bob. "'Tis done!"

. . . .

From that hour a new life began for Bob Hammersly. Punctual to the minute Mr. Middleton called, expressed his approval of the austerity of the furnishings of his heir's apartments, discussed with him the choice of an occupation and warned him of the necessity of abiding strictly by the terms of his agreement. These he now made more definite, even reducing them to writing. Bob must rise at six and go through a certain prescribed set of physical exercises. He was then to take a tepid bath and eat a light breakfast consisting of coffee and a boiled egg. After his day's work he could dine where he chose so long as he was in bed by ten. Mr. Middleton also suggested a course of reading in economics and philosophy to occupy his evenings. The theater, cards, wine and tobacco were, of course, prohibited.

Bob listened to him with a sinking of the heart. Somehow, in the cold light of day, the conditions seemed much harder than at the club the night before, beneath the soft comfort of the lamps. As old Middleton rambled on about abstaining from this and forswearing that, Bob wondered how he could possibly give up his cigarettes—he smoked two boxes of them a day. And a fellow had to take a drink once in a while. Work, walks, sleep, economics—he couldn't. What was the use? More than once he was on the point of chucking up the whole thing and telling Mr. Middleton that he had got him wrong, that it was an impossible demand, too big an order! And then he would think of the money! It was worth trying. An easy way to earn a million or two! And, by George, how he'd whoop things up when the old fellow had kicked the bucket!

The next day he began his regimen. The choice of an occupation had at first afforded him some difficulty, but he had finally decided on the steel business. It was in steel that Mr. Middleton had made most of his money. There was tact in the selection. Accordingly, the old man took him across the river to a plant in which he was interested. Bob started in as a laborer. Every morning he had to be there in his overalls on the minute of seven. All day long he worked among the glowing furnaces, consumed by thirst, the sweat pouring from his face, his back aching, his legs and arms full of shooting pains. When night came he used to fall asleep on the trolley as he crossed the bridge back to Manhattan. There was no reading of economics or philosophy in the evenings for him—no time to dine at the club! He used to stop on the corner at a quick-lunch room, bolt a steak and two baked potatoes, and then make for bed. And sleep! Ah, the ecstasy of it! The instant release from the grinding labor of the day—the cessation of pain in back and legs!

In those first agonizing weeks Bob's weight dropped forty pounds, his collars became loose, his chin lost its rotundity, his paunch entirely disappeared. He awoke in the mornings ravenously hungry and could hardly wait to swallow his egg and coffee. He felt lame and sore most of the time, but gloriously well. He no longer knew what it was to have a headache. If he had had the time he would have played racquets with some of those fellows he used to envy.

All Day Long He Worked Among the Glowing Furnaces

Over at the works he pitched quoits and put the shot at the noon hour, and soon found he was up to his weight with the other men.

But he missed the drink and his tobacco. Six months before, if anybody had told him that he could get through the day without a couple of whiskies and at least one cocktail he would have laughed incredulously. In those days six cigars had been nothing. Now his one longing was for beer and a pipe. It required all his resolution to decline the offers of his comrades when, broiling from the furnaces, they sought the shade of the yard next the public house. At first he worked with set teeth and tears in his eyes; then, as his muscles hardened and the pains left his back, he began to take a certain grim satisfaction in showing the rest of the gang that he was no booby. He had one fight and was soundly pommeled by a smaller ironworker, but he took his medicine, spat out a tooth and shook hands. A tooth was a small thing to sacrifice for a million! His friends in New York knew him no more. He neither had the inclination nor the time to go out into society. Sometimes—on Sunday afternoons—he'd make a call or two; but he found it difficult to develop the requisite small talk. He had no longer the ghost of an idea who was the latest craze at the opera or what the best shows were. Most of his friends thought he was traveling. How quickly a fellow dropped out of the running!

And just when he no longer needed money he found that he had plenty of it. His club bills came to practically nothing now at the end of the month, for he neither used cabs nor ran up accounts for clothes, cigars and wine. Moreover, as he never gambled he had no debts of honor.

Gradually he paid off all his bills—even the one upon which suit had been threatened. Two thousand a year? Why, that was forty dollars a week, and he was living on twelve and earning twenty!

At the end of nine months he was made a foreman and his pay raised to twenty-five dollars a week. He had never felt so proud in all his life before. He had come to love the roar of the furnaces and the rumble of the tackle and chains. He joined the union and entered enthusiastically into the life of the men for whom he began to have a strong affection. He knew them all by their first names and they called him Bob. By the side of most of them Ikey Dupre and the rest of his old friends seemed like a gang of cheap sports. Once, and once only, he stopped at the club to see some of them, but their talk of cocktails, shows and chorus girls sickened him.

"Gee!" said Ikey; "you look hard as nails. Gone into training?"

"Yes," answered Bob shortly.

"What for?" asked his friend. "Tryin' to get strong?"

"For money," replied Bob, with a grim laugh.

"Wish I could earn money that way," remarked Ikey ruefully, looking down at his waist measure. "But it would kill me sure."

The absence of intellectual companionship among the men led him gradually to take up his long-neglected habit of reading, and by a curious kink of fortune his interest in the union turned him in the direction of economics and sociology. It came to him as rather a joke one night that, after all, he should, in spite of himself, be reading Karl Marx in his room before going to bed. He saw that what his comrades and their families needed was some kind of a healthy social life, which their environment did not afford. This he resolved to remedy if he could, and so he organized a "Men's Club," which soon required so much of his time that he gave up his rooms in New York and took others within walking distance of the factory. Not that this metamorphosis occurred all at once. But it is true that what at first was bitter bread to him before long tasted sweeter than any experiences of his life hitherto. He looked forward, to be sure, to the time when he should come into his inheritance, but not with that hungry eagerness of the first months of his probation. His feeling for Mr. Middleton became one of gratitude for having lifted him out of the slough in which he had been living.

Once in a long while Mr. Middleton would send for him and they would have a talk. The old fellow seemed well pleased at the progress Bob was making, and gave no evidence of having in any way repented of his bargain. On the anniversary of their original compact they spent an evening together at the club, and this time Mr. Middleton ordered a very different sort of dinner from their first. There were various *hors-d'œuvres*, a rich *purée* of lobster, terrapin, saddle of mutton, *pâté de foie gras* with salad, and a complicated dessert. Cocktails were served, but Bob declined this time for a very different reason.

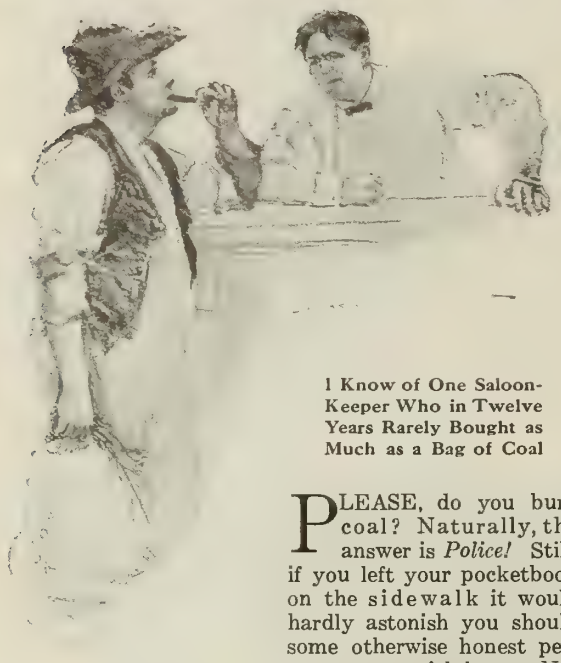
"But tonight there are no rules, no conditions," said Mr. Middleton. "This shall be a *dies non*. We must celebrate our contract!" Bob shook his head.

(Concluded on Page 46)

Burning Money in Bundles

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



I Know of One Saloon-Keeper Who in Twelve Years Rarely Bought as Much as a Bag of Coal

PLEASE, do you burn coal? Naturally, the answer is *Police!* Still, if you left your pocketbook on the sidewalk it would hardly astonish you should some otherwise honest person stoop to pick it up. No; of course not. So why blame the struggling, patient coal dealer if all the near-by burglar alarms spring automatically whenever he sends in his bill? If you have been robbed, as you possibly have been, in nine cases out of ten you yourself have done your utmost to help compound the felony. Or if it isn't a felony, if by some mischance the dealer is innocent of having tried to gouge you out of your eyeteeth, then you are merely wasting money that much better should have gone to him. But in the tenth or remaining case the conditions are somewhat different. There you become the victim of ordained and inevitable circumstances. These are supplied by the coal man. They spring from his estimate of your character, from your carelessness and lack of thrift, and, since they depend on your willingness to squander your money, vary inversely as the square of his conscience. And that you and your fellows are willing, seems to be well established by the facts. The writer of this was for many years in the coal trade and, therefore, speaks by the book.

A Coalheap by a River's Brim

IN THE first place, what is coal? If you are like the vast majority of consumers, the ignorance of your reply will strike right to the heart of the situation. In effect, this is the certainty that in addition to being robbed you and the remainder of the country at large are now engaged in the most senseless and wasteful extravagance known in the history of the world. Ignorance and a blind, amazing folly are at the root of it; and this is true despite the fact that, next to water, coal is the most common natural commodity given to the use of civilized man. Yes, what do you or the next one know about coal? Ask the nine hundred and ninety-nine. One and all they will answer that coal is a black mineral fuel, either anthracite or bituminous; and after airing this profundity of information one and all will begin to scratch their heads. Any further questioning serves only to develop a feeling of astonishment. "Why, coal is coal!" they'll tell you; and with this answer they invest both themselves and man's staple fuel with all the unvarying simplicity of the bumpkin and the primrose in Mr. Wordsworth's verse:

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Hence, when the coal bill comes in, loud cries for Police! Hence, also, the extravagance, the criminal waste that is rapidly denuding America of its greatest physical resource.

At present, in the United States and Canada, close to within a million tons of hard and soft coal are mined during each space of twenty-four hours, Sundays and holidays included; and of the full latent energy contained in this stupendous mass probably not more than five per cent is converted to the use of man. The remainder, or ninety-five per cent, is lost, wasted. A part goes in transit and in handling, an especially large part in the case of the softer bituminous coals. Afterward a further percentage is lost in weathering; and then comes that tremendous factor of waste when the fuel is converted into light, heat or power. For here, under the most favorable conditions and with engines of the most economical type thus far designed, less than ten per cent of the coal's total energy is transformed into useful work. Only a bare ten per cent, you understand!—and deducted from this are all the other losses due to crass ignorance, stupidity and negligence, the extravagances of unskilled stoking, faulty boilers, imperfect engines and wrongly-designed grates and chimneys, along with a thousand and one other means of turning money into smoke. In the fields of trade one may name them indefinitely; in domestic practice the waste is even more abominable. For example, less than eight per cent of the coal's total heating value is obtained by burning it in open fireplaces. Used in stoves, its results vary widely; yet even under the most careful handling the waste is still astonishing.

More amazing than all else is to see how the consumer's ignorance and stupidity conspire to rob him of much of the remaining tenth—of this bare fraction of energy that may be obtained only by the most careful habits of economy.

Nothing Would Do But Red Ash

HERE is the average householder. His bins are running low, so he telephones the Square Deal Coal Company, when something like the following ensues:

"This is Mr. Reuben Guy, of No. 23 St. Mark's Place. I want a load of coal."

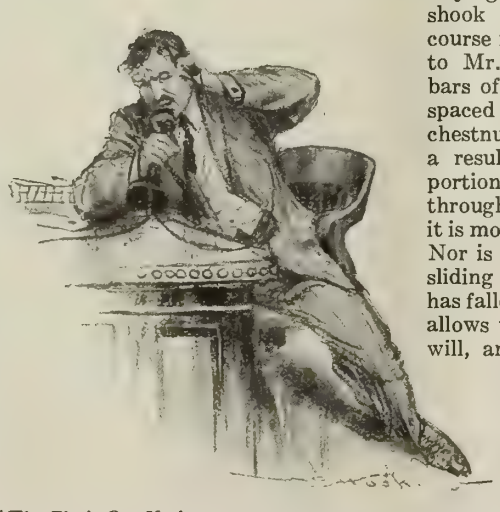
"Yes, sir," says the voice at the wire's other end; "what kind would you like to have?"

What Mr. Guy would really like is the fuel that in the end will prove cheapest. Only he doesn't say so.

Says he instead:

"Give me red ash anthracite, chestnut size." And after inquiring the price, which may or may not have something to do with the quality, Mr. Guy sighs dolefully and hangs up the receiver. He's going to be swindled and he knows it, so he husbands his reserve energy for the moment when the coal is burned and the bill comes in. Then he explodes. For in this simple transaction it is true that Mr. Guy has been robbed. He has robbed himself. He laid the way at the outset when he demanded a red ash anthracite, because in the first place the hue of the ash has nothing whatever to do with the quality of the coal. Of course, some of the best anthracites do burn to a red residue; but, by the same token, so do some of the worst. In each case the color is due entirely to the presence of iron in the coal—to that and nothing else. Besides, it is not infrequently a detriment, a serious cause of trouble and expense. Among the soft coals, for example, this is especially the fact; for the iron that makes red ashes also makes the fuel run like molasses on the grate-bars, chokes off the air and ultimately hardens into a stubborn, vitreous clinker. But to return to our mutton—to our mutton-headed Mr. Guy. He knows—or he thinks he knows—just what fuel he requires, so the dealer has taken him at his word and given to him what he called for. It is red ash anthracite, which may be the best or the very worst.

Now, assuming the dealer has delivered the best, what then? If you will remember, Mr. Guy has asked for the chestnut size. It is the grade he has been in the habit of buying since the first time he shook down a furnace. Of course it is of no consequence to Mr. Guy that the grate-bars of his present heater are spaced too widely for the chestnut size anthracite. As a result of this, a generous portion of the coal always slips through into the ashpan before it is more than half consumed. Nor is he concerned that the sliding flap of the ashpit door has fallen off and is lost. This allows the air to roar in as it will, and as the intake also leaks, Mr. Guy is assured of a red-hot fire as long as his coal holds out. He is quite pleased, in fact. Indeed, he remains pleased until he learns accidentally how much longer a ton of coal lasts in his neighbor's much larger house and much bigger heating plant. "A great deal bigger—yes!" grunts Mr. Guy, as he spreads the glad news of another swindle up and down the block. "A regular hold-up!" he cries indignantly, not forgetting at the same time to mention distinctly the robber baron's name. Nevertheless, the coal dealer has been as intuitively honest as human frailty and the nature of his calling will permit. He has given to Mr. Guy what Mr. Guy specifically demanded and, therefore, has nothing on his conscience. But if the dealer knows his business he will refrain from handing Mr. Guy a wallop when Mr. Guy calls around to explode. Instead he will ask permission to see Mr. Guy's voracious furnace, and will also explain to his irate customer why the ash of red ash anthracite is red when it is red.



"The Fire's Out Under the Boilers and the Engineer Threatens to Quit"

Assume, however, that the dealer isn't honest. Then what happens?

So many things may happen that it makes one's head ache to think of them. Probably, as a starter, Mr. Guy will be shortweighted on his ton. If Mr. Guy has ordered a short ton of 2000 pounds, it may be short anywhere from 50 to 150 pounds. Or if Mr. Guy has ordered a long ton of 2240 pounds—or thinks he has—he may get only a neat short ton. If he discovers this—as he won't—the dealer will reply blandly that mistakes often happen. Of course they do!—yet to be perfectly frank and open, I have still to hear of the dealer that has sent his customer a long ton

"Tommyrot!" Said He Succinctly; "Coal is Coal"

when the customer paid only for a short one. Even should the miracle come to pass, it is unlikely that any one would ever hear of it—that is, not unless it were the dealer himself, and then all he would do would be to go out and kick a dog, or dock the loss from the wages of the weighing clerk, or shortweight Mr. Guy double-extra the next time he bought another ton.

But as I say, Mr. Guy wouldn't know even then. Why he wouldn't is clear. "What!" drawls Mr. Guy in amazement. "Why, who in the world ever heard of any one that weighed the coal he bought?"

Putting Temptation in the Coal Man's Way

RIGHT here is why some coal dealers leave the narrow path of rectitude and virtue to get into a motor car and ride—that is, if they really do. Swindling is made easy. This is so because not one load of coal in ten thousand loads is weighed at the point of delivery. Nor does the consumer adopt even the still more easy method of measuring it by bulk. Either way is a dirty task. No man likes to do it. Yet when you pay the dealer's bill you're sure to count the change. In fact, no matter who the person, you always count the change. Or if you suspect your butcher you sometimes weigh his meat. But no one ever does this to the coal dealer. He knows you won't. The job is too dirty, too much bother. Therefore, if crooked, he feels immune to trick and cheat as he pleases. But don't blame him. Blame yourself. You have done your utmost to lay temptation in his path.

Another thing. Though the dealer may be honest, perhaps his driver isn't. I know of one saloon-keeper who in twelve years rarely bought as much as a bag of coal. He used about three tons a month, and got all he needed from passing wagons at the cost of a few schooners of beer. Now and then he threw in a five-cent cigar. I know also

of a coal-wagon driver who boasts that he has yet to buy his family a single pair of shoes. But in this case it is only fair to say that the shoe-dealer around the corner uses quite a lot of anthracite. If you'll take my advice, buy a steelyard and a suit of overalls and pay a visit to your cellar. Or, if you don't want the bother of weighing, it's somewhat easier to measure. A short ton of Lehigh stove coal occupies 34.39 cubic feet. As coal varies, however, in specific gravity, and as its bulk varies further according to the size of the pieces, a good way to measure is to find how many pounds are required to fill a box of known dimensions. When you have learned this, measure your coal bin. Simple arithmetic will then tell you whether you are being swindled.

In the South and West, where anthracite becomes too expensive for general use, the soft-coal market is the most fruitful field of all for the tricky retail dealer. This is so because the range in quality is much greater among the bituminous fuels than it is among the anthracites. In Ohio and in Illinois this is especially the case. Each of these states draws upon itself and other states for its fuel supply, so that extraordinary varieties of fuels come into competition with one another. As a result of this the unsuspecting consumer often pays for one quality and has palmed off on him a quality entirely different.

Coal Not What It Seems

IN OHIO, for example, the standard soft coal for domestic use is that which is mined in the Massillon district. It burns freely, gives a nice ash and is rather free from impurities. In appearance, its chief characteristic is a bright metallic scale that lies in small blotches along the grain; the coal itself is black and glossy, and because of its appearance and many excellent qualities it commands a superior price in the market.

There are other coals in Ohio that more or less resemble the Massillon. Some show even the brassy scale to such a degree that the uninitiated would find it difficult to tell the two coals apart. In some cases even an expert might be fooled unless he looked closely or put the coal to the test of firing. As a result of this, more than one dealer has been caught in the act of palming on his customers coal that was no more the true Massillon than green oak wood is hand-picked Scranton anthracite. In doing this these tricksters sought to cheat their customers out of amounts ranging from a quarter to half a dollar, or even as much as a full dollar a ton. A still more widely-worked swindle is to deliver half and half—that is, half a ton of Massillon mixed with half a ton of some inferior bituminous. In cases where slack or screenings are sold, the chance of detection is remote, so that the proportion of inferior coal is often two to one.

This is only one instance of the dishonest dealer's methods. In districts where one finds the greatest number of coals of varying price and quality competing with one another, there also one finds the greatest variety of tricks to swindle the unwary. Yet in every instance the means of protection is simple, the remedy easy of access. If the coal be short in weight, weighing or measuring will at once detect the fraud. If it be of inferior quality the fact that it is may also be as readily discovered. This is so because every fuel known to the trade has had its purity more or less exactly established by a minute laboratory analysis. Each is known to contain so much ash, so much sulphur and so much moisture. In the same way its heating value has been almost as definitely computed. Of course, all coals will vary from time to time in strength and purity; even if all that you use comes from the same pit there will often be a difference. But among the high-grade fuels there is much less chance for variation in quality than is the case among the poorer ones. However, should you doubt your dealer, send a sample of the coal to the nearest analytical chemist. He can tell you within a few hours, or in a day or so at the outside, whether you are getting what you have paid for. Or if he can't do that he can at least tell you whether the coal is worth what it cost. Many chemists are familiar with the fuel trade. After the analysis some can name the district from which the coal has come. In the case of a few very distinctive coals it is even possible by this means to name the mine itself.

"It Wouldn't Burn if You Soaked it in Kerosene and Built a Fire Beneath It"

Users of slack or screenings are far more likely to be bilked than those that burn only lump coal. This is true because even the best grade of screenings is prone to vary in quality, especially among the bituminous coals. I have known one grade of slack to vary in its ash from day to day as much as five per cent; and this, too, when it came from the same mine and when every precaution was observed. Therefore, if the consumer desires to protect himself, he should have his slack tested much more frequently than is necessary when straight lump coal is burned. I say this because the first and foremost temptation of the crooked dealer, when his customer is using slack, is to run in a proportion of cheap and inferior fuel. If the ratio of good to bad is shrewdly adjusted the consumer stands little chance of finding out the fraud unless he keeps a hawklike eye on the watch for just such games. In office buildings, in hotels and in apartment houses this method of rooking the unwary is carried on on a much larger scale than owners or agents are aware. Usually, the engineer, fireman or janitor is first "seen," and after that whoever foots the bills may pay for the highest quality and get anywhere from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the worst.

During the big anthracite strike of 1901 I ran into a fraud of a curious sort, by which the proprietor of a big hotel was being swindled to his advantage. His standing order was for buckwheat hard coal, which will run as high in ash as sixteen per cent and has a heating value somewhat less than the best grades of bituminous slack. Anthracite at the time was scarce and high in price, so instead of delivering straight buckwheat the dealer was putting in a mixture of buckwheat and cheaper soft coal screenings. The combination made little more smoke than the straight anthracite, it gave more heat, and as it was as easy to stoke and made less ash than the genuine article all hands were happy.

The hotel man was happy because his coal bills were smaller than he had anticipated. The fireman was happy because he had been "seen" and because he had somewhat less work than usual. In his own demure way the coal man was equally placid, perhaps not for the good he was unconsciously doing, but instead, as every consumer will believe, because he was doing his customer. Doing him good, of course!

Going Farther and Faring Worse

THE consumer who gets his fuel by the wagonload is by no means the only one to be cozened and cheated and bled. Some of the worst victims I have known have been those who bought their fuel by the cargo, by the trainload, by the thousands of tons at a time. Among this number, too, are to be included a horde of otherwise astute purchasing agents, fellows who in a deal over a paper of carpet tacks would haggle you out of your watch and chain.

One in particular I recall. He was and still is the buyer for some cement works, a concern that uses every season thousands of tons of fuel. And since price is his only fetish, since he bows to price alone, scarcely a season passes in which he is not handsomely trimmed by the gentry that lie in wait for him and his kind.

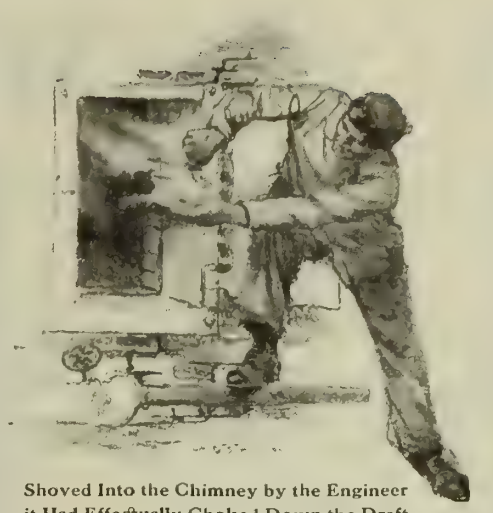
The most flagrant example of this came five or six years ago when our friend entered the market for the season's requirements of fuel. Best Pittsburgh gas-coal slack was firm at $1.45 F. O. B. vessel, but against this many lighter and dirtier coals competed. Their prices ranged anywhere from $1.25 to $1.35 a ton aboard, so that when 20,000 tons of high-grade screenings were offered to him at $1.40 a ton, a rock-bottom price for the quality, our friend turned up his nose.

"You're crazy!" he remarked in derision. "I can buy a hundred thousand tons at five cents a ton lower."

"True; but not Pittsburgh gas slack," he was told.

"Oh, can't I!" he retorted disdainfully. "I can get it today all I want at $1.35 a ton. But that's too high," he added placidly. "Some of you fellows are going to quote me lower yet."

And some one did. I marveled when I learned it was a firm of operators whose only mines were in the Pittsburgh gas-coal district. I couldn't understand how they could afford to sell their screenings at such a figure as $1.30 a ton. But the marvel ended when the coal was loaded in bottoms at the lake. Of the entire 20,000 tons not more than



Shoved Into the Chimney by the Engineer it Had Effectually Choked Down the Draft

twenty-five per cent was Pittsburgh gas slack. For the remainder, the coal firm had gone into the market itself and had bought and substituted a variety of coals embracing almost all the worst that enter the Ohio trade. But since the buyer's only object was price, since he omitted inspecting the fuel once he had done his part in buying it, and since his plant had never used any but the poorest sort of slack and would have been astonished to get any that was decent, the fraud escaped detection—that is, the cement-works people never heard of it, though indeed a competing salesman did try to tell our friend the purchasing agent. For his temerity, however, the salesman was only snubbed.

Analyze the transaction, and you will see readily how ignorance and stupidity are made to pay through the nose.

In the instance quoted the buyer-by-price sought to save ten cents a ton, or $2000 in the gross. Actually, however, the transaction figures out on the opposite side of the ledger. In the first place, the slack delivered contained fully four per cent more ash than that of the better grade. Also, as each per cent of ash means to each ton of fuel a twenty-pound loss of combustible, he had bought and paid for 800 tons of additional dirt and cinder, all of which had to be hauled from under the boilers at an additional labor cost. This, however, is but a trifle if compared to the loss due to the difference in heating value, for the $1.30 slack contained less than ninety per cent of the other's strength. Therefore, 18,000 tons of the $1.40 coal at $25,200 would have done the same work as $26,000 worth of the other, and would not have required the labor and expense of hauling the additional 800 tons of ashes. So in striving to save $2000 the buyer was actually out of pocket anywhere from $800 to $1000. In the indictment, furthermore, are additional charges of ignorance and stupidity. Had he traced back to the mines the cars that went into the cargoes he would have readily informed himself of the swindle. Or had he known his business he would have been aware that in a firm, normal market no dealer can afford to cut ten cents a ton under the prevailing quotation. Still again, had he inspected the coal, or better yet, had it analyzed, he would have known instantly he was being defrauded. But he bought by price—price only and only price concerned him; and once he had this settled he deemed that his work was done.

The Heating Power of Coal

AFTER all, however, the coal consumer's only means of protection is the frequent analysis of his fuel. To make this clear let me hand to you a few practical facts in near-science. All coals, as I have said, are invested with a more or less immutable heating value. In laboratory practice this strength is determined by the bomb calorimeter, an instrument that detects almost to a fraction the number of thermal units a specific fuel contains. In America, usually the B. t. u., or British thermal unit, is denoted, rather than the calory, which is based on the metric system. Each B. t. u. marks the amount of heat that is required to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit when the water is at its maximum density, 39.1° F. In bituminous coals of the highest type the number of heat units to the pound will range about 16,000. In the lower grades the units will often number less than 10,000.

In addition to their variability in strength, coals will differ greatly as to their content of impurities, of moisture, ash and sulphur. Each percentage of ash, as I have already denoted, means a twenty-pound loss of combustible to each ton of fuel. Then, again, each percentage of moisture means also another twenty-pound loss of combustible, and in addition is expelled only at the cost of still more carbon. Sulphur, the third impurity, will, of course, burn and develop heat, but to offset whatever it does give it has the costly habit of corroding both grate-bars and boilers. If the coal be stored it creates also a serious danger in its liability to spontaneous combustion. With these facts before you let me give you another instance of how the ignorance of many consumers burns up their money in bulk.

A year ago I called at the office of a Western manufacturer whose opinion of coal men was such that, if edited for publication, it would be printed mainly in asterisks and dashes. He needed fifty cars of bituminous run o' mine; he needed them so badly that I hoped he would bear with me until I had tried him with an object-lesson.

After he had told me his wants I drew up a chair and sat down.

(Continued on Page 36)

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXIII

WHEN John Stover, President of the Kennedy House, arrived at the opening of the new scholastic year, he arrived magnificently in a special buggy, his changed personal appearance spreading wonder and incredulity before him. He was stylishly encased in a suit of tan whipcord, with creases down the trousers' front that cut the air like the prow of a ship. On his head, rakishly set, was a Panama hat; over his arm was a natty raincoat, and he wore gloves.

"Who is it?" said the Tennessee Shad faintly.

"It's the gas inspector," said Dennis de Brian de Boru, who, though now long of trousers, continued short of respect.

"Goodness gracious!" said the Tennessee Shad; "can it be the little Dink who came to us from the Green House?"

Stover approached serenely and shook hands.

"Heavens, Dink!" said the Gutter Pup; "what has happened? Have you gone into the clothing business?"

"Like my jibs?" said Stover, throwing back his coat. "Catch this!"

The front rank went over like so many ninepins. Stover, pleased with the effect, waved his hand and disappeared to pay his militant respects to the Roman, who led him to the light and looked him over with unconcealed amazement.

When Dink had gone to his old room the Tennessee Shad, the Gutter Pup and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan were already awaiting him, with heads critically slanted.

"Tell us the worst," said the Gutter Pup.

"Are you married?" said the Tennessee Shad.

"Let's see her photograph," said Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan.

Now, Stover had foreseen the greeting and the questions and had come prepared. He opened his valise and, taking out a case, arranged a dozen photographs on his bureau, artfully concealing the one and only in a temporarily subordinate position. The three village loungers arose and stationed themselves in front of the portrait gallery.

"Why, he must be perfectly irresistible!" said the Gutter Pup.

"Dink," said Dennis, "do all these girls love you?"

Stover, disdaining a reply, selected another case.

"Razors!" said the Tennessee Shad.

"What for?" said Dennis.

"Oh, I shave, too," said the Gutter Pup, in whom the spirit of envy was beginning to work.

"And now, boys," said Stover briskly, taking off his coat, folding it carefully over a chair and beginning to unpack, "sit down. Don't act like a lot of hayseeds on a rail, but tell me what the Freshmen are like."

The manner was complete—convincing—without a trace of embarrassment. The three wits exchanged foolish glances and sat down.

"What do you weigh?" said the Gutter Pup faintly.

"One hundred and fifty-five, and I've grown an inch," said Stover, ranging on a ring a score of flashy neckties.

"I wish Lovely Mead could see those," said the Gutter Pup with a last appearance of levity.

"Call him up. Look at them yourself," said Stover, tendering the neckwear. "I think they're rather tasty myself."

Before such absolute serenity frivolity died of starvation. They made no further attempts at sarcasm, but sat awed until Stover had departed to carry the glad news of his increased weight to Captain Flash Condit.

"Why, he's older than the Roman," said the Tennessee Shad, the first to recover.

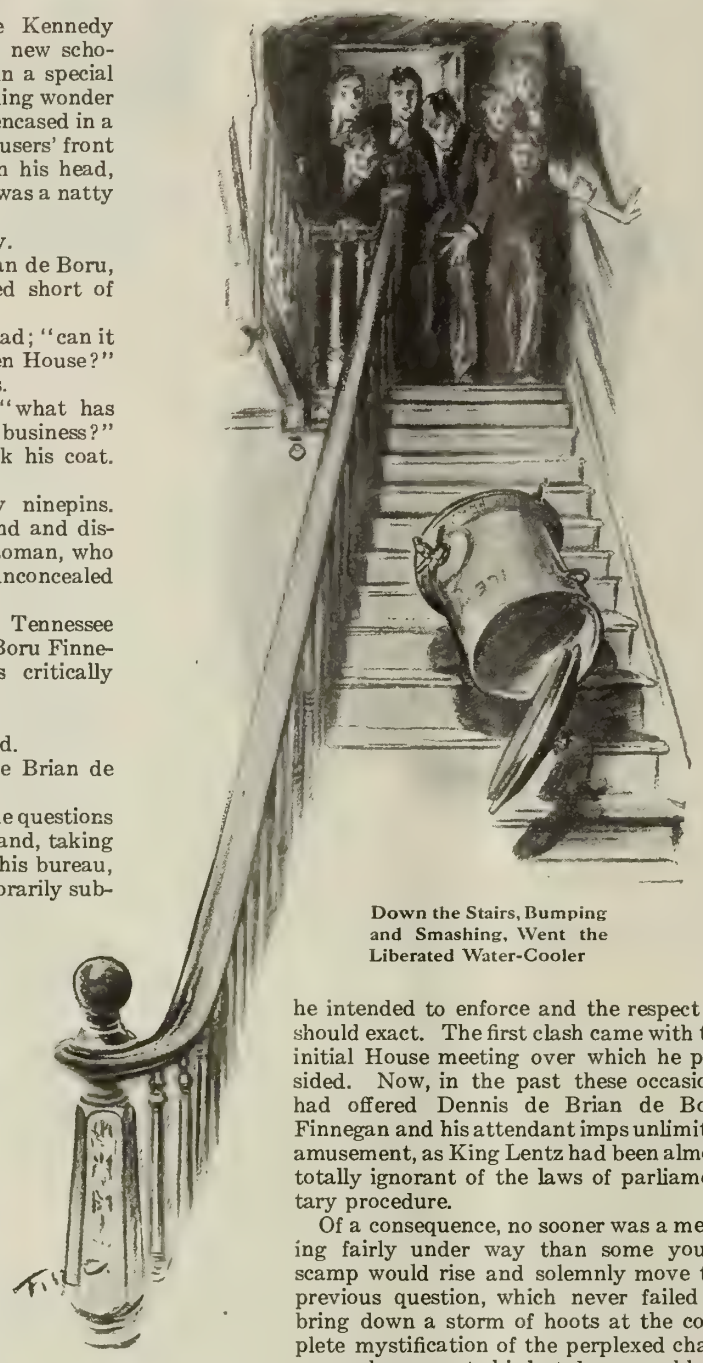
"He's in love," said Dennis, who had intuitions.

"No, beloved," said the Gutter Pup with a sigh, who was suffering from the first case, but not the second.

The amazement of rollicking old Sir John Falstaff at the transformation of Prince Hal was nothing to the consternation of the Kennedy House at the sudden conversion of Dink Stover, the fount of mischief, into a complete disciplinarian.

Now the cardinal principle of House government is the division of the flock by the establishing of an age-line. The control of the youngsters is almost always vigorously enforced, and though the logical principles involved are sometimes rather dubious they are adequate from the fact that they are never open to argument. Occasionally, however, under the leadership of some president either too indolent or incapable of leadership, this strict surveillance over the habits and conduct of youth is relaxed, with disastrous results to the orderly reputation of the House.

Stover, having been the arch-rebel and fomenter of mischief, had the most determined ideas as to the discipline



Down the Stairs, Bumping and Smashing, Went the Liberated Water-Cooler

he intended to enforce and the respect he should exact. The first clash came with the initial House meeting over which he presided. Now, in the past these occasions had offered Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan and his attendant imps unlimited amusement, as King Lentz had been almost totally ignorant of the laws of parliamentary procedure.

Of a consequence, no sooner was a meeting fairly under way than some young scamp would rise and solemnly move the previous question, which never failed to bring down a storm of hoots at the complete mystification of the perplexed chairman, who never to his last day was able to solve this knotty point of procedure.

Now Dennis, while he had been impressed by Stover's new majesty, retained still a feeling of resistance. So the moment the gavel declared the meeting open he bobbed up with a wicked gleam and shrilly announced:

"Mr. Chairman, I move the previous question."

"Mr. Finnegan will come to order," said Stover quietly.

"Oh, I say, Dink!"

"Are you addressing the chair?" said Stover sternly.

"Oh, no," said Finnegan, according to his usual manner; "I was just whistling through my teeth, gargling my larynx, trilling——"

Crash came the gavel and the law spoke forth:

"Mr. Finnegan will come to order!"

"I won't!"

"Mr. Finnegan either apologizes to the chair, or Mr. Finnegan returns to short trousers and stays there. Mr. Finnegan has exactly one minute to make up his mind."

Dennis, crimson and gasping, stood more thoroughly amazed and nonplused than he had ever been in his active existence. He opened his mouth as though to reply, and beheld Stover calmly draw forth his watch. Had it been any one else, Dennis would have hesitated; but he knew Stover of old, and the chilly, metallic note in his voice. He chose the lesser of two evils and gave the apology.

"The chair will now state," said Stover, replacing his watch, "for the benefit of any other young, transcendent jokers that may care to display their side-splitting wit, that the chair is quite capable of handling the previous question, or any other question, and that these meetings are going to be orderly proceedings and not one-ring circuses for the benefit of the Kennedy Association of Clowns. The question before the House is the protest against compulsory bath. The chair recognizes Mr. Lazelle to make a motion."

The cup of Finnegan's bitterness was not yet filled. Stover's first act of administration was to forbid the privileges of the cold-air flues and the demon cigarette to all members of the House who had not attained, according to his judgment, either a proper age or a sufficient display of bodily stature. Among the proscribed was Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, whose legs, clothed in new dignity, fairly quivered under the affront, as he tearfully protested:

"I say, Dink, it's an outrage!"

"Can't help it. It's for your own good."

"But I'm fifteen!"

"Now, see here, Dennis," said Stover firmly; "your business is to grow and to be of some use. No one's going to know about it unless you yell it out, but I'm going to see that you turn out a decent, manly chap, and not another Slops Barnett."

"But you went with Slops yourself."

"I did—but you're not going to be such a fool."

"Why, you're a regular tyrant!"

"All right, call it that."

"And I elected you!" said Dennis, the aggrieved and astounded politician. "This is Goo-gooism!"

"No, it isn't," said Stover indignantly. "I'm not interfering with any fellow who's sixteen—they can do what they darn please. But I'm not going to have a lot of kids in this House starting sporting life until they've grown up to it, savey? They're going to be worth living with and having around, and not abominations in the sight of gods and men. Pass the word along."

The revolt, for a short while, was furious and indignant, but the prestige of Stover's reputation forestalled all thought of disobedience. In such cases absolute power is in the hands of him who can wield it, and Stover could command.

In short order he had reduced the youngsters to respect and usefulness, with the following imperial decrees:

1. All squabs are to maintain in public a deferential and modest attitude.
2. No squab shall talk to excess in the presence of his elders.
3. No squab shall habitually use bad language, under penalty of an application of soap and water.
4. No squab shall use tobacco in any form.
5. No squab shall leave the House after lights without express permission.

These regulations were not simply an exercise of arbitrary authority, for in the House itself were certain elements which Dink perfectly understood, and whose spheres of influence he was resolved to confine to their own limits.

"How're you going to enforce, Sire, these imperial decrees?" asked the Tennessee Shad, who, however, thoroughly approved.

"I have a method," said Stover, with an interior smile. "It's what I call a Rogues' Gallery."

"I don't see," said the Tennessee Shad, puzzled.

"You will."

The first rebel was a Freshman, Bellefont, known as the Millionaire Baby, who, due to a previous luxurious existence, had acquired manly practices at an early age. Bellefont was detected with the odor of tobacco.

"Young squab, have you been smoking?" said Stover.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said the youngster defiantly.

"Gutter Pup, get your camera," said Stover.

The Gutter Pup, mystified, returned. The autocrat seized the young rebel, slung him paternally across his knee and with raised hand spoke:

"Gutter Pup, snap a couple of good ones. We'll make this Exhibit A in our Rogues' Gallery."

Bellefont, at the thought of this public perpetuation, set up a howl and kicked as though mortally stung. Stover held firm. The snapshots were taken, developed and duly posted.

From that moment, in public at least, Stover's slightest gesture was obeyed as promptly as the lifting of an English policeman's finger.

The yoke once accepted became popular alike with the older members, who ceased to be annoyed, and with the squabs themselves, who, finding they were protected from bullying or unfair exactions, soon adopted toward Stover an attitude of reverent idolatry that was not without its embarrassments. He was called upon at all hours to render decisions on matters political and philosophical, with the knowledge that his opinion would instantly be adopted as religion. Before him were brought all family quarrels, some serious, some grotesque, but each class demanding a settlement in equity.

One afternoon Dennis maliciously piloted to his presence Pee-wee Norris and his new roommate, a youngster named Berbacker, called Cyclops from the fact that one

eye was glass, a gift that brought him a peculiar admiration and envy.

Stover, observing the cunning expression on Finnegan's face, scented a trap. The matter was, indeed, very grave.

"See here, Dink," said Pee-wee indignantly; "I leave it to you. How would you like to stumble upon a loose eye all over the room?"

"A what?"

"A loose eye. This fellow Cyclops is all the time leaving his glass eye around in my diggin's, and I don't like it. It's the deuce of a thing to find it winking up at you from the table or the window-seat. It gives me the creeps."

"What have you got to say, Cyclops?" said Stover, assuming a judicial air.

"Well, I've always been used to takin' the eye out," said Cyclops, with an injured look. "Most fellows are glad to see it. But, I say, I'm the fellow who has the kick. The whole thing started by Norris hiding it on me."

"Did you swipe his eye?" said Stover severely.

"Well, yes; I did. What right's he got to let it out loose?"

"I want him to leave my eye alone," said Cyclops.

"I want him to keep his old eye in his old socket," said Pee-wee.

"Oh, Solomon, what is thy judgment?" said Dennis, who had engineered it all.

"I'll give my judgment and it'll settle it," said Dink firmly. "But I'll think it over first."

True to his word, he deliberated long and actively and, as the judgment had to be given, he called the complaining parties before him and said:

"Now, look here, Pee-wee and Cyclops; you fellows are rooming together and you've got to get on. If you fight, keep it to yourselves; don't shout it around. But get together—agree. You've got to go on, and the more you agree—ahem—the less you'll disagree, see? It's just like marriage. Now, you go back and live like a respectable married couple, and if I hear any more about this glass eye I'll spank you both and have you photographed for the Rogues' Gallery."

Among the members of the Kennedy House there were two who defied his authority and gave him cause for dissatisfaction—the Millionaire Baby, who was a nuisance because he had been pampered and impressed with his own divine right, and a fellow named Horses Griffin, who was unbearable because, owing to his size and strength, he had never had the blessing of a good thrashing.

Now, when Stover promulgated his laws for the protection of squabs he had served notice on the sporting centers that he expected their adherence. Fellows like Slops Barnett and Fatty Harris, who, to do them justice, approved of segregation, made no defiance. Griffin, though, who was a hulking, rather surly, self-conscious fellow, secretly rebelled at this act of authority, and gave asylum to Bellefont, from whom he was glad to accept the good things that regularly arrived in boxes from a solicitous mother.

Stover had seen from the first how the issue would have to be met, and met it at the first opportunity. Griffin having defied his authority by openly inviting the Millionaire Baby up for the nefarious practice of matching pennies, Dink marched up the stairs and entered the enemy's room.

A moment later the group expectantly gathered in the hall heard something within that resembled an itinerant cyclone, then the door flew open and Griffin shot out and raced for the stairs, while behind him—like an angry tomcat—came Stover, in time to give to the panicky champion just that extra impetus that allowed him, as Dennis expressed it, to establish a new record—flying start—for the twenty-six steps. After this little explanation Griffin showed a marked disinclination for the company of Bellefont, and became, indeed, quite a useful member of the community, though he always retained such acute memories that an angry tone from Stover caused him to fidget and calculate the distance to the door.

Griffin subdued, the Millionaire Baby still remained. The problem was a knotty one, for as Bellefont was still of cub stature the means of correction were limited.

"What worries Your Majesty?" said Dennis de Brian de Boru, perceiving Stover in stern meditation. "Is it that beautiful specimen of flunky-raised squab entitled the Millionaire Baby?"

"It is," said Dink. Between him and Dennis peace had long since been concluded.

"He is a very precious hothouse flower," said Dennis sarcastically.

"He is the most useless, pestiferous, conceited little squirt I ever saw," said Dink.

"I love him not."

"But I'll get that flunky smell out of him yet!"

"The pity is he has such fat, juicy boxes from home."

"He has—how often?"

"Every two weeks."

"It oughtn't to be allowed."

"What are you going to do? You can't take 'em by force."

"No—that wouldn't do."

"Still," said Dennis regretfully, "he's so young it is just ruining his little digestion."

They sat a moment deliberating. Finally Dink spoke rapturously: "I have it. We'll organize the Kennedy Customs House."

"Aha!"

"Everything imported must pass the Customs House."

"Pass?"

"Certainly; everything must be legal."

"What am I to be?"

"Appraiser."

"I'd rather be first taster."

"Same thing."

"You said pass," said Dennis obstinately. "I don't like that word."

"Purely technical sense."

"But there will be duties imposed?"

"Certainly."

"Aha!" said Dennis, brightening. "Very high duties?"

"The maximum duty on luxuries," said Dink. "We're all good Republicans, aren't we?"

"I am, if I can write the tariff schedule," said Dennis, who, as may be seen, was orthodox.

When, on the following week, young Bellefont received his regular installment of high-priced indigestibles he was amazed to see the Gutter Pup and Lovely Mead appear with solemn demeanor.

"Hello," said the Millionaire Baby, placing himself in front of the half-open box.

"See these badges," said Lovely Mead, pointing to their caps, around which were displayed white bandages inscribed "Inspector."

"Sure."

"We're in the Customs House."

"Well, what?"

"And we have received information that you are systematically smuggling goods into this territory." The Millionaire Baby looked as though a ghost had arisen.

"Aha!" said the Gutter Pup, perceiving the box. "Here's the evidence now. Officer, seize the goods and the prisoner."

"What are you going to do to me?" said the culprit in great alarm.

"Take you before the Customs Court."

The Customs Court was sitting, without absentees, in Stover's room—appraisers, weighers, adjusters and consulting experts, all legally ticketed and very solemn. The prisoner was stood in a corner and the contents of the box spread on the floor.

"First exhibit one plum cake," announced Beekstein, who was in a menial position.

"Duty sixty-five per cent," said Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, consulting a book. "Raisins and spices."

"Two bottles of anchovy olives."

"Duty fifty per cent; imported fruits."

"Only fifty per cent?" said Stover, who had a preference for the same.

"That's all."

"What's it on?"

"Imported fruits."

"How about spiced fish?" said the Tennessee Shad, coming to the rescue, "and, likewise, Italian glass?"

The Millionaire Baby gave a groan.

"Imported fish, forty per cent," said Dennis, "glass—Venetian glass—thirty-five per cent. He owes us thirty per cent on this."

"Continue," said Stover, casting a grateful glance at the Tennessee Shad.

"Two boxes of candied prunes, that's vegetables, twenty-five per cent."

"They're preserved in sugar, aren't they?"

"Sure."

"There's a duty of fifty per cent on sugar."

"Long live the Sugar Trust!"

"Doggone robbers!" said the Millionaire Baby tearfully.

"Three boxes salted almonds, one large box of chocolate bonbons, one angel cake and six tins of candied ginger."

The judges, deliberating, assessed each article. Stover rose to announce the decree: "The clerk of the court will return to the importer thirty-five per cent of the plum cake, twenty-five per cent of the candied prunes, one box of salted almonds and two tins of ginger."

The Millionaire Baby breathlessly contained his wrath.

Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan addressed the court:

"Your Honor."

"Mr. Finnegan."

"I beg to call to your Honor's attention that these goods have been seized and are subject to a fine."

"True," said Stover, glancing sternly at the frothing Bellefont. "I would be inclined to be lenient, but I am informed that this is not the defendant's first offense. The clerk of the court will, therefore, confiscate the whole."

The Millionaire Baby, with a howl, began to express himself in the language of the stables.

"Gag him," said Stover, "and let him be informed that the duties will be lightened if in the future he declares his imports."

The government then applied the revenues to the needs of the department of the interior.

"The duty on anchovy olives is too high," said Finnegan, looking fondly down a bottle.

"How so?"

"It will stop the imports."

"True—we might reduce it."

"We must encourage imports," said the Gutter Pup firmly.

And the chorus came full-mouthed: "Sure!"

The Millionaire Baby received three more boxes—that is, he received the limited portion that a paternal government allowed him. Then, being chastened, he took a despicable revenge—he stopped the supply of good things.

"Well, it was sweet while it lasted," said Dennis regretfully.

"We've stopped toadyism in the House," said Stover virtuously. "We have eliminated the influence of money."

"That is praiseworthy, but it doesn't fill me with enthusiasm."

"Dink," said the Tennessee Shad, "I must say I consider this one of your few failures. You're a great administrator, but you don't understand the theory of taxation."

"I don't, eh? Well, what is the theory?"

"The theory of taxation," said the Tennessee Shad, "is to soak the taxed all they'll stand for, but to leave them just enough, so they'll come again."

"We'll Make This Exhibit A in Our Rogues' Gallery"

XXIV

NO SOONER had Mr. John H. Stover returned from the serious developments of the summer, arranged his new possessions and brought forward the photograph of Miss McCarty to a position on the edge of his bureau, where he could turn to it the last thing at

night and again behold it with his waking glance, than a horrible coincidence appeared.

Among the festive decorations that made the corporate home of Dink and the Tennessee Shad a place to visit and admire was, as has been related, a smashing poster of a ballet dancer in the costume of an amazon parader.

Up to now Dink had shared the just pride of the Tennessee Shad in this rakish exhibit that somehow gave the possessor the reputation of having an acquaintance with stage entrances.

But on the second morning, when his faithful glance turned to the protecting presence of Miss McCarty, resting among the brushes, it paused a moment on the representative of the American dramatic profession, who was coquettishly trying to conceal one foot behind her ear.

Then he sat bolt upright with a start. By some strange perversion of the fate that delights in pursuing lovers, the features of the immodestly-clothed amazon bore the most startling resemblance to that paragon of celestial purity, Miss Josephine McCarty.

The more he gazed the more astounding was the impression. He gazed and then he did not gaze at all—it seemed like a profanation. The resemblance, once perceived, positively haunted him; stand where he might his eyes could see nothing but the seraphic head of Miss McCarty upon the unspeakable body of the amazon—and then those legs!

For days this centaurian combination tortured him without his being able to evolve a satisfactory method of removing the blasphemous poster. A direct attack was quite out of the question, for manifestly the Tennessee Shad would demand an adequate explanation for the destruction of his treasured possession.

There could be no explanation except the true one, and such a confession was unthinkable, even to a roommate under oath.

For two solid weeks Stover, brooding desperately, sought to avert his glance from the profane spectacle before chance came to his rescue. One Saturday night, after a strenuous game with the Princeton Freshmen, Dink, afraid of going stale, decided to quicken his jaded appetite by an application of sardines, deviled ham and rootbeer.

The feasting-table happened to be directly beneath the abhorrent poster, so that Stover, as he lifted the bottle to open it, beheld with fury the offending tights. He gave the bottle instinctively a shake, and with that disturbing motion suddenly came his plan.

"This rootbeer has been flat as the deuce lately," he said.

"They're selling us poor stuff," said the Tennessee Shad, with the tail of a sardine disappearing within.

"I wonder if I could put life in the blame thing if I shook it up a bit," said Stover, suiting the action to the word.

Now, the Tennessee Shad knew from experience what the result would be, but as Stover was holding the bottle he dissembled his knowledge.

"Give it a shake," he said.

Stover complied.

"Shake her again."

"How's that?"

"Once more. It'll be just like champagne."

Stover gave it a final vigorous shake, pointed the nozzle toward the poster and cut the cord. There was an explosion and then the contents rose like a geyser and spread over the ceiling and the luckless ballet dancer who dared to resemble Miss McCarty.

By the next morning the poster was unrecognizable under a coating of dried reddish spots and was ignominiously removed, to Stover's delight, whose illusions were thus preserved, as well as his secret.

Now, the month spent at the McCartys' had strengthened his honorable intentions and given them that definite purpose that is sometimes vulgarly ticketed: "Object, matrimony."

It is not that Dink could return over the romantic days of his visit and lay his finger on any particular scene or any definite word that could be construed as binding Miss McCarty. But, on the other hand, his own actions and expressions, he thought, must have been so capable of but one interpretation that, as a man of honor, he held himself morally as well as willingly bound. Of course she had understood his attitude; she must have understood. And, likewise, there were events that made him believe that she, in her discreet way, had let him see by her actions what she could not convey by her words. For, of course, in his present position of dependence on his father, nothing could be said. He understood that. He would not have changed it. Still, there were unmistakable memories of the preference he had enjoyed. There had been, in particular, an ill-favored dude, called Ver Plank, who had always been hanging around with his tandem and his millions, who had been sacrificed a dozen times by the unmercenary angel to his, John H. Stover's, profit. That was clear enough, and there had been many such incidents.

The only thing that disappointed Dink was the polite correctness of her letters. But then something, he said to himself, must be allowed for maiden modesty. His own letters were the product of afternoons and evenings. The herculean difficulty that he experienced in covering four sheets of paper—even when writing a flowing hand and allowing half a page for the signature—secretly worried him. It seemed as though something was lacking in his character or in the strength of his devotion.

On the day after the final disappearance of the brazen amazon Dink pounced upon a violet envelope in the well-known handwriting and bore it to a place of secrecy. It was in answer to four of his own painful compositions.

He gave three glances before reading, three glances that estimate all such longed-for epistles. There were five pages, which brought him a thrill; it was signed "As ever, Josephine," which brought him a doubt; and it began "Dear Jack," which left him nowhere.

Having thus passed from hot to cold, and back to a fluctuating temperature, he began the letter—first, to read what was written, and second, to read what might be concealed between the lines:

Dear Jack: Since your last letter I've been in a perfect whirl of gayety—dances, coaching parties and what-not. Really, you would say that I was nothing but a frivolous butterfly of fashion. Next week I am going to the Ver Planks' with quite a party and we are to coach through the Berkshires. The Judsons are to be along and that pretty Miss Dow, of whom I was so jealous when you were here—do you remember? I met a Mr. Cockrell, who, it seems, was at Lawrenceville. He told me you were going to be a phenomenal football player, captain of the team next year, and all sorts of wonderful things. He *admires* you *tremendously*. I was so pleased! Don't forget to write soon.

As ever, JOSEPHINE.

This letter, as indeed all her letters did, left Dink trapezing, so to speak, from one emotion to another. He had not acquired that knowledge, which indeed is never acquired, of valuing to a nicety the intents, insinuations and complexities of the feminine school of literature.

There were things that sent him soaring like a Japanese kite and there were things, notably the reference to Ver Plank, that tumbled him as awkwardly down.

He immediately seized upon pen and paper. It had, perhaps, been his fault. He would conduct the correspondence more seriously. He would be a little—daring.

At the start he fell into the usual inky deliberation. "Dear Josephine" was so inadequate. "My dear Josephine" had—or did it not have?—just an extra little touch of tenderness, a peculiar claim to possession. But, if so, would it be too bold or too sentimental? He wrote boldly:

"My dear Josephine:"

Then he considered. Unfortunately, at that time the late lamented Pete Daly, in the halls of the likewise lamented Weber and Fields, was singing dusky love songs to a lady likewise entitled "My Josephine." The connection was unthinkable. Dink tore the page into minute bits and, selecting another, sighed and returned to the old formula.

Here another long pause succeeded while he searched for a sentiment or a resolve that would raise him in her estimation. It is a mood in which the direction of a lifetime is sometimes settled for a phrase. So it happened with Dink. Suddenly his face lit up and he started to write:

Dear Josephine: Your letter came to me just as I was writing you of a plan I have been thinking of for weeks. I have decided not to go to college. Of course, it would be a great pleasure, and perhaps I look upon life too seriously, as you often tell me; but I want to get to work, to feel that I am standing on my own feet, and four years seems an awful time to wait for that. What do you think? I do hope you understand just what I mean. It is very serious with me, the most serious thing in the world.

I'm glad you're having a good time.

Don't write such nonsense about Miss Dow; you know there's nothing in that direction. Do write and tell me what you think about my plan.

Faithfully yours, JACK.

P. S. When are you going to send me that new photograph? I have only three of you now, a real one and two kodaks. I'm glad you're having a good time.

No sooner was this letter dispatched and Stover had realized what had been in his mind for weeks than he went to Tough McCarty to inform him of his high resolve.

"But, Dink," said Tough in dismay, "you can't be serious! Why, we were going through college together!"

"That's the hard part of it," said Dink, looking and, indeed, feeling very solemn.

"But you're giving up a wonderful career. Every one says you'll be a star end. You'll make the All-American. Oh, Dink!"

"Don't," said Dink heroically.

"But, I say, what's happened?"

"It's—it's a family matter," said Stover, who on such occasions, it will be perceived, had a strong family feeling.

"Is it decided?" said Tough in consternation.

"Unless stocks take a turn," said Dink.

McCarty was heartbroken, Dink rather pleased, with the new rôle that, somehow, lifted him from his fellows in dignity and seriousness and seemed to cut down the seven years. All that week he waited hopefully for her answer. She must understand now the inflexibility of his character and the intensity of his devotion. His letter told everything, and yet in such a delicate way that she must honor him the more for the generous way in which he took everything upon himself, offered everything and asked nothing. He was so confidently happy and elated with the vexed decision of his affairs that he even took the Millionaire Baby over to the Jigger Shop and stood treat, after a few words of paternal advice which went unheeded.

Toward the beginning of the third week, in the early days of November, as the squad was returning from practice Tough said casually:

"I say, did you get a letter from Sis?"

"No," said Dink with difficulty.

"You probably have one at the house. She's engaged."

"What?" said Dink faintly. The word seemed to be spoken from another mouth.

"Engaged to that Ver Plank fellow that was hanging around. I think he's a mutt."

"Oh, yes—Ver Plank."

"Gee, it gave me quite a jolt!"

"Oh, I—I rather expected it."

He left Tough, wondering how he had had the strength to answer.

"Look out, you're treading on my toes," said the Gutter Pup next him.

He mumbled something and his teeth closed over his tongue in the effort to bring the sharp sense of pain. He went to his box; the letter was there. He went to his room and laid it on the table, going to the window and staring out. Then he sat down heavily, rested his head in his hands and read:

Dear Jack: I'm writing to you among the first, for I want you particularly to know how happy I am. Mr. Ver Plank ——

He put the letter down; indeed, he could not see to read any farther. There was nothing more to read—nothing mattered. It was all over, the light was gone, everything was topsyturvy. He could not understand—but it was over—all over. There was nothing left.

Some time later the Tennessee Shad came loping down the hall, tried the door and, finding it locked, called out: "What the deuce—open up!"

Dink, in terror, rose from the table where he had remained motionless. He caught up the letter and hastily stuffed it in his desk, saying gruffly:

"In a moment."

(Continued on Page 42)

"Like My Jibs?"
Said Stover

TOM MORTON

A Story of the Hard-Rock Men

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

XVII

ON MATTERS of railroad policy the Doctor was the oracle of Snowslide. In his day he had tried out as candidates and had passed to friendship many men who had, since the ordeal, risen to places of importance. Occasionally one of them, sidetracking his private car or alighting from the steps of a Pullman, stopped off at Snowslide to pay a call at the post-office. As a consequence those who gossiped with the Doctor got the latest news from the inside: news of changes in the engineering department, of new rolling stock, regrades, projected steel bridges and of the president's impending visit.

The tunnel was the president's pet project, and, although it had been in process of construction for three years now, he had never inspected it. He was a peculiar type, a relic of a disappearing class—the master who personally supervises his men. He had never been a stock manipulator, but had built his road by helping develop the country through which it passed—until it had become a transcontinental line with steamship connections at both ends and had begun to absorb other systems. No task in commercial upbuilding was too large for him, no detail in anywise relating to the work too small. Wherever men talked of the railroad, in the roaring hearts of great cities, on prairie wheatfields wide beneath the sun, on the tops of swaying box cars cinder-swept, they spoke in the same breath of him, praising or cursing.

Sooner or later he would visit the tunnel; would look it over with his sharp black eyes, then depart, and later he would send back the word that would bring dismay or joy. When was he going to come? The Old Man often asked the Doctor that question, and the Doctor only shook his head. But one night, when the two of them were sitting at the table in the little back parlor with a bottle of Scotch and the glasses between them, the station agent brought a telegram.

The Doctor read it swiftly. "I have news," he said. "Uncle Jimmy is to be with us in the morning."

Ryan bounded from his chair. "What's that?" he shouted.

"It's true," said the Doctor. "He stole a march to Spokane on the Overland, and he's commandeered the division superintendent's private car." He held the yellow slip toward Ryan, but the latter was making toward the door.

That night an extra gang worked straightening things outside the portal, and lights burned late in the engineers' quarters. When the president swung from the steps of his special and hurried to D quarters he found Ryan there to meet him. The two of them spent more than an hour looking at the concrete plant and the power-house; then they went inside. By that time a party was hanging at their heels.

There was Weed, the resident engineer, high-collared, clean-shaven, wearing high-laced boots. With him walked two men from the private car, stenographers by calling. They, too, wore high collars, and their faces were white with the pallor that comes from indoor work. They talked with Weed about the city, telling him of cotillons and card parties; they commented audibly on the things they saw, staring at the men whom they regarded as hoboes. In front of them—between them and the two leaders—walked the president's son. He was a young man in his thirties. His eyes were dark like his father's, but they lacked the lines of keenness about the older man's, and they were large, the eyes of a student. He had wiped engines in a roundhouse after his graduation from college, and had gone from that into the machine-shops. He was still learning, studying the road, acquiring knowledge of details which would fit him for carrying on his father's work. He listened to the president and Ryan, looking carefully at the things about him, saying nothing, paying no heed to the chatter of the trio behind him.

When the party arrived at the heading, the muck heap there was all but gone. Before them the four columns loomed. On each column two thundering machines; at each machine the runner, big-bodied, his hard face calm, intent upon the work. Among the plunging chucks, leaping between them, crouching as they toiled, the helpers, their faces spattered with grit, blackened by oil, gleaming through the fog of the exhausts. Behind all these stood Tom.

He was watching the work. In the roaring, rock-bound chamber he stood, his hands folded behind his back, his broad shoulders bending a little forward, motionless like a great black statue.

Ryan touched him on the arm. He turned and saw the bearded president whose name was the synonym of power, whom he knew as master of them all. He had heard of the impending visit, and at once he knew this was the man. His gray eyes were keen in scrutiny. The black eyes met them, hard, shrewd, with lines about their

"Drive Them!" He Shouted Over His Shoulder

corners. The two looked steadily at each other for a moment. Ryan bent over and shouted in Tom's ear: "Where are ye?"

"On the fourteen-foot. We'll shoot in the half-hour," he shouted back.

His eyes went over the group as they stood watching: the president, the man who had made the road; his strong, bearded face was lined with energy and planning. Beside him Ryan, legs apart, head back, now waving his hand to point, now bending to shout into his neighbor's ear; sure of himself, a master, too. The younger man with the pointed beard, studying what was there, making no movement, silent, observant.

Tom felt proud as he looked. He felt pride in the Old Man, standing thus beside this other who was mighty; and he felt proud of the fact that it was his shift which they had come in to see. It was the pride of a commander whose good troops are undergoing inspection during action. Suddenly his eyes went to the stenographers.

One of them was staring at him. He was a thin-faced man. In this artificial light his white face seemed even paler than it was. He was puffing a thick Turkish cigarette. He was staring at Tom as though Tom were some strange animal—the stare of believed superiority that has no understanding.

The odor of the cigarette came to Tom's nostrils and it revolted him. He saw the look, the thin body, the high white collar, the cheeks that showed anemia. His anger rose within him.

It was not the man. He was a little thing. Even his stare by itself would have made Tom smile. It was something bigger—the man represented an institution. And toward that institution Tom was intolerant.

He had no knowledge of the gentler life that others led. He had developed in this place among toilers who had no homes save their bunks, who made their huge muscles do mighty things. He had physical superiority over these men, and he had mastered them through that and his ability to drive. He lived in action and believed in it. And there was something more, something that had come into existence generations before him beside peat fires—class feeling. It was deep within him. It gave him the intolerance toward those whom he believed to hold themselves above him, those whom his ignorance pictured to him as living useless lives.

That class feeling was the curse of his kind. It had made them as out of sympathy with others as others were out of sympathy with them. It had cursed the Cœur d'Aleners, making them kill and maim and destroy, until now they were fugitives bearing other names than their own. It had cursed the hard-rock men, making them proud of their roughness, half-defiant in a swaggering braggadocio, keeping them closer to the rudeness of life.

It gripped the two men as they looked, this feeling of class, this intolerance made bigger by ignorance of each other's lives. The one saw a huge, hard-faced brute. The other saw an unhealthy pallor, a high collar and a Turkish cigarette. They both stared; but in the eyes of the bigger man was a strength of contempt that made the other's drop. Tom spat and turned his back.

When the visitors departed he turned and looked after them. The Old Man and the president were walking shoulder to shoulder, shouting into each other's ears. The stenographers and Weed were hanging close together, and the two pale men from the offices were gazing curiously at the men, comprehending nothing of what they saw. Between the two parties, walking by himself, watching everything, trying to understand it that he might be better able some day to handle it as a master, went the president's son.

XVIII

IT WAS a matter of two months, or more, after his visit before the president let Snowslide know what he thought of the work. This time the Old Man brought the news to the Doctor. They smiled at the tidings in the little back parlor, and drank solemnly in honor of the event.

"Two tunnels," Ryan repeated for the fourth time. "'Twill be a big job."

"The biggest tribute they could have paid you," said the Doctor impressively. "The largest thing the road has ever undertaken."

"Soft ground, some av ut, and some av ut hard rock," the Old Man went on. "I guess Uncle Jimmy was suited all right, all right, when he made his little call."

The Doctor rubbed his white hands. "How soon did you say they begin?" he asked.

"Next winter," said Ryan. "As soon as we're done here. Do ye know, there's wan thing botherin' me, now that I think av ut: where am I to get my superintendents?" He frowned and shook his head. "Two big jobs, and me to oversee them both, and them thirty miles apart. That means a different breed than walkers is made of. A walker, ye see, ye can watch and kape him sober, if need be. But when ye are away, maybe fer weeks at a time, ye need some wan ye can depend on. Tarpy is not fit fer ut; he'd be on a drunk in two months. Mike Moran, over on the other portal, could do ut; he's a mole and never stays outside long enough to get into trouble. He might do. But where's the other?"

"I'll tell you," said the Doctor, "a young man who will make his mark some day. It's that lad Morton, a fine lad."

"Morton, hell!" said the Old Man. "Ye may think so. But I know him and his breed. 'Tis his first tunnel job, this. And already he is so tough he has a name fer ut. He's like all the rest of them. Only the whisky has not got him yet. But get him on another job and ye'll see him blossom out. The only raison he hasn't jumped this job is because work has been slack fer two years back an' there's no place to go. He fights an' he drinks an' he has no regard fer man, God or the divil. He will be a stiff like all of thim. No, sir. He'll get his shift if he goes wit' me, and he'll get his chance. But in t'ree mont's he'll be on the road wit' his blankets rolled on his back. I know him. I'm talkin' of stiddy men—'tis them I want."

"A young fellow like Morton," said the Doctor, "ought to get married."

"Married!" exploded Ryan. "Who is the likes of him to marry—Snowslide Ann?" He looked at his watch. "I must go over the hill in the half-hour," he said. "The chief engineer is there from St. Paul. I'll have to see Tarpy before I catch that freight."

Emerging from the door he failed to see a short, broad figure whip into Scotty Riley's dance-hall. Otherwise he would have gotten his talk with Tarpy.

The walker had seen Ryan just in time to get out of sight. The dance-hall was deserted. Behind the bar the proprietor sat back in an uptilted chair, reading a day-old paper. He rose as Tarpy entered and smiled his non-committal smile. "Have a drink?" he asked.

The walker shook his head; he was looking upward at the clock. "That's so," said Riley suavely. "I'd forgotten you're on the wagon."

Tarpy did not answer; his eyes were still on the clock. Its long hand was close to the half past. A moment later he lowered his eyes and glanced furtively through the door. "Now," he said, "I'll take ut—whisky."

Riley reached beneath the bar and brought out the bottle. He shoved it forward and smiled carefully as the walker poured the glass to its brim. Then Tarpy drank.

At D quarters the Old Man found Tom scanning blueprints in the walker's office. "Where's Tarpy?" he demanded.

Tom shook his head. "I saw him going down the dump a few minutes ago," he said. "I was waitin' agin he comes back. When we come out this marnin' there was some chances of the timberin' goin' down wit' the next shot. I wanted to tell him."

"Funny I didn't meet him," mused Ryan. "I wonder where he went." He took out his watch and looked at it uneasily; then walked up and down the room. All at once a thought came over him; he growled a savage oath and ran to the calendar that hung beside the walker's desk. He scanned it an instant, then straightened his back and turned toward Tom. His face was grim. "How long since did he go, ye say?" he asked.

"A matter of twenty minutes," said Tom.

"It's all off," said Ryan. Tom was staring at him. He struggled with his feelings a moment; then gave them vent. "Mr. Tarpy," he said with elaborate sarcasm in his pronunciation, "is gettin' dhrunk. If ye will remember, 'twas two years ago ye and Kennedy had ut out in Riley's—two years, last night. In the marnin' Mr. Tarpy signed the pledge. A year from then he signed ut again. And twenty minutes ago his time was up. By this time he is full to the neck of Riley's whisky."

"Dead!" He Heard Them Saying

He resumed his pacing to and fro. Now and then he swore aloud. He wheeled toward Tom: "Bad ground, ye said?"

"Shaky overhead," said Tom, "an' tight in the headin'."

A whistle from the direction of the depot reached Ryan's ears. "That freight!" he exclaimed. "I must get over the hill. Now listen here. The chief engineer is comin'—perhaps this afternoon. Ye will take charge. And see to ut that ye get things in good order. If there's anny roof comes down I'll ——"

A nipper boy slouched into the door. "Where's the walker?" he demanded. The Old Man jerked his thumb toward Tom. "Right there," he said. "Say what ye have to say, an' say ut quick."

The nipper stared a moment, then grinned. "The last shot blowed down ten sets of timbers," he drawled. "They want ye inside."

Ryan strode toward the door. Holding it open he turned toward Tom. "Whose shift is this?" he asked.

"Kennedy's," said Tom.

"All right," said Ryan. "Ye and that Anarchist get that mess cleared up agin I get back or I'll fire every man on the work." He stamped out. "Drive them!" he shouted over his shoulder.

XIX

THE empty muck train was starting into the tunnel as Tom reached the blacksmith-shop platform. He leaped on board and in a moment he was being rushed through the blackness. Through the roar of the wheels he heard a dull boom and in the rush of air upon his face he felt a trembling pulsation. "The side round," he muttered. "Half the ruff is down wit' ut now, 'tis like."

"Damned if I don't think 'twas the whole mountain," a drill-runner called to him as the train stopped and he leaped out three hundred feet before the jumbo. "The rock and timbers is all over the place."

"Where's Kennedy?" Tom demanded. Some one pointed to a knot of the Cœur d'Aleners gathered round their heading foreman. Kennedy raised his bowed head as Tom pushed his way to him. "Sick as a dog," he said. "The smoke is somethin' fierce; where's Tarpy?"

"Drunk! I'm in charge. What's down?"

"Eight or ten sets of timbers, and rock down on top of thim. 'Tis all over the air-pipe, and more fallin' every minute. We're afther eatin' a bit av smoke tryin' to open the valves." He laughed and jerked his thumb behind him. Tom saw, stretched beside the plumb-posts, three shadowed forms. One of them was stirring, moaning. Kennedy clapped him on the back. "How's that, old boy!" he cried. "Pretty good fer wan thrip in, hey?"

The giants about him spat and laughed. "The ruff," said one, "is drappin' in big chunks."

"Come on, Kennedy," said Tom. "Let's go an' take a luk at ut. You byes, you three, come wit' us."

Kennedy walked beside him—at their heels the three Cœur d'Aleners. Their candle flames cast flickering lights upon their hard eyes and shadows crept down weirdly over their reckless faces. Tom glanced at the Dynamiter, thinking of the night, two years before, when they had fought. It seemed as though that must have been another pair who rained blows on each other while the crowd yelled. The two years had brought them to an esteem that was more than half liking.

"So Tarpy's drunk?" the Dynamiter was asking.

"And the chief engineer due here in the afternoon," said Tom. "'Tis up to us to clane this mess, Kennedy. Can we do ut?"

The Dynamiter laughed and struck him on the back again. "If we can't no one can," he cried.

At the summit of the bench they paused and held their candles aloft to peer into the darkness. By the waving light they saw a heap of snarled timbers and boulders rising high before them, mantled by powder smoke. Above, where the roof had been, yawned an abyss. From its black recesses drops of water were splashing sluggishly upon the wreckage.

The successive blasts had shaken down thirty feet of timbering, thick beams, four-inch planks and cordwood lagging. As this support had given way the rock—rotten here with slips and faults—had crashed down upon it, splintering great beams, grinding planks to matchwood. The whole now lay in an indiscriminate pile. Round it the dynamite smoke hung in a thick, blue fog; over it, in the yawning hole whence it had come, huge fragments hung uncertainly.

As they stood a stone fell from the hole. A shower of loose particles followed. Then there was silence save for the dripping of the water. "Lots more where that come from," laughed Kennedy.

The powder smoke came to their nostrils; the air was thick with its acrid fumes. The poisonous gases sent the blood pounding through their veins.

"We'll clear the air-line." Tom's voice boomed in the emptiness and went whispering on upward into the mysterious recesses where the roof had been.

"Come on, byes!" said Kennedy.

The pipe that carried the air lay along the side of the tunnel. It was covered deep with broken rock and timbering. They clambered to it and set to work to remove the débris from the nipples—the valves where the hose were usually coupled. They toiled, crouching on their hands and knees, wrestling with great rocks and timbers, dragging them away slowly. As they strove the powder gases entered their lungs. Dizziness came over them; their heads seemed swelling to bursting and they felt their blood pounding against the walls of every vein like hammer-strokes. Their surcharged eyes ached as though they would burst from the sockets. They gasped; at times they reeled and almost fell. Fragments of the rock crashed down about them.

"Fall, damn ye, fall!" growled Kennedy. "Where's a monkey-wrench, some wan? I've a nipple in me fingers."

Tom passed him a wrench. The Dynamiter flattened himself upon his stomach, cursing as he fumbled beneath him, growling imprecations upon the mountain, daring it to come down and overwhelm him. "I have ut now!" he cried.

A thin, sibilant shriek followed his words. It grew louder. A cool breath smote Tom's cheek. The Dynamiter groped again; the whistle of another valve joined the first. "All right!" he cried, and straightened his body. He smiled into Tom's face.

"'Tis done," said Kennedy. In the yellow candlelight Tom saw his smile. An avalanche of rock descended upon them. The smiling face vanished in black darkness and Tom fell, struck down by one of the boulders.

When his senses recovered the nearest of the Cœur d'Aleners was still running toward him. And he began to remember with strange swiftness the separate things that had happened: Kennedy's face smiling into his—there were sweat-drops on the forehead and it seemed to him as though some of the ugly lines had gone—then the obliteration of the light, the heavy blow in the darkness.

He strove to rise. The Cœur d'Alener was beside him now, holding high his candle, peering forward. Sharp pains racked Tom's body. He groaned as he raised himself weakly to his knees.

"Where's Kennedy?" he asked.

The other two were there now, bending over something a few feet away, struggling to lift a weight. As he spoke they rolled away a huge rock. And then he saw Kennedy.

"Dead!" he heard them saying. He crawled closer, trailing one arm limp beside him. The three Cœur d'Aleners were kneeling, holding their candles above the crushed body. Tom bent over it, and he saw the waxen face stir; the lips moved. He bent closer, though the effort wrung his body with pain. The lips moved again. It was a bare whisper. It reached his ear. A woman's name, and then the lips were still. The Dynamiter was dead.

Finally a Cœur d'Alener spoke. "What was ut?" he asked. His voice was quiet—these men had worshiped Kennedy. Tom shook his head.

"Had he anny folk?" he asked.

"None," they told him, one after the other.

"We must get him out," said Tom. His responsibility came back to him and with it a determination that took the place of strength. "You, lads, take him down. Tell the others to bring in the lights an' call the shift."

He looked after them as they departed, staggering, with the body of their leader, picking their way among the broken rocks, speaking in low tones. Then he sat alone, thinking. His arm throbbed and his body was full of stabbing hurts; they came to him now in a strange, subconscious way, like punctuations to his thoughts. His mind was with Kennedy.

This rough man, this dynamiter, fugitive from justice, gigantic, savage-faced; who had sneered at him, whom he had fought, who had led his followers recklessly, who was striving beside him a few moments ago—this man had smiled into his face and had died whispering a woman's name. Somewhere back in the past, back in the years that lay behind his wanderings, she had lived. And dying, he had harked back to her.

The shift came with the lights. He set his teeth while they helped him bind his arm in a rude sling. Then he sank down on a rock and he sat there, directing them while they cleared away the ruin. Pain swept over his being in great waves; his head swam; a thin, cold sweat filmed his face. About him men panted, tearing away loose rock and timbers, setting new timbers overhead. They swarmed the place, the chamber rang with the blows of their sledges, and through it all—from the nipples that Kennedy had freed—came the sharp, shrill whistle of the

air. The chasm in the roof dripped water; now and then a shower of rock fell among the toilers.

He gave them orders in a voice that did not seem to be his own. Now and then, in the stress of sudden emergency, he came back to himself, and he shouted and they leaped in response. Then his mind went back dully—over and over the catastrophe, the rush of death close beside him, the mutter of the stilling lips.

He had not eaten nor drunk since morning. The pain was growing to a strange lethargy, a cold numbness that seemed to creep upward from his waist. He fought against it, to hold himself together.

Slowly the heap of wreckage vanished; slowly the timbers spanned the chasm overhead. Afternoon wore on to evening and evening toward midnight. He sat upon the rock, directing them. When they had the gangway laid and the first barrowloads of muck started for the jumbo some one looked around and saw him lying in a huddle across the boulder.

The Old Man coming inward—cheerful because the chief engineer had gone to bed for the night—met four of the runners bearing Tom. He glanced sharply at their burden, saw who it was, and stopped.

"His head went back on him," one of the bearers explained. "He rowled over, goin' to sleep like when we had done the timberin'."

"All stove in," they answered when he demanded diagnosis. "A rock smashed down on him in the marnin'."

Ryan did not fume but came to purpose at once and to foresight. "Take him to Moran's," he said. "I'll go ahead an' see that they get ready fer him. No hospital fer his; I want him to be about some time before next fall."

XX

SEVERAL days later Tom awoke from the dreamless slumber that follows fever. He was lying between smooth linen sheets; they caressed him with a soft, cool touch. It was very soothing. The morning sunlight streamed across his bed and cascaded from the white coverlet to the matting on the floor, a clean, sweet radiance from out-of-doors. He turned his head to see it better, and the pillow-slip brushed his cheek, stiff with growth of beard. He was weary; weakness enwrapped him; he did not care to raise his head or to think. Somewhere in the open an insect buzzed droningly; a clock ticked in the silence. He drowsed contentedly.

He awoke again. It was a little room with a board ceiling. The walls were covered with light-tinted paper; it was figured with small, stiff clusters of flowers. On the paper some one had pinned colored pictures, cut from the covers of weekly magazines: women's faces, the faces of young women, gentle-featured. He stared at them for some time; growing more widely conscious he raised his head. It fell back limply on his pillow and he groaned. The stab of pain took him swiftly back from here: he was in the tunnel where the rock fell round him. A hand upon his forehead roused him and he opened his eyes into Nora Ryan's.

"It's cleared away," he said. "Is ut cleared?"

"Yes," she told him. "Everything is all right. You must lie still."

"And Kennedy?" His voice was weak, high-pitched, fretful like a child's.

"Go to sleep," she said. "There, there; go to sleep." She talked as though he were a restless baby.

He tossed his limbs impatiently; then subsided weakly, moving his tongue stiffly between his dry lips. "I want a drink," he said complainingly.

She brought a glass of water and slipped a little hand behind his head. While he drank her face was close to his. Her auburn head gleamed where it caught a ray of the morning sunshine, and her brown eyes, full of the gentleness that comes with caring for another—the solicitude of sympathetic nursing—regarded him softly. He accepted everything—the feeling in the eyes, the little sustaining hand—unquestioningly, as though he were a child. When she bade him again to go to sleep he closed his eyes.

Later on he opened them slowly and he saw Mrs. Moran beside his bed. Her worn face was relaxed and she smiled at him. He gazed curiously at her and he half frowned uneasily. She laid her finger on her lips and stole from the room. He heard her voice through the door; then the rustle of skirts and a quick, light step. Nora stood before him; he sighed contentedly. She fed him some hot broth, holding the spoon to his mouth with one hand while she raised his head with the other. Her cheeks were pink and white—the blood came and went quickly over them beneath the transparent skin—and her red lips curved with sympathy. When she had done he lay back wearied, thinking slowly.

"Kennedy is dead," he said.

"You mustn't talk, the doctor says," she told him.

He shook his head from side to side on the pillow. "Kennedy is dead," he repeated. "I raymimber." Then he lay silent again, thinking, and he went to sleep.

"Ye Have Been Good to Me. How Did Ye Come to Do Ut?"

When the company doctor came and changed the bandages upon the broken rib and shoulder he looked cheerfully at the patient. "You'll do," he said. "They couldn't kill you with an axe." Departing he talked briefly with Mrs. Moran. "All he needs is what you're giving him," he told her. "Quiet and rest. Tomorrow you can let him talk."

That night Tom slept and wakened fitfully. He felt the dull pains throb to sharpness, then subside and weigh down upon him like a load that would not leave. In the long, interminable darkness his mind went uneasily over and over the thing that had happened—the black hole, the clouds of mantling smoke that made his blood pound through his head, the water dropping sluggishly, the Cœur d'Aleners crouching round him, fighting to clear the air-line, Kennedy beside him, outstretched prone, the Dynamiter's smile, the crashing rock, the waxen face, the lips moving slowly, whispering a woman's name, then the long struggle to endure while the men were toiling round him.

In the morning he regarded the streaming sunshine on the coverlet and the gentle faces of the women on the primly-papered walls. When Nora brought his breakfast he looked dumb thankfulness into her eyes. Her presence took the load away. She sponged his hot face; then he supped the broth from the spoon which she was holding to his lips.

"You're feeling better," she told him. Her voice was pitched low, as women modulate their voices for the sick-room. To his ears it was wonderfully soft, and her face, before him now with the sunshine on her auburn hair, was comforting. It soothed. Voice and face were in accord with the other things about him, things that were out of his world of harsh noises and heavy strife. He gazed upon her slowly.

"Yes," he said. "Was I hurt bad?"

"The doctor says it is your shoulder and a rib," she told him. "They're broken. But 'twas the fever was the danger. You hurt yourself staying inside there."

He shifted his head to one side and the pain came back. "Kennedy is dead," he said.

She nodded.

"Where is he?" He asked the question as though it were troubling him.

"They buried him," she answered softly. His look was still unsatisfied. "On the hill," she added.

"Ah, yes," he said. "On the hill."

That was it. On the hillside, under the black hemlocks. The little graveyard with the wooden headboards, where no one ever came. He shook his head slowly. "It can't be helped," he said finally. He was thinking of the Dynamiter's stilling lips, whispering their last word in the shadows. He sighed wearily. "No, no; it can't be helped."

She regarded him, half puzzled.

"He might av had some folk," he explained. "He must av, somewhere."

That afternoon the Old Man strode into the little room and filled it with his presence. He stood in the middle of the floor, booted, big-bodied, his diamond flashing from his tie, his hat back on his head. And yet there was in him now something of uncertainty, a little awkwardness of bodily poise, an uneasiness of position; and his eyes went questioningly to Nora as though for orders. She held her finger to her lips. "Don't talk too much," she bade him, and he nodded mutely as she left.

He turned to Tom a trifle diffidently, as though Tom's helplessness had raised a barrier which he found it hard to cross. "Well," he said finally, "you're comin' through all right." Tom smiled weakly.

"In ten days," Ryan continued, seating himself, "the doctor says ye c'n be about a bit." He fidgeted as Tom made no answer, and turned his chair. "Is there annythin' ye want?" he asked abruptly. "Annythin' I c'n do fer ye?" Tom shook his head. "Some cigars?" the Old Man went on. "Say," he lifted his voice a little under an inspiration, "I've good whisky at the house; I can bring ye some."

"Indeed ye cannot," Nora's voice came evenly from the doorway. Ryan grinned a little sheepishly. "Nivver mind," he said. "Ye must let the women boss ye now fer a while. Pretty soon ye'll be up an' yer own masther. Lave me know if there's annythin' ye want." He looked at Tom and frowned uncertainly; then he went away.

"It seems like he's lost his grip," he told Mrs. Moran on the steps. "He don't care nothin'. Niver a word from him about the work."

"The work, indade!" she cried. "Lave the bye get well first."

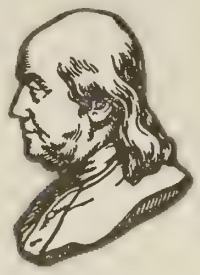
In the days that followed this listlessness hung. Tom never asked about the tunnel. Even when the car-tender came to see him in the evenings, sitting beside the bed for hours at a time, Tom had few words for him. Something had changed. The car-tender noted it with eyes that were full of vague trouble. And when he talked with Mrs. Moran he shook his head anxiously.

"He's lost his grip, I tell ye," the Old Man repeated a week later on the doorstep. "An' him the wan man I was dependin' on fer walker this summer. He does not care a——" He checked himself suddenly and glanced furtively toward Nora, who had come up behind Mrs. Moran; and he went down the path to do his swearing where she could not hear.

In the little room Tom was lying silent, staring upward with unseeing eyes. He often lay this way for hours,

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1910

Uncle Joe on Regularity

"I ASK you," said Speaker Cannon at a dinner in New York, "to make a manly fight, so that when the polls close in November you will give a majority to the Republican party in the House and hold it responsible, or you will give a majority to the Democratic-Populist party."

In other words, shuffle the cards again, if you insist upon it, but for Heaven's sake don't break up the game! If you cannot conscientiously vote for the Republican Congressmen from New York who supported the Cannon machine in the House, then, I beseech you, vote for the Democratic Congressmen from New York who also supported the Cannon machine in the House. If you cannot put your faith in Boss Woodruff, then be manly enough to turn confidingly to Boss Murphy. If the collar galls your neck turn it t'other side up, but don't be so low and contemptible as to throw it off.

A Congressman who considers the interests and wishes of his constituents above those of the party organization is likened by Uncle Joe to a deserter from a battlefield; but we think it is getting to be pretty generally understood that that is precisely the only sort of Congressmen in whom constituencies can have any reasonable hope.

The Sleeping-Car Berth

ONE of the most remarkable flights of the imagination on record was recently pulled off, as our sporting friends would say, in Illinois. A man attempted to invent an improved sleeping-car berth. This feat has long been considered beyond human power. Like the fourth dimension and perpetual motion, people have discussed it from time to time as something that science might achieve eons hence. It is well known that as James Watt discovered the principle of the steam engine by watching a teakettle boil, so the late Mr. Pullman discovered the principle of the sleeping-car berth by watching a contortionist double himself through a barrel. As a rule, in natural philosophy the original discovery or invention is merely a starting point for other and improving inventions; but this rule has never applied to the Pullman berth. Probably the reason is that the price of the original berth was made as high as the traffic would stand, and there was obviously no use in improving the berth when the company could not raise the price. It is needless to say that the Illinois man who has invented an improved berth was not working for the Pullman Company. One of the striking features of the new berth is that it can be taken out of the car, aired and disinfected, thereby discouraging tuberculosis.

The Pullman Company, at this writing, is vigorously denying that the Government has power to regulate it; but there is scarcely anything in greater need of regulation.

Beware of Narcotics

IF THERE are more drug fiends in the United States, according to population, than in China, as a recent Government bulletin calculates, considerable responsibility rests upon the doctors. Doping patients is not so popular in the medical profession now as it was twenty years ago; but it would be difficult, probably, to discover any well-patronized sanitarium in the country that does not contain its quota of inmates who are struggling to get rid of a drug habit that was acquired through misuse of a physician's prescriptions.

The temptation is constant to ease a suffering patient—and to save the time and strength of a busy doctor—by using a little morphine; and a good many doctors, we regret to say, are apt to tell nervous patients that they can take some of the milder sleeping-powders regularly without any danger of forming a drug habit. Naturally, the patient will not form an opium habit if there is no opium in the powder; but a person who thinks he can take any drug whatever regularly to make him sleep without danger of forming a habit has only to try the experiment of going without the cup of coffee or the cigar to which he has been regularly accustomed. He should know by every-day experience that he cannot do anything regularly without forming a habit—a physiological fact out of which vast tribulation arises.

Plain Bungling

THE executive departments of this Government compose a vast business concern, handling nearly a billion dollars yearly of the people's money; but politics is always the chief concern of the Administration.

The charges against Secretary Ballinger constituted a political matter of the gravest importance; therefore, we might reasonably expect that the Administration would employ its highest ability in dealing with them. The accused Secretary presented his side of the case to the President, and one of his subordinates drafted a letter, which the President was to sign, exonerating the Secretary. The stenographer who transcribed the original draft charged that the President's letter had been prepared for him by Ballinger's subordinate. This charge was officially branded as untrue. A little later its substantial truth was admitted. An elaborate opinion by the Attorney-General was misdated to make it appear that the President had consulted it before signing the letter.

In a word, this grave political matter was handled in the most bungling manner. And if these blunders occurred in a case that involved the Administration's primary interest, and might be supposed to call forth its highest abilities, what, presumably, is happening in that secondary and more or less perfunctory field that comprises the mere business operations of the departments and the spending of about a billion a year of our money?

The Mote and the Beam

A BOOKKEEPER, not yet twenty-five years old, stole three hundred thousand dollars from a comparatively small bank. Just why the concern's directors indulgently opened its coffers to an undisciplined youngster, modestly paid and surrounded by the usual temptations, we do not know. He confessed his guilt. It became the court's duty to fix his punishment. Somebody suggested a twenty-year sentence, a friend of the culprit pleaded for five years, and the court compromised on fifteen.

Why fifteen years rather than ten or twenty, or one or a hundred? There is, of course, no reason, if prevention of crime rather than vengeance is the object of legal punishment. As crimes go, clerical larceny is a comparatively harmless one. Usually only a few stockholders are hurt by it; but stock-juggling, however innocent in the eyes of the law, really involves more harm and danger to society than the thefts of this bookkeeper.

With the possible exception of hanging, no punishment does fit the crime when measured up against the punishment meted out for some other crime, or the lack of any punishment. Hence indeterminate sentences and parole laws grow in favor. Bills for the parole of federal prisoners have been passed by both houses of Congress; and for some first crimes against property, now heavily punished, the culprit will in the future be sentenced, kept thirty days in jail and then paroled—to see whether he will repent, support those depending upon him and sin no more.

The Insubordinate Clerk

NOT long ago some subordinate employees of the Sugar Trust were sent to jail for the part played by them in defrauding the Government out of customs duties. They merely followed the system of the shop, like good, dutiful clerks; but their punishment was generally held to be quite proper.

In a governmental investigation, evidence of some importance was being withheld. A mere stenographer, against the wishes and interest of his chief, took it upon himself to supply this evidence. He thereby performed a service to the public; but, of course, he was promptly discharged by his aggrieved chief, and it is somewhat confusing to find that he is rather generally held to have proved himself unworthy of remaining in the Government's employ. There has been considerable insubordination at Washington of late. For opposing his superior, Mr. North was obliged to leave the Census Bureau. For writing a letter to a Senator, involving criticism of a Cabinet officer, Pinchot was dismissed. In both these cases there was room for argument that the men, though insubordinate in respect to their official superiors, were really loyal to the larger interest—to the Government itself. The insubordination of the stenographer seems on the whole to be viewed less tolerantly—probably because he held a small job and got a small salary.

Independence on the part of a mere clerk rather shocks the common-sense of propriety. If a Sugar Trust clerk had divulged what he knew of revenue frauds very likely he would have been regarded as an undesirable employee. On the other hand, he would have kept out of jail.

Going Back on Party Promises

CANNONISM, we are told, is dead, or rapidly expiring. Senator Hale, having contemplated the handwriting on the wall, is to retire. Aldrich says he will not stand for reëlection. The Republican party, generally speaking, is engaged in the chastening occupation of wondering what it can do to escape popular vengeance for the tariff bill.

From the above and other circumstances one might pleasantly infer that the Bourbons were decisively beaten and in the very act of tottering to their fall. But the Republican platform contains no pledge more explicit than that to establish postal savings-banks, and for some time strong forces in the House have been busily working to mutilate the postal savings-bill. They propose to follow up the tariff act with another piece of regulation shaped to meet the wishes of a powerful business interest rather than the party's plain obligation to the public.

How much that would improve Republican chances of escaping disaster in the fall elections any novice can tell. The Bourbons haven't yet quite fallen. Their leading characteristic, as was long ago pointed out, is that they learn nothing and forget nothing.

The Old-Fashioned Fourth

"WE CAN have a grand parade," writes Mayor Gaynor, with unwonted enthusiasm, in advocating what he calls "a real old-fashioned celebration of Independence Day in New York City this year." The only objection to this is that a grand parade in a big city is the dullest and most painful of all manifestations of lunacy. We can see Fifth Avenue flaggings jammed with sweltering humanity at a temperature of one hundred in the shade; women and children fainting at the most congested corners; policemen all up and down the line busily pushing in the chests and faces of those whom the pressure from the rear drives into the gutter; other policemen, from the Park to Washington Square, heartily cursing teamsters and taxicab-drivers who return the compliments in so far as they dare; distracted citizens, with engagements on the other side of the parade, wildly fluttering up and down looking for an opening that does not exist; meanwhile, various civic bodies plodding stodgily down the avenue, stony-eyed from heat and fatigue. A grand parade in a big city is about as comfortable as a Roman chariot race in a crowded dining-room, but far less interesting.

A real old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration consisted of patriotic orations and greased-pig races. For the sake of the latter one endured the former. At present, city people of means celebrate the Fourth of July by going as far into the country as their money will take them. Why not devote the price of the grand parade to giving city people without means the same opportunity?

Fooling the Actuary

THE actuarial knowledge of the life-insurance companies is quite wonderful. Given a certain number of men of a certain age, they can tell, practically to a dot, how many will die this year, how many next year and how many the next. More than that, by comparing the records of millions of insured persons, they have reached mathematical conclusions as to how certain occupations and physical conditions affect longevity—for example, how long ten thousand tailors who are short and fat and have cancer in the family will live, as compared with ten thousand lean farmers each of whom lost a grandfather by tuberculosis. This wonderful actuarial knowledge steadily progresses as more and more records are compared; and it is a rather uncanny thought that the life-insurance companies can look us over, ask us a few questions and hand us an accurately dated ticket to the undertaker.

But they can do this with us only in the mass—by taking ten or twenty thousand of us at a time. Individually we can still fool the actuary a good deal. He isn't looking when we eat things that we know do not agree with us; or when we overeat. He doesn't see the little bracers we furtively toss under our belts, or count the cigars we smoke after we have smoked enough. On the morning after a social session at cards no actuary is present to note that we are singularly void of appetite and our spoon rattles in a palsied manner against the coffee-cup. We are still privileged to whittle these little chips out of our lives in secret; but very likely, for the individual, they make more difference in longevity and efficiency than all the things the actuary does know.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Plain Uncle Lon

ALWAYS some hot-blooded and impetuous young Georgian or old Georgian, as the case may be, is dashing up against the stern and rockbound contour of Lon Livingston, and always the said adolescent or ancient Georgian is falling back shattered, smattered and scattered, while Lon pursues the even tenor—or is it bass?—of his way.

You see, Lon is one of the fixtures of the House of Representatives, like the flag back of the Speaker's desk, the red carpet, the ventilating apparatus, the pictures of dead and disgusted Speakers in the lobby, and General Harry Bingham. It wouldn't seem like the same old place if Lon were not there, padging around, saying next to nothing and sawing an unconscionable quantity of wood. Naturally, since Lon has snagged all the Congressional honors there are for Atlanta and some contiguous territory for the past twenty years, there have been rumblings of discontent and bumblings of anti-Livingston sentiment, complicated with the desires of various and sundry statesmen who wanted Lon's job. It has been given out cold, in Atlanta and elsewhere in the Fifth Georgia District, that Lon has no entail on this job of being a Congressman; that he didn't inherit it and that it is high time to separate him from it. Hence the hot-blooded and impetuous Georgians who go out against him, and hence, or hither rather, the wrecks that strew his padded path.

The enterprise of jimmying Lon out of his job has been popular down in the Fifth Georgia District for twenty years. It has caused many an ardent youth to exude oratory from every pore and to desquamate denunciation for months at a time; but to what end? I pause for a reply. Reply: To the end that Lon has been in Congress for twenty years and seems to be fated to stay there for twenty more if he wants to. Ardent and impetuous Georgians who think to talk Lon out of his job are not doing any particularly fancy or flossy thinking. Indeed, their brand of thought may be said to be scrambled. As well try to talk the Washington Monument into a Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Lon always has had opposition. He thrives on it. "Uncle Lon" they call him down in his district; and along about a year before the end of the term he happens to be serving, some person who has aspirations to sit in the halls of Congress gets out, waves his arms and shouts for the boys to rally around him and help him unseat this aged and inconclusive person who has eaten taxes for twenty years, and who is now marked to give way to the march of progress. Georgians love to hear speeches, and the boys rally around to the extent of listening to the conversation. Then, on election day, they march up to the polls and drop in a snow-white ballot for Uncle Lon and wait, with ill-concealed anxiety, for the next campaign, when some other aspirant will aspire, respire, perspire and conspire in this great adventure—Lon, in the meantime, holding down the job.

A Liberal Education in Politics

THIS year it is even so. William Schley Howard, an eloquent and fiery young lawyer, is dashing up against the stern and rockbound Lon. Recently, William Schley addressed a gathering of farmers near Atlanta. He can talk some, can William Schley. "My friends," he said impressively, "name me three things Livingston has done in his twenty years of public service, and I'll quit the race."

There was no reply.

"Name two things he has done," thundered William Schley, "just two things for the benefit of the country or the State of Georgia or the people of this district, and I'll get out."

Not a voice was heard in response.

Emboldened by the success of his challenges William Schley threw his whole soul into his next defiance and roared: "Name one thing Lon Livingston has done in these twenty years, just one single, solitary thing, and I'll step down and out. I'll quit the race. Name me one thing. I challenge you all."

Whereupon, an old and whiskered agriculturist arose and said: "I'll tell you one thing, young man, Lon Livingston has done in the past twenty years. He has beat a hull passel of men for Congress, and it won't be necessary for you to get out. You won't have to quit. He'll beat you, too."

Now, that's the fact. They have been hammering at Lon down there for years, but here he is in Congress, moving about, chewing the stub of a cigar, making less noise than a rubber-tired sulky and getting the goods. The fellow who invented rubber heels must have heard Lon walk. Lon has rubber heels and rubber soles and rubber elbows and rubber joints. He makes no more noise than Murray Crane does when he is talking to Joe Bailey, which is exactly no noise at all. But, say, he is the grandest getter of the getters that the Sunny South has produced; and it may be remarked, in passing, the Sunny South has a few representatives who know how to get their hooks in.

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The Greatest Getter the Democrats Have

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Lon was born in Newton County, Georgia, which is in the district he represents. As he said himself, while delivering his speech on the tariff a time agone, "Coming as I do from the plain people, whose representative I am proud to be, I make this appeal," etc., and loud applause. Lon never lets them forget he comes from the plain people. You bet he comes from them, and he intends to keep coming from them until the end of the chapter. He is a farmer, he says. He has always lived on his farm. Moreover, he has always made up for the part. To see Lon chewing a straw and keeping one trousers leg carelessly draped over a boot-top is a liberal education on how to keep coming from the plain people.

Lon knows how. Like many another Southern representative he fought in the Civil War. Unlike most of them he merely says he fought all through the struggle as a private soldier. No shoulderstraps or epaulets for Lon. Nor does he boast of his privacy. Unlike others—Private John Allen, for example—Lon does not seek fame as one of the few in all that army unworthy of promotion. He was a private soldier. Why? Because, dear brethren, most of his constituents were private soldiers also. You will never catch Lon putting on any airs. All he desires is the suffrages of his comrades in arms and their sons; and, by the same token, he gets them.

Leonidas Felix Livingston they christened him. He served in both branches of the Georgia Legislature and was vice-president and president of the State Agricultural Society, as well as president of the Georgia State Alliance. Then, twenty years ago, he came to Congress, and he has been coming ever since.

Lon is a member of the Committee on Appropriations, the ranking Democratic member. So be it that the Democrats carry the next House he will probably be chairman of that committee. He has been on Appropriations for years, years in which Georgia has had her full share of all that was coming to her and, on occasions, a trifle more. It is not the policy of Lon to overlook any bets. If there is any pork passing around Lon is always there with his fork. He plays the game. When Jim Tawney wants something Lon says "Sure!" Hence, when Lon wants anything Jim Tawney says "Sure!" too. And in addition to that, as I have mentioned, Lon is the greatest getter the Democrats have. He has more people in Government jobs than any four other Democrats. Like as not, more than any ten. Lon is always padging around. He haunts the Departments. He always has a likely candidate for anything that may be loose. He slides in and slides out, and usually brings home the bacon. Although the Government may be ruled by the Republicans, and Lon is an enthusiastic and dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, you never hear him emitting any loud howls about the Republican miscreants who are ruling us to ruin us. He may have ideas on those subjects, but he keeps them to himself. What Lon does is to be perpetually persona grata with the folks who have jobs to give out. He garners one here and one there for some aspiring patriot from down in the Fifth Georgia District, and when it comes to holding his people in place he is the wonder of the world. He can smell vacancies that may naturally go to Georgians, and he goes out on a sniffing expedition about three times a week. If there is any place that isn't nailed down Lon grabs it. He is on Appropriations, you know—the ranking Democratic member, and a very powerful citizen in the House. Thus, if there is a place a Georgian can fill Lon has found it and filled it before Augustus Octavius Bacon or Alexander Stephens Clay or any of the rest of the Georgia bunch has heard of it.

He comes from the plain people. Stick a pin in that. Moreover, he is likely to keep on coming. Put a notch in that. Lon may be a farmer in the agricultural sense, but some of those farmers do know a heap of politics.

A Stroke of Luck

A RICH old farmer who had moved into a Michigan village had a ne'er-do-well son who would not work, but insisted on loafing around the village and living on his father, meantime waiting for the happy moment when the father might die.

One morning the news came from the rich old farmer's house that he had had a stroke of apoplexy and was dying. The good women of the village rushed over to see if they could do anything. They found the son sitting on the porch, in a rocking-chair, rocking slowly and rubbing his hands.

"John," one lady said, "is this terrible news true? How is your father?"

"Well," replied John, continuing the rocking, "all I can say is that I expect to be a rich man in a few minutes."

His Provocation

"WHAT'S the charge against this man?" asked a Kentucky judge of a constable who brought in a negro prisoner.

"Cuttin' his wife with a razor."

"Did you do it?" asked the judge.

"Yassir, I reckon I done it," the prisoner replied. "I massacreed a hull lot. You see, Mistuh Jedge, I kotch dis yer wife ob mine eatin' ice-cream cones, tuhn an tuhn about, wif a man I doesn't laik, an' I draws my razzer an' just desperadoed 'roun'."

A Foreign Touch

THERE is a large settlement of well-to-do Chicago cottagers at Williams Bay, on Lake Geneva. They are not extremely rich people, but very prosperous and substantial ones, and they have a lot of fine summer homes.

Near by is a great summer estate belonging to one of the rich men of Chicago. One Sunday, as the Williams Bay cottagers were coming out of church, the lady of the big estate drove through, having with her some scrub of English nobility she was entertaining at her palace.

As they passed the Williams Bay folks, walking to their homes, she surveyed them critically through her lorgnette and said to the Englishman: "As you will observe, we have a very good-looking set of peasantry hereabouts."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Al Ringling, the big circus man, used to be a solo cornet player.

℄ Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, runs a big farm not far from Fort Dodge.

℄ Will Payne, the author, has the finest iron-gray hair—and more of it—in the business.

℄ Henry Clay will never know it, but he looked like William Sulzer, Representative from New York, and, perhaps, the Democratic candidate for governor in that state next fall.

IMAGINE that some day at your club you were served unawares with Campbell's Tomato Soup. Would you suspect it?

Not unless you are already familiar with its exceptional flavor.

But if you are very critical you would suspect the chef of being in an unusually happy mood. For the most skillful chef could produce nothing better than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

In fact this soup is served regularly in many of the most luxurious homes and on the best-appointed tables everywhere.

If you undertook to select personally each ingredient for such a soup you could obtain nothing finer at any cost. You could not have them prepared and blended more daintily or more carefully in your own home.

If you share the common prejudice against ready-prepared soup, a trial of any Campbell's Soup will dispel the illusion. Otherwise your grocer returns the price. Why not make the trial?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Are you still getting along without a copy of Campbell's Menu Book?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Tearful Tommy cried all day
For *Campbell's Soup* to stow away.
Then he cried through half the night,
For *Campbell's* label—
red-and-white.

The Senator's Secretary

BY AND large, this session of Congress has been a pretty gloomy proposition. There has not been much of the gay and lightsome and frivolous about it. What jokes there have been have been unconscious ones. Most of the time the insurgents have been fighting the regulars in the Republican party, and now it appears that there is an insurgent element on the Democratic side of the House determined not to allow that noble countenance, Champ Clark, to be Speaker if the next House is Democratic, which almost everybody thinks the next House will be. This destroys whatever continuity and happiness may have existed among the minority, who, naturally, should be all cheered up over their prospects.

It takes a serious person to be an insurgent—that is, it takes a person who takes himself seriously to be an insurgent; and so far as the regulars are concerned they always have been apostles of gloom. And Cushman is dead, and Adam Bede and John Allen are retired, and even Joe Fordney's attempts to be joyous have been clouded with the horrible fear that someway and somehow there is a plot on foot to do violence to the sacred policy of Protection—Mr. Fordney being a near-humorist in the story-telling line, but the most ardent protectionist in the crowd.

Many have lamented this period of depression, oppression and suppression. Many have sighed for the old days, when Cushman would get up and extract a few rays of sunshine out of a situation. Many have wept in the cloakrooms over the universal grief that seems to prevail, the dull, dank, dark atmosphere of solemnity that hangs like a pall over both ends of the Capitol. And yet, until a few days ago, they did not know that one of the members of the House came marching to the front during the debate on the railroad bill with a speech that is already a classic—until some idling Representative, turning the leaves of the Congressional Record one morning, found in the front part—reserved for speeches of members who have withheld their remarks for revision and amplification, instead of allowing said remarks to run in the regular record of the day's proceedings—the speech of the Honorable Alfred Buckwalter Garner, of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. This speech, it was asserted in the Record, was delivered when the railroad bill was under consideration in the House, but it had nothing to do with the railroad bill. Indeed, Mr. Garner introduced it by saying, "Mr. Speaker, I want to say a few words in behalf of myself and for the benefit of my constituents."

The Discovery of Garner

Nobody had heard the speech, and these gloomy Representatives read it, first trying to locate Garner and discovering him to be a new member, serving his first term, who apparently had not impressed himself on the House—by oratory, at any rate. It seems that some of the newspapers in Mr. Garner's district have been finding fault with him and that their faultfinding had come to be unendurable. Hence, Mr. Garner made his speech to answer these critics once and for all, and to explain his actions in the House to his constituents.

It appears that Mr. Garner promised, while making his campaign for election, that he would go into the caucus and vote and speak against the selection of Cannon for Speaker. Some of his people and some of the editors in his district could not reconcile this with the fact that Garner voted for Cannon for Speaker after the caucus. To this Mr. Garner replied: "When I reached Washington I found it common knowledge that the President was urging Cannon's election. The President had not been tried, and having been elected to his office by an overwhelming majority of the votes of the people of the United States it was only natural that I, but newly elected and not acquainted with affairs in Washington, should desire to stand with the President and party, so I might be of some benefit to my constituents."

Anyhow, Mr. Garner stood with the President, as he says, and gave a new slant to the knowledge of those affairs that dictated the election of Cannon for Speaker at the beginning of the special session of the present Congress, shortly after Taft's inauguration. Most of us had thought President Taft was not particularly concerned in the election of Cannon, except in a passive way, and the gloomy Representatives who found Garner's speech took great interest in this statement and read on hurriedly.

They found other criticisms had been leveled at Mr. Garner, and one that annoyed him much was that he was at home during the fight to remove Cannon from the Committee on Rules and did not return to vote against Cannon at that time. Concerning this taunt Mr. Garner well says: "I had been in Washington three weeks before the vote was reached. It was near Easter. A man wants to spend some time at home with his wife and family, and especially at Easter." Therefore Mr. Garner, having been on the job three weeks and finding the House like a cemetery, as he says, went to some of the older members and asked them if there was likely to be anything doing before Easter. Each one of the older members replied, Mr. Garner says, "There's nothing doing and there won't be anything doing until after Easter; and the House will adjourn in the course of a few days for the Easter holidays, as has always been the custom."

When Garner Wasn't Looking

Mr. Garner paired himself and went home happily to spend the Easter holidays with his family. The older members who talked with Mr. Garner must have been thinking of their schooldays instead of their legislative days, for the Congress takes no Easter recess. Still, content in the thought that all was well, Mr. Garner returned to his hearthstone in Schuylkill County, and next day the fight started. He says pathetically: "On the day before there was not a single sign of the coming fight, and I went home for Easter after pairing myself until after that time. The next day the fight started, and as I was paired I could not vote. I ask the opinion of any fairminded man if I am to blame in this respect."

He explains to his constituents what it means to be paired, and tells how two members, of opposite parties, having important business at home, agree not to vote until the pair is broken, thus keeping the relations between the parties the same. "The same is the case," he says, "where there is sickness or death at home or a man wants, once in a while, to see his wife and family, as any normal man would."

Sweeping these criticisms away, Mr. Garner goes on to another fault alleged against him. There is complaint that he has introduced quite a number of bills. He acknowledges it. He appends to his speech a list of the bills he has introduced and urges his constituents to look them over. Then he says triumphantly: "If you think they are good bills ask yourselves why they were not introduced before and whether or not I have shown my interest in my constituents by introducing them."

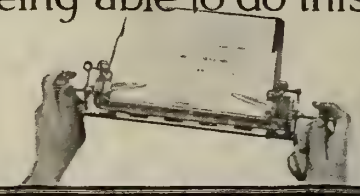
But he says his critics cry, "You have not passed any of them yet." This, he admits, is true. However, he explains that he has tried his best and that the prospects are good that some of his bills will become laws—"as yet." Much depends on his reëlection, for, as he sapiently says, "It is also true, as everybody in Washington knows, that a new member here has but little chance of success." However, he shows that if he does not get the bills through at this session he has every hope of getting them through at the short session, and, barring that, all that is needed to enact these great measures into law is to reëlect him; "and with the prestige of a second term and the additional influence that this will give me, I fully expect the passage of most if not all of them."

Mr. Garner's list of bills shows him to be ambitious. He has great measures in mind. He is particularly strong in looking after the interests of the old soldiers and the farmers and the union labor men. It will take at least two terms to get all his bills through.

An Ambitious Program

In explaining his legislative program he points out that he has secured "the promise of the Agricultural Department to make a soil survey of Schuylkill County,"

The Advantages of being able to do this—



without disturbing work in process

1 *Unfinished work* can be carried for inspection to the one who dictated the matter.

2 *Rush work* can be attended to on the minute.

3 *Unfinished work* can be locked away in desk or safe for secrecy.

4 *Important manifold work* can be put aside undisturbed while another platen is substituted for other work.

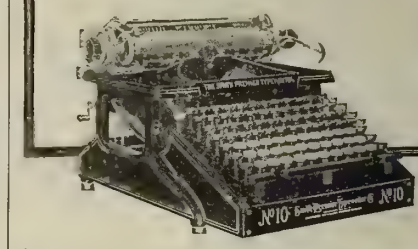
These advantages are possible only with the

Smith Premier Typewriter

as it is the only machine having a removable platen which takes the written work with it

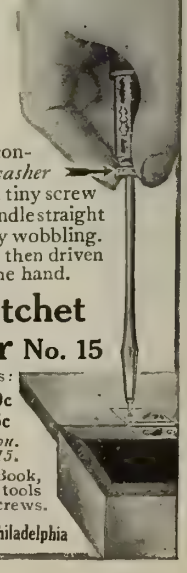
We manufacture ten different models of billing machines to take care of all the known up-to-date business systems. Write for full information regarding this and other exclusive Smith-Premier advantages.

The Smith-Premier Typewriter Company, Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches Everywhere



Getting the best of the wobbly screw

THIS is the tool used by electricians, cabinet-makers, camera men, and a host of others, for driving the pesky little screws that are so hard to manage with an ordinary screw-driver.



Thumb and finger in contact with the *knurled washer* turn the *blade* and start the tiny screw while the hand holds the handle straight and steady, *preventing* any wobbling. Thus started, the screw is then driven home by racheting with the hand.

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 15

Made in four lengths of blades:
2 in. Blade 40c 4 in. Blade 50c
3 in. Blade 45c 5 in. Blade 55c
Your dealer can supply you. Ask for "Yankee" No. 15.

Write for "Yankee" Tool Book, showing 66 kinds and sizes of tools for drilling holes and driving screws.

North Bros. Mfg. Company, Philadelphia

You *may* get other stockings as good as Ipswich Hosiery—by paying double the price.

But why should you pay the difference?

Ipswich Hosiery is the product of the largest hosiery-mills in the world. It is backed by the skill of nearly half a century of good stocking-making. It is knit of long-staple cotton yarn, spun in our own Mills. It is dyed by a costly process that gives the stockings a rich fast color. It is just the hosiery you want for fine appearance and long wear.

Isn't it worth while to remember the name and look for the Ipswich trade-mark?

12½c to 25c a pair

for men, women, and children

Ask your dealer for Ipswich Hosiery. If he hasn't it, write us his name and address, and we'll see that you get it. We'll send you our beautiful illustrated hosiery booklet, if you ask for it.

IPSWICH MILLS
Ipswich, Mass.

The Great Hot Weather Horse Food

Sterilized

MYRLENE

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MOLASSES

Quickly restores horses run down by hard work and hot weather. Aids digestion; strengthens the bones; puts on solid flesh, and through the need of less grain Reduces the Cost of Feeding.

You can buy direct at the wholesale price. Send no money. We will ship you 30 gallons ON APPROVAL. Then put it to a test as thorough—as severe—as you wish. If you are not *more* than satisfied after feeding 5 gallons, return the balance at our expense and we will make no charge for what is used—otherwise remit the price, 45 cents a gallon, in 30 days.

Could we possibly make a fairer, more liberal offer? Accept this offer today. Simply sign the coupon and mail it. Do this NOW.

Ship me 30 gallons Myrlene ON APPROVAL.

Name_____

Address_____

(S. E. P. 6-11)

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Old Appliance **LAME PEOPLE** Our Appliance

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet

HENRY S. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

BEEKEEPING Its pleasures and profits, is the theme of that excellent and handsomely illustrated magazine, GLEANINGS IN BEE CULTURE. We send it for six months on trial for twenty-five cents, and also send free a 64 page book on bees and our bee supply catalog to all who name this magazine.

THE A. I. ROOT CO., Box 76, Medina, Ohio.

which is of more farreaching importance to the farmers than any other act that has ever been performed for them. "Why," asks Mr. Garner, "has not this been done before?" And, of course, the obvious reply is that it has never been done before because Garner has not been on the job.

Another bill that may justly be said to be as farreaching in its effects nationally as the soil survey is for the farmers of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, is his bill limiting the work on Government contracts to eight hours, whether the work is done by the original contractor or any sort of subcontractor. "This," Mr. Garner explains, "will mean a national eight-hour day, for it will reach down to the man who mines the coal to feed the battleships and the man who cuts the wood that goes into every Government structure—and so on down the line."

After providing for his national eight-hour day Mr. Garner took up the subject of pensions. He introduced a bill giving every soldier of the Civil and Mexican wars a pension of thirty dollars a month, regardless of age. "The niggardly pension of twelve or fifteen dollars a month," he says, "may have been all right when the soldier was younger and able to work; but to expect him and his wife, in their old age and when the worktime of life is past, to subsist on the pittance they now get is a blot on the flag and must and will be remedied, and I am the man who is trying to do it."

The general pension appropriation bill for this session of Congress carries one hundred and fifty-five million dollars, with most of the pensions at twelve and fifteen dollars a month, and there are also many special pension bills.

Still, Mr. Garner does not rest here. He says: "I have introduced a bill to allow emergency men to have the same rights to pensions as other soldiers. Many were wounded, many died; and they, too, in their old age should be provided for." The unique proposition of Mr. Garner to pension the dead emergency men, as stated in his speech, excited much comment. It was thought to be a long step in advance.

A Full House Assured

Leaving the subject of pensions, Mr. Garner approaches the Treasury with the same fearlessness as regards roads. He wants the Government to appropriate ten million dollars annually to be apportioned among the states according to the number of miles of traveled public roads, presumably to help keep up the roads, although Mr. Garner does not say so specifically. "The Government is seriously considering this very matter," he reports to his constituents, "and I wanted Schuylkill County to have the credit of the bill. Does any man say it would not be a boon to the farming country and town alike?"

Another measure of Mr. Garner's is to have the Government appropriate two and a half million dollars annually to aid in the support of the parents, widows and orphans of those killed in accidents. Still another lowers the price of meats and curbs the trusts; and another establishes labor bureaus of information at all post-offices, where inquirers can find out where there is a scarcity of workmen.

In conclusion, Mr. Garner says: "And when all this is said and done ask yourself if you can afford to send a new man to Congress, who, like myself, will have no influence during his first term!"

Everybody in the House hopes the good people of Schuylkill County will ask themselves that question earnestly and prayerfully, and answer it with a thundering "No!" on election day. Garner will have a full membership to hear him when he makes another speech. Moreover, the older Representatives all want him to stay, so they can watch him passing those bills of his and making them into laws for the glory of Garner and Schuylkill County.

Puss Cafay

A MINER in a Western mining camp decided to open a saloon and restaurant. He wanted a high-toned name. So he called a conference of friends and well-wishers. They deliberated for a long time.

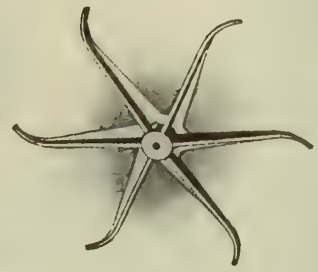
Finally, when the name was decided upon, it was painted on a box cover and nailed up over the front door.

The sign read: "Puss Cafay."

The things that count in Vacuum Cleaning are Volume of Air and Evenness of Suction.

This Oddly Shaped Fan

Making thousands of revolutions per minute, creates an absolutely even, strong suction of more volume and velocity at the cleaning tool than any other device practical for a portable vacuum cleaner.



(Patent applied for)

Scientifically designed fans have wonderful power; for instance, our fans ventilate mines, raise wheat from ships, drive chopped corn stalks into silos, convey kindling wood, and exhaust dust and refuse from carpet cleaning plants and other dusty factories.

Sturtevant engineers have experimented three years to design the most efficient combination of fan, motor and dust collector for household vacuum cleaning, and this set is the result—it draws through an inch hose *nearly 100,000 cubic inches of air per minute*—a force that withdraws dust and dirt with a thoroughness that gives a unique sanitary value.

Sturtevant
VACUUM CLEANER

Evenness: A vital advantage of a fan-made suction cleaner is the **continuous,** instead of an intermittent, flow of air. This avoids jerking the threads of fine fabrics or leaving streaks when the cleaning tool is moving rapidly.

Durability: A revolving fan has little wear and tear, cannot leak, never needs repairs or new parts, and creates as great suction after years of use as it does when new. Sturtevant fans, installed over thirty years, in the hardest kind of service and still doing good work, testify to their durability.

Reliability: Our fans, driven by our electric motors, make possible the high speed of U. S. battleships, and they must be trustworthy as engine or propeller. Our forced draft fans in battleships are no more carefully made than those in our vacuum cleaners.

Efficiency: This fan looks very simple, but every inch of it—in curvature, in weight of metal, in breadth and taper of blade—is the result of exhaustive tests. Fan suction is ideal for vacuum cleaning, and this is the first perfect application of that principle.

Details of construction of the Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, an unusually complete outfit of tools for cleaning, 20 feet electric lamp cord and plug, and is operated from an electric light socket.

The motor is the same high grade as in all our work, absolutely guaranteed. The fan is one piece of aluminum, which, because of strength and lightness, is better than any other material.

By using 1-inch hose (most cleaners use ¾-inch hose) greater volume and velocity of air are secured at the tool, enabling it to pick up larger particles, and clean at greater distances from the tool than is possible with a smaller volume of air. The cleaner is on three rubber-tired wheels.

Very handsome, finished in aluminum, occupies less than two feet square. Weight 65 lbs.

There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. So simple that a child can operate it, and so soundly made that it will last for years. There is practically nothing about it to break or wear out. The dust receptacle will hold the gatherings of months and yet is easily emptied.

We make only one style of cleaner for household use, as our tests show that it is the smallest machine that is practical and durable, and we do not care to manufacture a cleaner which is a toy, or which will go to pieces or fail to do satisfactory work.

Adaptability: The Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner keeps rooms clean, to a degree that sweeping, dusting and scrubbing never can, and it does all this with practically no labor whatever; it meets the requirements of large or small homes and also gives perfect satisfaction in hotels, theatres and public institutions; it is a small, compact machine which will run continually without getting out of order and do practically the same satisfactory work as the larger system machines. Can be used with any length of electric cord.

Guarantee: In judging vacuum cleaners, remember that this is made and absolutely guaranteed by the firm that for 50 years has designed and marketed more high-grade air-propelling fans than all other concerns in the world combined.

PRICE: $130
Delivered anywhere in United States

Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 25 to

B. F. STURTEVANT CO.
General Office, HYDE PARK, MASS.

Machines can be seen at:

BRANCH OFFICES: 50 Church St., N. Y. City; 135 N. 3rd St., Phila.; 329 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati; 300 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 530 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1008 Washington Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 84 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1408 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 3261 Tennen Bldg., New Orleans; 319 Connecticut Mut. Bldg., Hartford.

We are glad to quote trade terms to responsible dealers

Interesting Facts About Overlands

The Marion-Overland is made as a racing
as a town car, also with touring or cle
ordered—one open and one closed—a

For many weeks dealers' orders for Overlands have averaged $200,000 per day—the largest demand any car ever created. So the facts about Overlands, to most men, are the most interesting facts in motordom.

The Many Uses

Of course the largest sale of the Overland is as a passenger car. But its utter simplicity has opened up many new fields.

This trouble-proof car, which any novice can run, has a myriad uses which other cars can't serve.

For a year and a half Overland cars have been used in the U. S. Mail service. Each car has done the work of three horse-drawn vehicles. Each has covered its route—60 to 75 miles daily—winter and summer without missing a trip.

There were times when the street cars were blocked by snow, and the schools were closed on account of it. But the Overlands made their regular trips as on a summer day.

Delivery Cars

We are now fitting hundreds of Overlands with light delivery bodies for the use of grocers and others.

Each will carry two passengers and 800 pounds. Any man in the store can operate and care for them. The cost of upkeep is exceedingly small. The price is $1,100.

Our demand for Delivery Cars will keep one factory going when storekeepers learn what these tireless cars can do.

Salesmen's Cars

The J. I. Case Threshing Machine Co. ordered 25 Overlands as a start toward equipping its road force with these cars. And, as a result of their investigations, three of the principal men in the company have ordered Overlands for their personal use.

They report that an Overland enables one salesman to do two salesmen's work.

The Altman & Taylor Machine Co. is also supplying these cars to its road men. This salesmen's field will require hundreds of cars as soon as we can supply them.

Many a farmer is now utilizing Overlands to carry his milk and his produce to market.

Fifteen Overlands were recently ordered for use on a ranch in Texas. A cowboy with an Overland can cover three times as much ground as he can with a horse. These fifteen men with Overland cars do the work of fifty men with horses.

One dealer in Texas has ordered 3,500 Overlands to be delivered next year. This year he takes 1,500—all we can supply him. For no other car has a chance with the Overland in that field of hard requirements.

Due to Simplicity

Thousands of men are buying Overlands for pleasure for just the same reason that others buy them for business. The reason is the Overland's matchless simplicity, its freedom from trouble, its ability to always keep going.

To serve business uses a car must be such that any novice can run it. It must require little care, cost little for upkeep. And it must always keep going in all sorts of weather—every hour of every day.

The Overland meets these requirements as no other car ever did. It has fewer parts and fewer complexities than any other car. And most of the models have the pedal control. One goes forward or backward, fast or slow, by simply pushing pedals. A child can master the car in ten minutes. A woman can drive it a thousand miles.

There are 20,000 men who will buy Overlands this year because they want a simple and trouble-proof car. And no man can possibly learn the facts without a desire to be one of them.

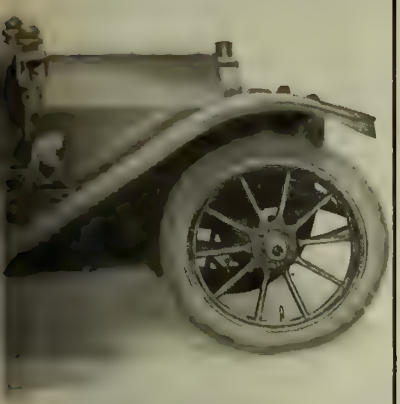
A car which wins top place in the present fierce competition must be a wonderful car.

The Ove

All prices include gas lamps and magneto

The 25-horsepower Overland sell
wheel base is 102 inches.
$1,500, according to st

(83)



with torpedo body. It is also made
ly. Two styles of bodies may be
for summer and winter driving.

Marion-Overland
Prince of the Line

The finest model of the world's most popular car is surely all that a car can be. If you think that a car to be great must be costly, you should see our prize model—the Marion-Overland—selling for $1,850.

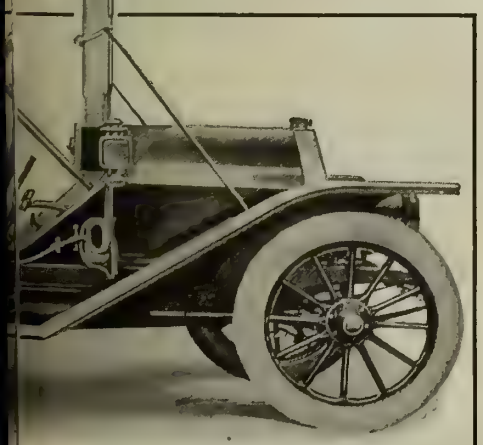
Our Leading Car

The Marion-Overland is the pride of our line. We sell more of the $1,000 Overland, because most buyers find that it meets their requirements. But some men want extremes in power and style and speed. They want them particularly when they can be had on the Overland basis of price. Such men should see this car.

We bought the Marion a year ago because it controlled features which no other car possessed. One is a silent transmission which never gets out of alignment. Another is gears which never grind. Another is a steering gear protected from accident. Another is a wonderful brake system, powerful and safe and protected.

Then we brought the car to its present perfection and made it the prince of our line.

The Marion-Overland has all the power and speed—all the style and finish—that any owner wants. Yet even this car—because of our enormous facilities—costs but $1,850—gas lamps, magneto and Prest-O-Lite tank included.



$1,100, according to style of body. The
wer Overlands sell for $1,250 to
The wheel base is 112 inches.

Our $1,000 Car

This year the 25-horsepower Overland, in roadster style, costs but $1,000. With complete toy tonneau, $1,100. This car has a 102-inch wheel base. It has carried four people up a 50 per cent grade a hundred times a day. It has run 7,000 miles without stopping the engine. The possible speed is 50 miles an hour.

We are selling a 40-horsepower Overland, with 112-inch wheel base, for $1,250—with single rumble seat. Other Overland models give equal value at $1,300, $1,400 and $1,500. All prices include gas lamps, magneto and full tool equipment.

How We Do It

It is a conspicuous fact that no other make begins to give so much for the money. The reasons are these:

Our factories are equipped with modern automatic machinery. Each machine is adapted to its particular duty, and it performs it in a quick and economical way.

By these machines parts are always made alike, and we get exactness to the one-thousandth part of an inch. Over $3,000,000 has been invested to make Overland cars in this exact, economical way.

We devote one factory to one model alone. We make the parts which other makers buy. Then our enormous production—the largest in the world—keeps the overhead expense to the minimum.

Thus we have cut the cost 20 per cent within the past year alone. And thus we are in position to give the remarkable values which have multiplied our trade.

Take Your Choice

There is an Overland car to meet every idea. There are a dozen prices, a dozen styles of body. Each has very important features found in no other make. Each gives for the money more than any other maker can give.

The cars are so satisfactory that the demand has multiplied twenty times over in the past two years, through what owners have said to others. That demand is now larger—and is growing faster—than for any other car ever made.

This car—which most men prefer—is the one you will prefer when you know it. There are Overland dealers in 800 towns, so the cars can be seen anywhere. But first cut out this coupon and send it to us so we may send you a complete book of facts. Do this now.

G-71

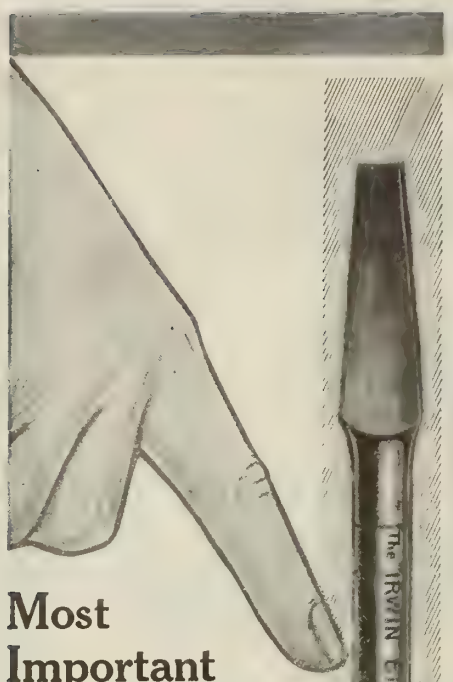
The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Send me the facts about

Passenger Cars ☐ *Delivery Cars* ☐

The Marion-Overland ☐

Licensed Under Selden Patent



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Always insist on seeing the name "IRWIN" branded on the bit you buy to get the **only solid-center-stem auger bit** made in every style and size—guaranteed satisfactory service for every purpose or price refunded. For Home, Farm, Factory or Shop, of 50 different styles and sizes, the Irwin Bits will be found to be the strongest, easiest and best boring bits made. Irwins are used in every part of the civilized world.

They are made from flawless, extra high-grade crucible auger-bit steel. Every Irwin Bit is tempered by a secret process which allows no guesswork. Each bit is "headed" and fitted up in the rough, passing through 50 hands and a complication of special machinery, which includes careful turning on a lathe to make them absolutely true and accurate. They are then highly finished—full-polished. The heads and cutters are all carefully sharpened and finished by hand-filing. The Irwin Bits will not clog and will bore in end or side of the hardest or softest of woods without tearing.

The IRWIN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Price Refunded

Send us the coupon below, properly filled out, and we will see that you are supplied with handsome Irwin Auger Bit Cases or Rolls free of charge.

All good dealers sell Irwin Auger Bits. If you have the slightest trouble in obtaining them, write us

Largest in the World

THE IRWIN AUGER BIT COMPANY

WILMINGTON, O. Station F 1

Reader Note Send us this Coupon, filled out as requested, and we will see that you are supplied with an Irwin Case or Roll for 32½ quarters if you purchase $2.00 worth, or for 20½ quarters if you purchase $1.00 worth of Irwin Bits at your dealer's

THE IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.,
STA. F 1, WILMINGTON, OHIO.

Here is my name, also my dealer has signed his name that I have purchased $ _____ of Irwin Bits from him

I want an Irwin Case—20½ size or 32½ size ___ or Irwin Roll—20½ size or 32½ size ___ (Check which you want, FREE)

My Name _____

My Address _____

Have your dealer sign his name and say amount of your purchase of Irwin's ($), also his jobber's name and address.

Dealer Sign _____

Dealer's Address _____

His Jobber is _____

Jobber's Address _____

YOUR SAVINGS

A Time to Buy Bonds

A REPORTER once asked a journalist of the old school to define the ideal newspaper man, and he replied: "One who knows where trouble is going to break loose and who is on the spot." In the same way it may be said that the successful investor is the one who knows when to buy securities cheap and who also buys them at that very time. Many men have grown rich by simply waiting for bargains. Others have failed to become prosperous because they always expected the market to go lower.

Not since the panic of 1907 have bonds generally been so cheap as they are at the time this article is written. An opportunity is thus afforded for the average man and woman with savings or other funds to invest to get some high-class securities at very satisfactory yields. There are some facts about the whole investment situation that every investor should know, because they will possibly enable him to meet a similar state of affairs when it develops again.

To sum it up, the United States today is suffering, for the moment, from a surplus of "undigested securities," to borrow a phrase made famous by Mr. J. P. Morgan. This means that we have practically more bonds than we can absorb. The reasons are interesting because, for one thing, they involve the whole subject of saving and they emphasize the great part that the savings of the people play in the whole drama of finance. Most people think that the hard-earned dollars laid aside by the thrifty are very humble things. Instead, they exert a vast influence, as you will see. Ten years ago the big bondbuyers were the capitalists and the institutions; today they are the men and women with savings.

Go back five years to the time when business was booming and when everybody was prosperous. That was an era of great saving, and the result was that although the securities' mill ground long and fast there was a consumption of all the bonds issued. The simple reason was that the people's money was finding its way to the legitimate investment channels. With the panic of 1907 the wheels of industry stopped, incomes shrank, and saving was checked. When business did pick up the saving habit received a hard jolt in the increased cost of living. The man who had formerly saved twenty-five or thirty dollars a month now found it difficult to make both ends meet. The effect was at once noticeable in the bond market, for the demand for bonds began to decline and it has gone down ever since. The saver has demonstrated his importance.

American Bonds Abroad

But, though saving declined, the output of securities went on apace. As soon as business recovered from the shock of 1907, it plunged. Manufacturers enlarged their plants and laid in great stocks of raw material; the railroads ordered equipment, built new branches to develop agricultural regions in the West, and double-tracked old lines. All this required money. Besides, a host of maturing short-term notes had to be met. The railroads, for example, could not go to the banks and borrow like an individual. They had to borrow through the public. Hence the flood of bonds. All the while the tariff agitation was growing and the cost of living was soaring. Business began to contract; the manufacturers needed money and big borrowing began. In the national banks alone there has been an increase of $400,000,000 in loans.

Money began to be scarce at the great centers. One reason for this was that the so-called "country banks"—that is, the banks outside the reserve cities—found it profitable to use their funds at home. Local business men wanted accommodation and there was much land speculation. All this kept money out of New York.

More important than this was a decrease in exports, for we were using up more of our own products than before. This lessened the balance of trade in our favor and we had to export gold. During April, for instance, we were sending it out at the rate of $8,000,000 a week. This exportation of gold affects business seriously, because gold is the basis of credit and the loss of it lessens the lending power of the banks. These conditions caused what the French economists call "an exhaustion of capital."

Now, how does all this affect the average man or woman with savings to invest? In this way: it has reduced the demand for bonds, and this in turn has caused a decline in price. High-class bonds have almost gone begging. Therefore it is a good time to buy them.

Two significant happenings may be cited in this connection to show what conditions are. One is the fact that within the past month we have sold nearly $80,000,000 of our bonds abroad. These bonds include nearly $50,000,000 of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul debentures; $10,000,000 of New York City warrants; $10,000,000 of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis debentures and some New York Central equipment bonds.

It is a most unusual occurrence, because for years Europe's purse-strings have been, in the main, tightly drawn against American investments of this kind. The Europeans bought stock principally. This sale showed that we have not been able to consume our securities ourselves, and had to find a market in Europe.

Short-Term Notes

Yet this sale of securities abroad, which is of interest to every investor, has great value. First of all, it prevents any further glut of securities here, and removes the necessity of financing the improvements that they represent on this side. But a still more important reason is that it helps to offset our position in the balance of trade. Instead of having to export gold we export securities and keep the gold at home. For the nine months ending with March first last the balance of trade in our favor was $168,673,000, as against $348,066,000 for the same period of the preceding year. Here is a loss of $179,393,000. Without the sale of these bonds we might have had to export gold to meet this loss. Though this exportation of securities does not pay our international debt it does postpone the payment, and before the bonds mature or even before some of the interest coupons are due our normal exports will probably be resumed again and the balance of trade in our favor will be heavy. It will help, to use the words of John Hay, to keep us "the chief creditor nation."

The second significant happening, as reflecting the unfavorable condition of the money market, is the recent issuance of short-term notes by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. These notes, which are substitutes for bonds, are only brought out when money rates are high and when railroads and corporations cannot issue long-term bonds under favorable auspices. They provide what is technically known as "temporary financing." They usually have a high rate of interest because they must be made attractive to investors, and they are for short terms because the railroads and corporations cannot afford to pay this rate long. There was a great rush of these notes in 1906 and 1907 to raise money to meet the abnormal growth of business. Sometimes these notes are the forerunners of serious financial disturbances, but conditions this year are not similar to those of 1907. The notes have been issued because, by reason of the high cost of living and the scarcity of money, people must have a larger return on their investments than heretofore.

This leads naturally to the consideration of the new securities. The following are among the new issues, with prices on the day this article is written:

Baltimore & Ohio 4½ gold notes, due June 1, 1913. The interest is payable June and December. The issue is $40,000,000. At the price of 98⅞ the yield would be about 4.90 per cent.

Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 4½-per-cent bonds, due February 1, 1930. Interest dates are February and August. The issue is $31,390,000. The price is 94¼, which would make the yield about 4.95 per cent.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific first and refunding 4-per-cent bonds, due April 1,

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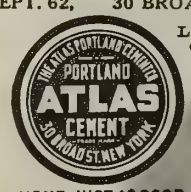

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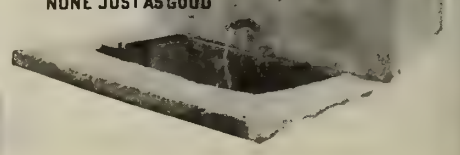

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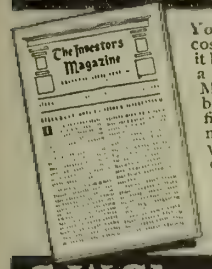

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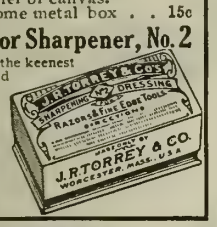

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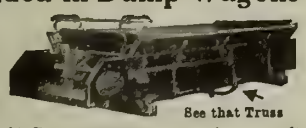

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1934. The total amount of the issue is $85,136,000. Interest is payable April and October. At the present price of 88⅝ the yield will be about 4.80 per cent.

Interborough Rapid Transit 5-per-cent gold bonds, due November 1, 1952. Interest is payable May and November. The issue is $11,655,000. The price is 101¾, making the yield about 4.95 per cent.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé convertible 4s, due 1960. The issue is for a total of $43,686,000. Interest dates are June and December, and at the price of 102¾ the yield would be about 3.80 per cent.

State of New York 4-per-cent highway improvement bonds, due March, 1960. Interest is payable March and September. The issue is $5,000,000. At the price of 106¼ the yield would be about 3.75 per cent. These bonds are exempt from tax in the State of New York.

Baldwin Locomotive Works first mortgage sinking-fund 5-per-cent bonds, due May 1, 1940. Interest is payable May and November. The issue is $10,000,000. The present price of 99⅝ would make a yield of a little under 5 per cent.

Norfolk & Western convertible 4-per-cent gold bonds, due 1932. Interest is payable June and December. The issue is $34,000,000. The present price of 102⅞ would make a yield of about 3.80 per cent.

Jamestown, Franklin & Clearfield first mortgage 4s, due 1959. The interest dates are June and December. The issue is $11,000,000 and at the present price of 93 the yield would be about 4.35 per cent.

Declines From Old Values

Now, let us see how prices have gone down. Less than two months ago, in an article on Bonds and the Cost of Living, a list of 5-per-cent bonds was printed in this department. Since that time the prices of these bonds, which may be taken as types, have declined from one to three points. The Kansas City Southern refunding and improvement 5s, which were then selling at 102½, are at 101½. The Denver & Rio Grande first and refunding 5s, which were then 94½, are now 92½. The Western Pacific first 5s have gone from 97½ to 94¾. The Chesapeake & Ohio general improvement 5s, due 1929, which sold then at 105½, are now 103½. Central Leather first mortgage 5s, which sold at par, have declined to 99. The United States Steel Corporation sinking-fund 5s, which sold at 105, have gone down to 103½. American Agricultural Chemical first convertible 5s, which were quoted at 102⅞ in the list, are now at 100¾. Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company convertible 5s, which sold for 93, have dropped to 89. Missouri Pacific convertible 5s, which were 96, are down to 93¾. And so on down the line. Under the new prices the yield on these bonds is all the way from 4.80, in the case of Steel bonds, up to 5.40 for Western Pacific bonds. These are men's bonds in the main, and afford a return that helps to meet the increased cost of living.

Thus, it is evident from these prices, and from many others that might be quoted, that bonds are cheap. The season of midsummer dullness is coming on when the bond business is quiet and when these prices will probably continue. The first of July, however, is one of the most important interest and dividend distribution dates, and the immense amount of money then paid out must seek reinvestment. This may cause a temporary advance in prices.

Though present prices seem low when compared with former values, many conservative bondbuyers are inclined to believe that still lower levels will be reached in the not very distant future.

A Dry Occasion

BROOK, INDIANA, where George Ade practices gentleman farming, is right in the middle of the tectotal belt of Indiana.

Last summer, on one broiling hot day, a man came along in an automobile, having just patched up a puncture outside of Brook.

He ran into the little village and saw a native standing in front of the general store. He stopped his machine and went up to the native.

"Say, brother," he said, "will you tell me where I can get a good, cold bottle of beer around here?"

The native took the automobilist by the arm, out to the middle of the road, pointed down its dusty length and said, "The nearest place is fifty miles right down that road."

Des Moines, Certainty Talk No. 2

WRITING about Des Moines, the City of Certainties, in Everybody's Magazine, Charles Edward Russell said:

"Let us take for example a high-class and chiefly American city of the Middle West, the city of Des Moines, Iowa. In many respects it is an admirable place of habitation, handsomely situated, of solid and permanent development, unusually fortunate in the character of its population. I doubt if in another community in the world you could find a higher average of worth and intelligence. It has every symbol of advanced civilization: a great university, model schools of all grades, excellent newspapers, churches, beautiful parks, societies for culture and art. . . . . It is the capital of a state famous for schools, good institutions, prosperity, good order, and the broadly progressive spirit of its inhabitants; it is a fit capital of such a state."

MR. Russell crystallized in that paragraph the reasons why Des Moines is the *City of Certainties*. "Des Moines Does Things" is a proverbial saying. Des Moines can't help doing things under the circumstances.

A NET work of railways radiate from Des Moines to all parts of Iowa. They give the Des Moines man quick service to all parts of the Mississippi Valley. The situation, the location, the conditions all combine to make prosperity a habit in Des Moines.

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WEALTH, a little magazine published by, for, and of Des Moines, is a convincing periodical. The Committee will send it to you.

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The Genuine has this Signature

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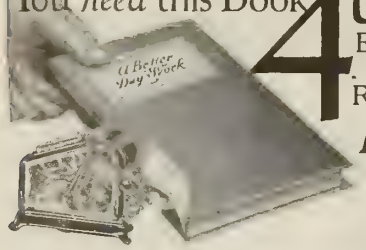

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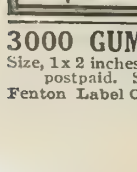

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How Actresses Learn English

By Vanderheyden Fyles

THERE used to be an Italian couple—I think the name was Majeroni—who traversed this country in a dramatic repertoire in English. At least, they called it English. And I believe—for all this was long before my time—their speech ordinarily was quite adequate. But they spoke by sound, not by understanding; and not infrequently the signora, especially, would give forth words that came near the proper sound, but actually had no meaning in any language of the earth. And in bland unconsciousness she would go on with the dramatics of the Countess Zicka, or whatever the rôle might be.

A favorite bromide is, and always has been: "Does a person speaking in a foreign language think in it?" Of course, the question can be answered only by the individual; but it is of especial interest in the case of a transplanted actor. And no less prominent a player than Madame Modjeska said, shortly before her death, that she never learned to "think in English." Even after all the many years she acted in it, the language hampered her; and, she declared, no player could ever act as spontaneously and fluently in a language not familiar from early childhood.

When I put the point to Hedwig Reicher, youngest of distinguished stars to learn our language, she refused to allow that a foreign tongue, once mastered thoroughly, need be a hindrance to an actress.

"Still," she said, "I continue to think in German; but when I have been talking for some time in English—for half an hour, perhaps—my thoughts begin to come in English."

The subject is of particular pertinency at the moment because of the new fashion for foreign stars to learn our language and strive for permanent places on our stage. Of course, the idea is not really new; we have always had a few foreigners with us, such as Helena Modjeska, Francesca Janauschek, Charles Fechter, and so on back to the beginnings of our stage. But within the last few years the custom has broken out with an especial gush.

Nazimova's Experience

The foreigners may give very flattering reasons for endeavoring to endear themselves to us, but the fact remains that success here means far greater monetary reward than would be possible anywhere on the Continent or even in England. The time has passed when Continental stars can get considerable returns from us for performances in tongues unfamiliar to the majority of Americans. Sarah Bernhardt is the only French actress who has really made money for American managers as well as for herself, though such distinguished compatriots of hers as Jane Hading, Gabrielle Réjane, M. Mounet-Sully, Madame Segond-Weber and the late Constant Coquelin have come here for one or frequent tours. Today, it would be hard to find a manager ready to take the large risks of such importations.

In the spring, five years ago, I met a young woman of my acquaintance on the street and, in the course of a casual, commonplace chat, asked her where she purposed spending the summer.

"Right here in town, perhaps," she said. "A most interesting proposition has been made to me. Have you heard of a Russian actress named Nazimova?"

The question seems absurd now. But then Madame Nazimova had appeared only for a matinée or two on Broadway, and for the rest in obscure theaters of New York's ghetto. It was there, in fact, that I first saw her as Zaza, and in Ghosts and in The Master Builder, speaking in Russian and dressed in shabby, makeshift clothes.

"Well," my friend went on, "Madame Nazimova purposes learning English, to act in it. And the proposition is that for several hours every forenoon she and I read English together."

"The rôles she is to act?"

"Oh, no. She won't try them until much later. She will read at random—history, novels, plays; but principally the daily papers. And I will correct her pronunciation. The idea is that her English

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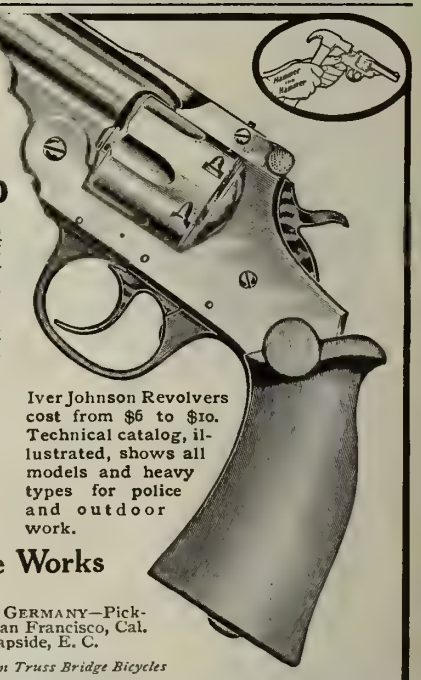

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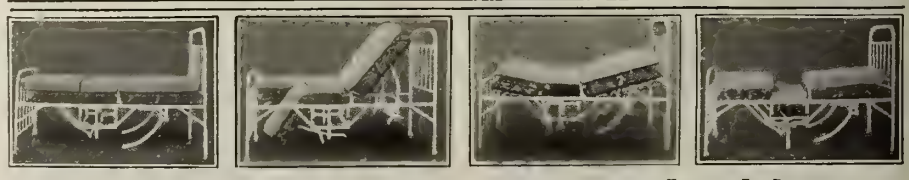

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Write on one side of the paper only. Not over 500 words. Send in your story as soon as possible. No story received after August 15. Prizes will be awarded on or about September 1.

Any one who shoots can compete for these prizes. You can have either cash or select firearms to the value of the prize from our catalog. We want those who hunt to know about our excellent medium-price guns.

We make the best single-barrel, 12 to 28-gauge, standard-weight shotgun at $5.50 on the market. If you are not familiar with our guns, send at once for our catalog. Perhaps you can get a gun free. Write at once for our catalog and send in your story.

Address 309 Prize Dept.

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at any field glass write for Booklet No. 21 describing the line of

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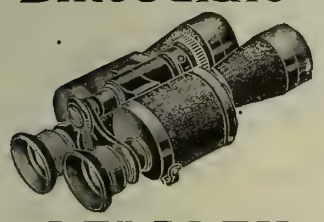

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Three other splendid glasses, Simplex, Duplex and Autocrat, $15.00 up.
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If no local dealer can show them, order direct.

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FOR KNEE or FULL LENGTH DRAWERS

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At your dealer's or post-paid on receipt of price.
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speech should become easy, quick and fluent, and, above all, correct, with full understanding to be left as secondary, to come naturally and with time."

Bertha Kalich just preceded Madame Nazimova as an adventurer in English, and Hedwig Reicher and Marietta Olly have followed her, with Mimi Aguglia now studiously striving to master the language to make herself another link in the distinguished chain. Of course, numerous less prominent players have transferred themselves from the foreign-speaking to the English stage. Edwin Booth was traveling in Germany when Albert Bruning, in later years identified with such companies as Mrs. Fiske's and now prominent at the New Theater, applied for a position.

Generally, the foreign actors who have gained places here—from Madame Cottrelly and Jennie Reiffarth to Leo Ditrichstein, and to such recent recruits as Elisabeth Ariaans and Gustav von Seyffertitz—have, like Bertha Kalich, long been residents of this country, acting in their native language, and before making the transit have become familiar in their daily lives with English.

Goethe in Esperanto

Through prominence and through exceptional ability Marietta Olly and Hedwig Reicher are by far the most interesting stars that have followed in the footsteps of Nazimova. Their experiences have been in some ways parallel. Both came from Germany to act here at the Irving Place Theater; both attracted offers from American managers; both learned the language in a miraculously short time; and both presented themselves in English in rôles they had played here previously in German. There, the resemblance largely ends.

"I learned English by throwing away a textbook," the vivacious Madame Olly put it when I asked her how she was able to play the leading rôle in Henri Bernstein's Baccarat at Daly's in English just one year after she acted it in German at the Irving Place. "When Mr. Shubert saw me play the part in German and offered me a tempting contract if I would remain in this country and study English, it looked difficult, but I decided to try."

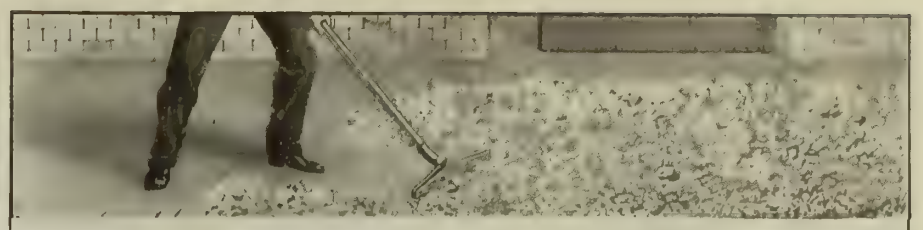
"But about the book you threw away?"

"Well, I engaged a teacher and we got textbooks and began. I remember we had a book that I suppose is like those that every little girl has when she goes to school. It began, 'The bird is on the bough.' I got no further than this and threw it away. Then I thought out my own method. I had played Ibsen and was thoroughly familiar with the Ibsen plays. So I bought a copy of Hedda Gabler in English and found that it was a literal translation, line for line. I knew Hedda perfectly and when I read a line from the English translation I knew what the words meant. Then my teacher gave me the proper English pronunciation; and thus we labored on through the book and eventually through others. We spent every hour of the day together at my home at Bensonhurst, Long Island, from early in the morning until late at night. Indeed, we were about eighteen hours each day at it. I progressed rapidly, for you have no idea how much easier this method is than to memorize from textbooks. I knew the meaning of each sentence and had only to learn the correct pronunciation."

Madame Olly is, in fact, not a German but an Italian, though the brilliant reputation that preceded her to these shores was gained in Berlin. So she had had previous experience in acquainting herself with a language foreign to her. So, too, had Hedwig Reicher before she tried English. That was in no less strange a tongue than Esperanto.

"I learned Goethe's Iphigenia in Esperanto and in six weeks," she told me. "And it is, you know, probably the longest rôle ever written. The performance was given in Dresden, where thirty-two nationalities were represented at the Congress of Esperantists."

Miss Reicher was very young at the time. She still is. That is one reason why she came to us with a future rather than an established reputation such as Madame Olly's, and why she has not yet impressed herself so widely on the public. Another and more vital reason is her misfortune in a first play. Baccarat, renamed The Whirlwind, aided Madame Olly into instant and conspicuous success. The translation of On the Eve was a failure, and carried Miss



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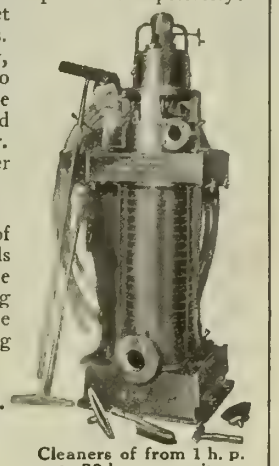

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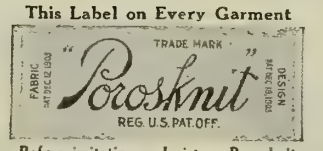

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Reicher into temporary oblivion with the wreck. And the rôle assigned to her in The Next of Kin, another failure, was so unsuited to her type and temperament as to give her little chance to prove herself. But that she will, very little doubt exists.

"When it was proposed to me last spring," Miss Reicher explained, "that I learn English in time to play the leading rôle in On the Eve, which was to be produced in the autumn, the time seemed very limited. In a moment of doubt I wrote to my father asking his advice. 'Why not, my child,' he replied; 'wherefore do we live?'

"I had longed to play in English," Miss Reicher went on, speaking of the proposition made to her near the end of her two years as leading actress of a German company in New York; "but there were so many American actresses, so many who could speak the language, that I could never get the courage to ask a manager to give me the opportunity. I had played the part of Anna Rikanskaya in On the Eve in German and knew the character, although the American version of the play is wholly different. Though I had lived here two years I had never tried to learn the language. I was given only four months. Still, I promised my manager I would be ready with my part in good English. I did not promise perfect English, but I knew my love of the task would enable me to speak good English. I learn readily. When I have a task I concentrate, and every nerve, every fiber of my being seems to bend to the work. I lose consciousness of all else. But the task has to interest me or I cannot learn at all."

Slang a Stumbling-Block

"But how did you go at it?" I asked, wondering to what extent her method would turn out to have resembled Madame Nazimova's and Madame Olly's.

"First I got a little grammar and tried to learn from that. I gleaned from it a small vocabulary, a very small one, but somehow I could not get interested in it. I have been that way always—books mean so little to me. When I was a little child in school I could not learn from books. My mind would wander. I dreamed. But time was passing and I had to find a way. With my brother and sister-in-law I went into the country. They have been in America for ten years and speak splendid English. They spoke to me and read to me in the language."

"What were your stumbling-blocks?"

"American slang. It is so contagious, and so expressive too. My brother used to shake his head about it. From the first he has guarded me from the use of bad English. Even listening to it has its effect. But my ear seemed to tell me even before I really knew the meaning that the words were wrong. At the seashore I constantly heard, 'Ain't it awful, Mabel!' I felt it was wrong, yet all my friends would laugh so when I would say, 'Ain't it awful, Mabel!'"

Both Madame Olly and Miss Reicher spoke of the help it was to them, when studying English, to go frequently to performances in English.

"When I first heard American actresses in the classic plays," Miss Reicher said, "I missed the rhythm of the German speech. They seemed to me to voice the part, but not to feel it. But since then I have found that those who have formed the idea of the rôle apply words to that idea, and they flow as a melody."

That both actresses should speak of attending performances in English before they understood the language reminded me of a story the late A. M. Palmer used to delight to tell. It was of some foreign company that came to play a long engagement in New York, away back in the days when the Palmer company was very popular at the old Union Square Theater in such dramas as The Two Orphans and A Celebrated Case. On nights the foreigners did not play Mr. Palmer received them hospitably at his theater. Not one understood a word of English, but all were ecstatic in their admiration of the American players.

But as their stay in New York lengthened they began to pick up the language. Their visits to the Union Square Theater became less frequent. Finally they ceased to come at all. They had learned to understand every word. The mystery was gone. And Mr. Palmer began to hear of his company being characterized by the foreign actors as stiff, uninteresting amateurs.

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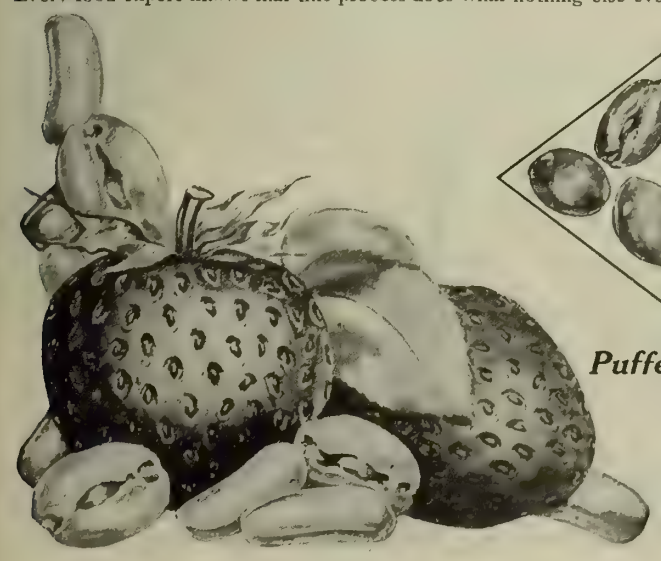
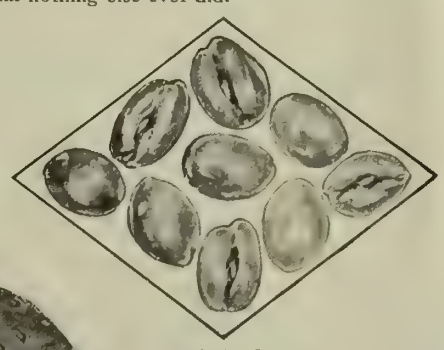
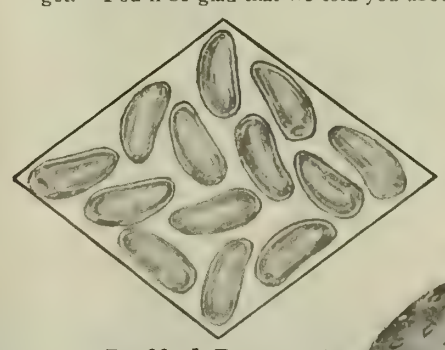


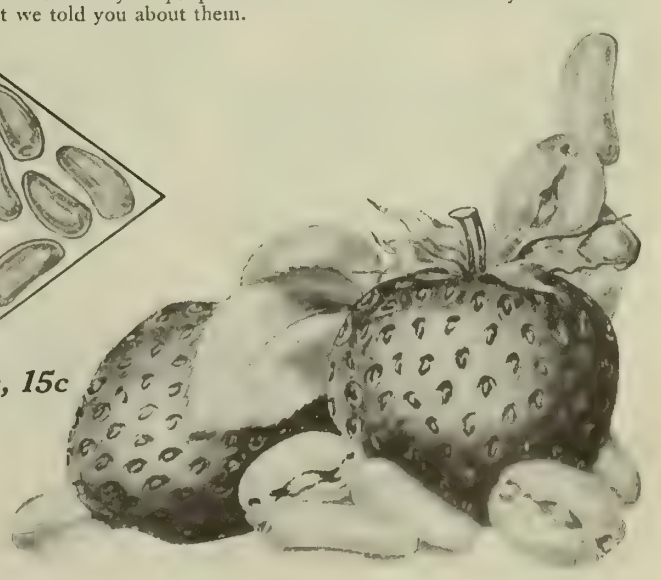


Puffed Wheat, 10c



Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West



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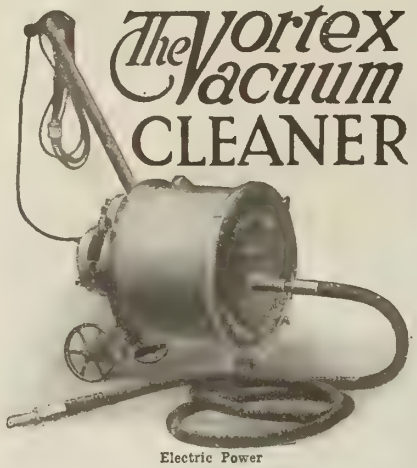

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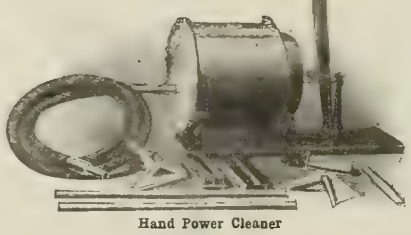

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TOM MORTON

(Continued from Page 19)

burdened by the thing that pressed upon him now. In the night, when darkness brought back the pain, and long, silent hours stretched on and on interminably, hours when there was neither sight nor sound, this thing weighed heaviest, like a bad dream that would not cease. The Dynamiter, that violent man of violent life, homeless; the death that had come suddenly in the middle of a mountain which reared its head among a wilderness of peaks; the rock that he had battered had smitten him. And his mind had flitted far back. While his face became waxen he had gone to other things, to where a woman was. That was a lonely tragedy.

Sometimes it frightened Tom. Lying here helpless he had lost something. The utter disregard, the splendid wantonness that had been his while strength flowed through him was gone now.

There had been a change. His mind had stopped suddenly. It had stopped—in the access of bodily effort, at the uttermost point of physical striving—among crashing rock and sweating men. And then he had awakened here—with the memory of the tragedy—among women, dependent upon them, faced by the sweet necessities of things which he had long forgotten.

With the awakening his viewpoint had begun to change. The beliefs which he had cherished—the self-nursed, swaggering beliefs—had gone. It was as though, in the midst of the physical, a mighty hand had taken him by the shoulder, facing him with a lesson, a twofold lesson—death and gentle women. It had been a mighty shock, and the lesson was sinking in.

"You're stronger today," Nora told him when she had given him a drink of water one afternoon. "I'll read to you."

"Thank ye," he said, and the listlessness which the Old Man had noticed was not in his voice now. When she came beside him his mind was always easier; her presence drove away the black obsession weighing upon him. His eyes hung upon her—there was a new light in their grayness.

She read to him from a paper-covered book. It was a cheap romance; its hero was splendid, its heroine spoke in stilted platitudes. It was a story of an imaginative world whither her fancy had often wandered, getting away from the pine cottages and the littered cañon bed, to dwell among ideals. It was replete with artificiality, full of long words and quotations from the French. She mispronounced the words, and stumbled haltingly through the italicized quotations. But her voice was low and full of sympathy, and as she read her face lighted up with feeling. He kept his eyes upon her, and he was very happy.

The next afternoon he asked her to read again; and after that she sat beside him daily with the open book before her. And watching her he got things that were not in the pages—watching her transparent cheeks with the color coming and going, her long-lashed eyes, her hair where the sunlight often lingered.

The knitting of the bones progressed. He sat up in bed, and when the car-tender came in the evenings they talked together until late. The Old Man dropped in afternoons, and once the Doctor called with a handful of cigars. "My word!" said he. "You look fit to be about already." And Tom laughed when he told a joke. After that Ryan called to tell him of the progress they were making; they would be ready for the holing in a few months now. Tom's interest was coming back.

He began to be uneasy in his bed; he longed to move about. He grew a little irritable with Mrs. Moran. But always there remained with him—like a heritage from those black hours—an indelible impression that made him graver. It was like a steadying weight. And there was something more. It always came to him while Nora was reading, or as he watched her moving about the room—something softer than anything he had ever known. He did not understand the extent of this himself until the first day he walked.

"You'll not need me any more," she laughed, as he staggered slowly to the porch where Mrs. Moran had fixed the blankets on his chair. He settled himself within the wrappings and looked up at her.

"Not need ye?" he asked. Then he realized and he flushed. He saw the red sweep over her cheeks as she answered.

"In a few days now," she said lightly, "you'll be about."

"That's so," he said slowly. He looked at her for a moment as he had often looked at her while he lay helpless. She dropped her eyes. They were silent for some time, and he felt a sudden wave of diffidence sweeping over him. "Ye have been good to me," he said finally. "How did ye come to do ut?" The question had never occurred to him before.

"Why, any one would do that," she answered quickly. "Any woman."

"Would they?" he asked. Then: "Ah, yis, so they would."

She did not answer, and someway he felt that she did not like what he had said. Then: "Ye have been very good to me," he repeated slowly.

The next day he walked to the porch alone, and it was Mrs. Moran helped him into the chair. He did not ask for Nora, but he was uneasy and he glanced continually toward the Ryan cottage. He had been there more than half an hour before he saw her emerge from the door and come along the path. Somehow her brief visit was altogether different from the talks they had had together. She read to him for a while, and even then he felt the change. And the two of them spoke as though his coming strength had lessened their acquaintance, taking away a hundred little half-intimacies, as though a common ground had gone from beneath their feet.

That evening he asked the car-tender more eagerly about the tunnel; and he called somewhat feebly to the Old Man from the porch the next afternoon to see what job was open for him.

"You are well now," Nora said when she came over. It was to see Mrs. Moran, she said, that she had come. She regarded him with something in her demeanor that was neither defiance nor sauciness, but savored a little of both.

"I go away day afther tomorro'," he said. "I've got to get to work."

"I heard," she said. "You are to be walker."

He had been very proud when the Old Man had given the position to him, and yet D quarters did not seem now to hold the fascination that he had expected. Two days later, when he bade good-by to Mrs. Moran—she was cheerful in laughing at his thanks—he ended awkwardly and asked for Nora. And when Nora had come from the kitchen he found that his manner, in spite of himself, was very stiff. He shook hands with her, and then he limped slowly down the path toward the camp.

XXI

THE walker's office was a barefloored room with plain board walls and scanty furniture. Odds and ends from the work littered it. A pair of muddy jackscrews lay in one corner; on the pine table were an engineer's steel tape, a roll of blueprints, some engine brasses, a bundle of candles and a brier pipe; on the walls, muddy oilskins and squam hats, the flamboyant calendar of a powder company and a cross-section diagram of the tunnel. It was a small room; it reeked with suggestions of the work. It was the nerve-center of the entire job, the headquarters.

Tom sat at the desk here one evening, nearly two months after he had left Moran's. His broad shoulders were bent forward; he was poring over the open pages of a thick book, the catalogue of a Seattle mail-order house. His brown hair was carefully combed, parted in a straight line; his neck was uneasy in the binding embrace of a linen collar; his back and big limbs seemed ready to burst from the clothes that covered them—a blue serge suit, still smelling of the clothier's shelves. His feet were in yellow tan shoes, and as he bent over the catalogue he occasionally shifted them uneasily as though they hurt him.

A timber-boss came in from supper to talk about the lagging which the woodcutters were bringing from the lower cañon. He saw the clothes and grinned. Looking upward from the pages he was scanning, Tom caught the grin and frowned. He turned the book face downward a little hurriedly, hiding what he had been looking at.

A few minutes after the man had departed he laid down the catalogue again at the sound of a footstep behind him. It was Jerry Morley, in charge now of the evening shift. They were going to shoot;

REIS UNDERWEAR
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF.

Underwear Comfort

depends in no small measure upon PERFECT FIT. Reis Summer Underwear is made in EVERY SIZE to fit MEN OF EVERY BUILD, normal and every deviation from normal.

Cool because Absorbent. The best to buy because every garment that bears the REIS label is

GUARANTEED

In every FABRIC, STYLE and WEIGHT Shirts, Drawers, Union Suits; Shirts with regular or short sleeves, Coat Shirts, Athletic (sleeveless). Drawers, Regular, Stout or Knee.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and your address for a copy of THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE MEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR BOOKLET ever printed.

ROBERT REIS & CO.
Dept. S, 560-562 Broadway New York

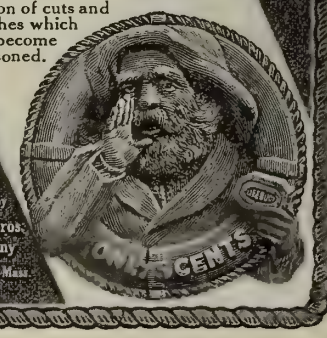
LIFEBUOY SOAP

Has "That Clean Smell" which distinguishes it from ordinary soaps. The odor of LIFEBUOY associates itself with utter cleanness and wholesomeness.

5c At Your Grocers

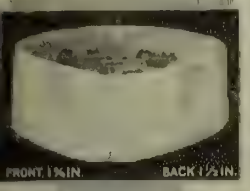
For Toilet Bath and Shampoo

Lifebuoy is the most satisfactory of all soaps. Cleans and disinfects at the same time. Prevents the infection of cuts and scratches which may become poisoned.



Made by Lever Bros. Company Cambridge, Mass.

The Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole puts an end to all pulling and tugging necessary to put on and take off the ordinary collar. You will find it on **the**



Watkins

the newest collar. Ask your dealer to show it to you. It is a Barker Brand and is a real linen collar and so stamped.

2 FOR 25¢

Look for this trade mark when you buy any collar. It is a guide to the best—Barker Brand—¼ and ¾ sizes.

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.00 for 8 collars, which will be delivered post paid to you.

Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

An Ideal Home in 2 Hours!

The Kenyon Take-Down House is far the handiest portable house on the market. Can be built in **one-tenth** the time necessary for others.

KENYON TAKE-DOWN HOUSE

costs less than half the price of others—weighs less than half as much, yet is far more serviceable than any. Entire house can be carried in a wheelbarrow. Wind-proof, cold-proof, rain-proof. Warm in winter—cool in summer. Ideal for outings or permanent dwellings. No tools, no nails, no experience necessary. Best ventilated and most healthful house made. Flexible window lights—rust-proof screens—best quality Georgia pine floor.

Money-Back Guarantee

Our ironclad guarantee insures you perfect satisfaction for at least three years or a refund of every cent. We furnish any size house to suit any need. Also garage for any style car. Handsomely illustrated free catalog explains all. Write **today.**

THE R. L. KENYON CO.
Dept. 20 (9) Waukeeha, Wis.

Reliable Cut Glass

If you purchase Cut Glass that has had for over twenty-five years a reputation for its exquisite designs and beautiful limpid colors you would feel that your investment was a safe one. The name

Clark

(the arrow points it out)

on Cut Glass guarantees this. Among the exteneive "Clark" designe the new "Rose" pattern is of exceptional beauty.

If not at your dealer's send for booklet.

T. B. CLARK & CO., Inc., Honesdale, Pa.

A Cheap and Reliable Water Supply

A NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM

is cheaper than a windmill or gasoline engine. Used and endorsed by the U.S. Government and our great railway systems.

Installed at spring or running stream, it will supply plenty of running water for irrigating fields, sprinkling lawns and gardens, fire protection, or for use in house and barn. Write for catalogue A D and guaranteed estimate.

Niagara Hydraulic Engine Co.
140 Nassau Street, New York
Factory: Chester, Pa.

should they use the old powder? They argued briefly over the nature of the rock and the speed of the dynamite. When they had settled the matter Jerry looked Tom over with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "'Tis a hot layout ye have," he ventured.

Tom looked him in the eyes. "Annythin' wrang wit' ut?" he demanded.

But Jerry was slow to understand that he had made a *faux pas* and proceeded to another. He reached over Tom's shoulder and picked up the catalogue.

"Going to buy a gun?" he asked.

"Lay that down," said Tom. His face was red.

"Cranky as hell," Jerry muttered as he left the place. "Something's on his mind, I do be thinkin'."

Tom was looking at his watch, scowling. "Half an hour to mailtime yet," he said aloud. He opened the catalogue.

"What have ye there?" Tom whirled, his big face lowering irritably. It was the Old Man, standing wide-footed in the doorway, his eyes upon the suit. He, too, was frowning. "I'll have ye know," he said, "that I'll not stand fer ut."

"Fer phwat?" demanded Tom.

"No sooner do ye get settled down to work," Ryan went on, ignoring his question, "than ye're raggin' up fer downtown. I want ye to onderstand right now that what raisin' hell is done I'll do meself. Humph! About to do the Tarpy act already! Anny wan would think, to see ye, that ye was goin' out into sassiety wit' Weed."

"I'm goin' to shtay on the job, if that's what ye mane," said Tom. "Me clothes is me own affair."

The Old Man came on in, half mollified. There was nothing that he liked so well at the bottom of his heart as clublike repartee and a certain measure of defiance. "Wear what ye plase," he growled. "Only when a man does that it luks like Seattle or a drunk to me." He digressed at once to the tunnel. "The engineers found center just now," he said. "Right in the middle of the breast. Ye're doin' fine. Kape ut up, and ye'll do the holin', afther all, instead of the other side gettin' ut." He lit a cigar and gave Tom one; they smoked together in silence for some minutes.

"I'm off for Seattle in the marnin'," Ryan said finally. "I come over to tell ye. I'll be gone a week or ten days to see about gettin' ready fer the new job."

As the Old Man left Tom looked again at his watch.

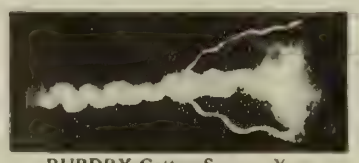
His eyes were intent upon an illustration. It was the picture of a toilet-set—the manifold small articles which women strew upon dresser-tops, and use in adorning themselves. The printed matter upon the page told of it minutely, describing each small piece, extolling its merits. Tom had read the description slowly many times. It sounded right.

It was an expensive affair. To his mind it represented daintiness and refinement. He had picked upon it for this reason. And the choice had not been made suddenly. It had taken days and had demanded help for its making. For in the beginning he had been at a loss, puzzled between this and other things, adrift in a strange world where women lived. At length he had confided in the Doctor. Half diffidently he had explained what he wanted to do, and the Doctor had turned him to this decision. "The most tasteful thing you could do, Mr. Morton," he had said impressively.

That had settled it. Tom had ordered the toilet-set. He had sent a good part of last month's paycheck to the Seattle house; and tonight the package was due at the Doctor's, where there was, besides the post-office, an express-office. It would come by this evening's train. He would take it to Nora Ryan.

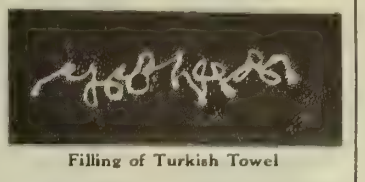
Since he had limped away from Mrs. Moran's he had not seen Nora save casually. Once he had called on the hill, intending to visit her; but he had gone instead to the Moran cottage. A constraint had overwhelmed him at the last moment, when he stood on the railroad track with the two paths up the hill lying before him. That diffidence had kept him at D quarters twice afterward. It had made him imagine a hundred barriers existing between him and this girl who had nursed him; it had made him conjure up a hundred rebuffs which might come to him if he presumed to make the call. He had been tortured between desire and this feeling, until finally he had taken the bit

Which Would Sop Up a Blot of Water Quicker



RUBDRY Cotton Sponge Yarn

This or This?



Filling of Turkish Towel

THE above explains the secret of the RUBDRY'S unusual absorbency. By a process which we control we are able to make our RUBDRY Towels out of **rolls of untwisted, absorbing cotton** (nubbed into "sponges") **instead of from thread,** as is the case with other towels. Hence RUBDRY Towels are more absorbent than others; and, having an uneven surface, they will clean the pores of the skin better.

RUBDRY BATH TOWELS

The Cotton Sponge Bath Towel

Prices: 39c., 53c., 73c., Rubdry Extra 85c. Rubdry De Luxe $1.25

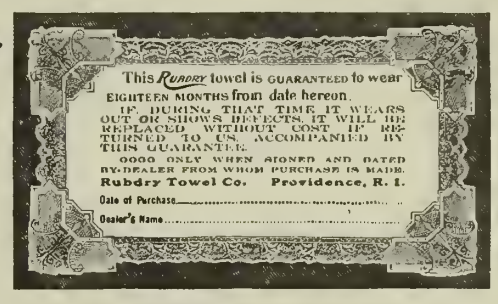
Guaranteed for 1½ years

Order a pair of the 53c. Towels for a trial

Ask your men's furnishings or dry-goods dealer to show you the RUBDRY Towels; but in case he should not have them, don't accept anything else as "just as good." There's no other towel like the RUBDRY, and, therefore, there can be nothing else as good. And no other towel gives a signed guarantee.

Ask for the Guarantee

Every RUBDRY Bath Towel carries this definite printed guarantee of at least one-and-a-half years' Active Service. If our towels were not better than others we could not give such a Warrant.



This *Rubdry* towel is GUARANTEED to wear EIGHTEEN MONTHS from date hereon. IF, DURING THAT TIME IT WEARS OUT OR SHOWS DEFECTS, IT WILL BE REPLACED WITHOUT COST IF RETURNED TO US, ACCOMPANIED BY THIS GUARANTEE. GOOD ONLY WHEN SIGNED AND DATED BY DEALER FROM WHOM PURCHASE IS MADE.
Rubdry Towel Co. Providence, R. I.
Date of Purchase.....
Dealer's Name.....

Write for our FREE 14¾ x 20 inch Demonstration Chart. Enclose 4 cts. Postage if you want sample Rubdry Wash Cloth. We ship direct to persons unable to find the towels at local stores.

The RUBDRY Towel Co., 167 South Angell Street, Providence, R. I.

150 Round Red Rubber Fingers

Beat Your Own

You must soften your beard to shave with comfort. Your barber (and you have imitated him) demonstrates this by *rubbing in* the lather WITH HIS FINGERS—mussy, often unsanitary. But no human fingers can soften the beard quickly, neatly or thoroughly.

The Luxury Lather Brush has **150** Tapering Little Round Red Rubber Fingers which work the lather into the beard far more effectively, because their little tapering ends penetrate *between* and *around* the hairs. They get the lather right down into the beard *where* the razor cuts. This *saves* the razor; makes certain a clean, comfortable shave; saves time; doesn't wet fingers.

Use with shaving stick, powder, cream or mug.

LUXURY Lather Brush

Lathers Better than Your Old Brush: Made of choicest French Bristles and PURE Badger Hair vulcanized in hard rubber—can't pull out. Handle at right angles. Can hang it up.

Softens the Beard Better than Your Hand: Rubber fingers of best refined Para, soft as velvet. Softens the most wiry beard, but cannot irritate the tenderest skin.

Massages the Face While Lathering: Pleasant and sure in its invigorating, skin-strengthening benefits; improves complexion; banishes skin troubles. **Stops ingrowing beard.**

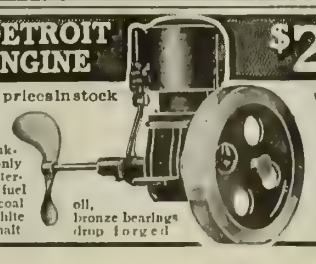
BOOK—"Well Lathered is Half Shaved"—FREE

If your dealer hasn't the LUXURY, send his name and **$3.00** and we will mail one prepaid. Test it a *month;* then if you are willing to part with it return the brush and we will refund price. Write us.

LUXURY SALES COMPANY, 382 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

2 H. P. DETROIT ENGINE

$29.50 Engine only. Without Electrical or Boat Equipment



Other sizes at proportionate prices in stock ready to ship. Single cylinder engines, 2 to 8 h. p.; double cylinders, 8 to 20 h. p.; four cylinder, 50 h. p. Engines start without cranking. No cams, no sprockets, only three moving parts. All engines counterbalanced. No vibration. Special fuel injector burns gasoline, kerosene, coal alcohol, naphtha distillate. Plastic white (no cheap babbitt used). Crankshaft steel. Bearing surfaces ground. Adjustable steel connecting rod. Waterproof ignition system. For your launch, sailboat, rowboat, stern wheel boat or railroad track car. 20,000 satisfied users. Free catalog and testimonials. **Demonstrating Agents wanted in every boating community.** Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. **Sent on 30 days' trial.** [47]

oil, bronze bearings drop forged

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS
1304 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

YOU can drink as many cups of coffee as you want—**IF** it is Baker-ized Coffee.

Baker-izing takes the chaff and the dust out of coffee. You will find both in any coffee ground in the old way.

The chaff—fine white flakes—contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter, harsh and weedy. It is not good for the coffee flavor or for the human system.

You can see coffee dust in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody and it is indigestible. It enters the stomach with the coffee and causes trouble.

Now mark you—the coffee which is freed from dust and chaff, with their injurious effects, is

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Only the choicest crops are used for Baker-ized coffee. The coffee beans are hand-picked to remove the dead and tasteless ones. They are roasted to a rich brown, every bean alike.

They are split open and the chaff is blown out. Then they are steel cut with sharp knives—into pieces of uniform size—**with no dust.**

Baker-ized coffee is put up in Sealed Tins and reaches you with full flavor and aroma.

It is a delicious, smooth and fragrant coffee. Mellow, fine and satisfying, with a delightful after-taste, and no *unpleasant* after effects.

It is the coffee that touches the spot, invigorates the spirits, braces the nerves.

Trial Can FREE

Enough for six cups of full strength. Note the absence of dust and chaff. Note the uniformity of the grains—which allows the coffee to be brewed to the exact strength desired—without oversteeping any of the grains. A pound of Baker-ized Coffee will make 15 to 20 cups more than ordinary coffee. Sold by Grocers at 35c to 40c a pound according to locality. Use the coupon.

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Secret of Good Coffee." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Baker Importing Co.
New York
Minneapolis

Name _____

Address _____

in his teeth and made up his mind to do the thing—to get a present for her which would show his gratitude; to take it to the house and to depart at once. But in spite of the last part of the resolution, when he ordered the toilet-set he had sent to a Seattle clothing store for the blue serge suit and the yellow shoes, the white shirt, and a hat such as the car-tender had worn that Christmas Eve.

Now he took the hat from its nail and donned it carefully, so that it might not disarrange his carefully parted hair. The whistle of the evening train was sounding on the last leg of the switchback. There would be some time between the train's arrival and the sorting of the mail; and until he had got through with this the Doctor would not be at liberty. Moreover, he wanted to wait until every one had left the post-office. He dallied in the timber-sheds, where some of the more reckless of the men grinned at his new attire. He showed no sign that he noticed them, but it bothered him. He felt ill at ease, and he gave his orders to the foreman curtly.

He was walking slowly with his hands behind his back. He recalled that other soft evening when his heart had been wrung by homesickness, and he had worn his father's coat and hat; when they had laughed at him. Nora had smiled mirthfully on seeing him. He must have been uncouth. He flushed, and the constraint came over him. After all, he was a rough man, a man of his work; and she might smile that way now if he came to her door. But he had fought that battle too many times of late to let the feeling endure.

Lights were glowing on the dump now. When he passed the row of flimsy wooden buildings of the town he saw their interiors, ablaze with the glare of lamps. The sound of many voices came through the doors, with it the staccato music of the pianos, the shrill, mirthless laughter of the women, the clickings of the gamblers' chips.

Behind the bar he saw Riley, who was smiling craftily as he cashed a check. The things went past his vision like swift pictures on a screen. They were like pictures of another world, a world that he had known. These men—he looked upon them from a perspective—he had envied them; he had looked up to them; he had toiled with them recklessly and lived with them wantonly; he had mastered them. Now he was master of those who drove them, maker of plans for those who directed them. The responsibility for their work was all his. He knew it now; he felt the weight of it, a potent thing that made his actions sure. He had known it for some time—since his mind had been so much away from the tunnel, wandering upon the hill. He hurried past the wide-open doors toward the Doctor's.

The Doctor had the package in his hand when Tom reached the counter. He was looking at the new clothes, smiling politely, full of dignity. "A fine fit," he said. "My word! They become you well."

Tom's smile had earnestness of inquiry. "Do they, now?" he asked.

"Indeed they do," said the Doctor. "And now the package." He showed Tom where to sign his name, and when this had been done—none too quickly—Tom took the package in his hands. He looked at its red labels doubtfully.

"Say, Doc," he said, "what am I to do?" He pointed at the wrappings. "I shudn't be packin' it up that way, shud I?"

The Doctor shook his head. "By no means," said he. "Bring it inside. We'll see to that."

In the privacy of the little sitting-room they cut the cords, and the green plush-covered box was disclosed. It lay before them. "Stunning!" said the Doctor. "That is ripping!"

Tom said nothing. He was looking at the green plush-covered box, half awed. It was a splendid thing, of another world than his, at once dainty and magnificent. He touched it with the tips of his large fingers, and the catch that held the lid sprang open. He raised the lid. The interior was lined with green silk; it was filled with things which he did not know, which he had never seen before—silver things that gleamed, glistening cut-glass bottles. He stared at them. Then he closed the cover, dusting it with his handkerchief where his fingers had touched it.

He looked at the Doctor. "'Tis the goods, all right," he said proudly.

"The tastiest thing you could have got, Mr. Morton," said the Doctor. He wrapped it carefully in tissue-paper and narrow silk ribbons. "There you are," he said finally. "Have a drink?"

But Tom was on his way to the door. The Doctor shook his head and smiled after him wisely.

His feet dragged now; he shut his teeth and climbed the path. He was holding the tissue-paper package in the crook of one big arm. All his constraint was with him. His tread upon the porch seemed to shake the house; and when he had knocked at the door he grew suddenly cold with an idea that Nora might not be at home. She answered his knock at once. "Why, good evening, Mr. Morton," she said.

He thrust the package toward her; then stopped in the movement and raised his free hand to the new hat. "I brought this," he was saying, and it was not what he had planned to tell her at all. She took the package from him to relieve him.

"Come in and sit down," she bade him, and his plans of quick departure recurred to him only after he had somewhat awkwardly taken one of the plush-covered chairs. He sat uneasily, not knowing just what to say, conscious mainly of the fact that his yellow shoes were hurting him, shifting his feet uneasily.

"How well you're looking," she said. "As well as if you'd never been hurt!"

"Yis," he said vaguely—"Yis, I'm well." He looked at the package lying on the table, and he flushed. Then, as he had always done in difficulty, he plunged in.

"I wanted to give ye somethin', a present—because ye were good to me—to thank ye fer ut." He was wondering at her self-possession, feeling lost before it.

She turned to the package. "I'd like to open it. May I?" she asked.

"Sure," he said. "Let's do ut now." He was smiling eagerly.

When she had exclaimed aloud—a little enraptured "Oh!"—and had followed it with more exclamations, he felt easy in his mind. After all, he had chosen well. It was a relief. She called her mother, and he rose, flushing again, to take her hand.

"Such a pretty color," Nora was saying.

He laughed. "'Tis a good color, me own color—grane."

"Indade, yis," Mrs. Ryan smiled at him. "Ye may say that—a good color."

Then he found that he was talking easily about the work and his mended bones, talking to the two of them. His smarting feet brought him back to himself and to his constraint. He moved them uneasily. "I must be going," he told them.

It had not been so hard, after all. And she had not laughed at him. Indeed it had been very easy—and very pleasant. He went before her to the door, feeling a little too big for the things about him. On the porch he stood uncertainly, his hat in his two large hands. "I'll be afther sayin' good night, I guess," he said.

Mrs. Ryan came and stood beside Nora. "We'd like to have ye come again—anny avenin' when 'tis convanient."

He looked swiftly toward Nora's eyes. They repeated the invitation. "Yes, won't you come?" she said.

"Indade," he said quickly, "I will—if ye don't mind."

He did not remember the things among which he walked, going to D quarters; but he knew that he walked on air.

XXII

IT WAS three months later when Jerry Morley's shift, returning to the smoke-filled heading, found what they had hoped to see—a hole where there had been a granite wall, a ragged interval that met the eastern bore.

"'Twas fine," the Old Man told Tom at D quarters. "The engineers was right to a hair; and, do ye know, we've holed her afther nigh on to four years wit' less throuble an' less men killed than iver I see in anny wan year's work before." He puffed at his cigar, red-faced, his gray eyes gleaming. "I misdoubted a while back," he went on, "but what the other side wud do the thrick. They had all the best of ut until ye tuk charge." He stopped suddenly, pulling himself up. That was the biggest compliment he had ever paid. And Tom was disconcertingly silent.

"'Twas good luck an' good min did ut fer me," Tom said finally.

"And now," said Ryan, "I'm aff agin fer Seattle tomorrow. 'Tis takin' more time than I looked fer, gettin' ready there. I'll be away a week, annyhow, this trip."

He had been absent for long intervals of late, and this was the first talk they had been able to get together for some time.

10 Cigars *for* Proof

that the Roberts Admiral is a better cigar for the money than can be purchased anywhere else. Roberts cigars are made under the most favorable conditions for the manufacture of a good cigar. Our factory is in Tampa, only three hundred and forty miles from Havana. The climate of Tampa is especially favorable for cigar making. Our factories are scientifically built and run. We employ only Cuban cigar makers. Cuban cigar makers are acknowledged to be the best in the world. In Roberts cigars is used only the finest Havana tobacco grown in Cuba, and brought directly to us.

Actual size Roberts Admiral

All cigars sent out by the Roberts factory are freshly made. We do not manufacture in excess of our orders. Every cigar is fresh and moist when received by our customers. You will realize the difference between a cigar that is fresh and one that is dry and powdery and cracks at the slightest touch, due to being kept in stock. The best cigar made can be ruined by standing in factories and stores.

The Roberts price on all cigars is the lowest price consistent with the manufacture of the best article. We have no salesmen, agents or distributors, selling only directly from the factory, thus cutting out such unnecessary costs. That you may know for yourself the quality of Roberts Admirals write us to-day, using your business card or letterhead. Ask us to send you one hundred Roberts Admiral cigars. Your choice of mild, medium or strong. Don't send a single penny with your order. We will send these cigars immediately and prepay the express charges.

SMOKE TEN OF THESE CIGARS AND THEN WITHIN TEN DAYS SIMPLY REMIT $6.50, OR RETURN THE REMAINING NINETY CIGARS AT OUR EXPENSE.

This should give you good proof whether our cigars are what we claim for them, and whether they suit your individual taste.

We make a complete line of Havana cigars ranging from $5.50 to $8.50 per hundred. This is a good business proposition. We do not ask you to purchase what you do not want, but we desire you to become acquainted with the Roberts Admiral cigar, because we believe that we are offering you a better cigar than can possibly be purchased elsewhere at twice the cost.

Write to-day. As to our responsibility, we refer you to Dun and Bradstreet.

J. W. ROBERTS & SON
Dept. C, Tampa, Florida

$18

Bennett Portable In U. S. & Canada
TYPEWRITER

Guaranteed One Year
SOLD ON APPROVAL

THIS wonderful new typewriter, at one-sixth the cost, with one-tenth the number of parts, does the same work as expensive machines with quickness, neatness and ease.

The **Bennett** is a portable, visible-writing, ink-ribbon typewriter; standard keyboard; light, simple, speedy, compact, strong. In neat case, size only 2x5x11 inches, weight only 4½ pounds. Made from best materials by experts.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS

for free illustrated catalog and sample of writing. Don't pay more than $18 for a typewriter until you know the **Bennett**. Don't pay less than $100 unless you buy a **Bennett**.

Inquire price in foreign countries.

Agents wanted for a few unfilled territories.

M. F. Bennett Typewriter Company,
366 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES, 2½c EACH

Send dull Double or Single edge blades for *re-sharpening* by our wonderful process. We make them sharper than new. 30c per dozen.

CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., **10c.** 100 dif. Jap., N. Zld, etc., **5c. Big list, coupons, etc., Free! We Buy Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

ELECTRIC GARDEN HOSE

Will not kink, crack, split or burst.

Before it leaves the factory every foot of Electric Hose is tested by hydraulic pressure twelve to fifteen times greater than hydrant pressure.

To make Electric Hose, a jacket of seine twine is braided over a tube of pure rubber. Another tube is "pulled" over the jacket. Another jacket is braided over the second tube,—and so on. The final, outer tube of rubber is heavily corrugated. All the alternating tubes and jackets are vulcanized by tremendous pressure into a unified fabric of extraordinary strength.

Electric costs but little more than ordinary hose. It lasts three times as long.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO.
Wilmington, Del.

Send for our "Garden and Lawn Cyclopedia"—a booklet of great value to every home owner. Address Department A.

Your Personal Appearance

is improved by good teeth.
Have better teeth by using

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They made the best of it, discussing details of the job's winding-up.

"By that time," Ryan said when they had done with the last of these details—"By that time I'll be ready fer ye down below." He paused and looked at Tom, half frowning. He was battling with an impulse; and prudence finally gained the victory. "I c'n give ye a place bossin'," he said. "And chances are ye can work up to a walker." Tom thanked him absently. The Old Man rose to go.

"Set down," said Tom, "if ye've a minute ye c'n give me." His face was a little graver than usual; it looked almost drawn. Ryan looked at it curiously as he took the chair. They were both silent for a moment.

"Well," asked the Old Man, "what's on yer mind?"

"'Tis this," said Tom quietly. "Ye've been away a good bit av late, and I've not had the chance to tell ye befure; I'm going to marry Nora."

"You're going to marry Nora?" Ryan leaped from his chair. His face became deep crimson. "Just say that again," he asked slowly.

"To marry Nora," Tom repeated quietly. "She said the word a week ago." He raised his hand in a silencing gesture as Ryan stamped his booted foot. "I ask yer lave," he went on steadily. His voice was even, but it had respect. He was of a sudden realizing that Ryan was an older man.

"Ye ask my lave?" Ryan repeated, then he stamped the floor again, and words came to him.

"Blackguard me all ye like," said Tom when he had done. "A rough man I have been and I know ut, none betther. But I am as good as ye, and I have done what was my right. 'Twas yer wife asked me to the house herself."

"My wife!" shouted Ryan. "I'll see about this. I'll see me wife, and I'll see what this is. To marry Nora!" He stamped out of the room.

Tom had been alone for an hour when the car-tender came in. "Ye luk," he said, "as if ye'd lost yer best friend. What's gone wrong wit' ye?"

"I've rowed wit' Ryan," said Tom.

The car-tender smiled expansively. "Oho!" he said. "Oho! Ye've rowed wit' Ryan! That wud be over Nora."

"Be quiet, man!" said Tom sternly. "What do ye know av Nora?"

"Only this," said the car-tender aggressively. "Only what Moran's knows an' ivery wan on the hill knows, that ye two will some day marry. Have folk no sinse nor eyes? An' so ye rowed wit' Ryan! Well, don't let that disturb ye. 'Tis Ryan's old woman runs that house, not Ryan." He grinned and went away with a clap on Tom's shoulder.

It was nearly noon before Ryan came back from talking with his wife. He sat down heavily. "Got a cigar about ye?" he asked. When Tom had handed him one he lighted it and puffed in silence for a moment. "About that job," he said. "Ye will take charge at the north portal fer a few mont's till we get started. By that time ye'll know saft ground work. And ye will be ready then to run the whole thing."

"Ye mane ——" said Tom, and his voice was strained with eagerness.

"I mane," said Ryan, "that, bein' a married man, ye will be settled down then and fit fer superintendent."

. . . . . .

It takes some people longer than others to tell a thing. This is in part because the language of different persons, speaking what is called the same tongue, varies widely. The hard-rock men used English above all other purposes for quick expression. Jerry Morley utilized the advantages of their speech a few years later by a bunkhouse stove. The circle of drill-runners hearkened while he raised his grizzled head and removed his black pipe from his lips to impart a history. Said Jerry:

"White-Hat Morton they call him; but nivver to his face. 'Twas at Snowslide we first seen him, a raw mick. He was grane thin, but his fists was hard. Wanst he licked five men. He pounded his way up to headin' boss. Then he got wise an' cut out whisky, an' they made him walker. Afther that he married Gunnysack Ryan's Nora. Now luk at him—driver av us all!"

Only one thing did Jerry omit. His tongue was not apt at handling gentler things, like love.

THE END

Editor's Note—This story will be followed next week by Robert W. Chambers' new serial, Ailsa Paige.

It's like the cool, pleasant country anywhere if you have a Westinghouse fan in the house. The new Westinghouse 8-inch residence fan is a featherweight—weighs only 4½ pounds. A child can easily carry it about. Put it in the kitchen, the library, the sick room, the bed-room. Use it all day and all night, too. It costs only ¼ cent an hour to operate.

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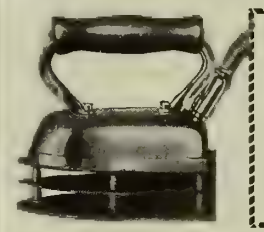

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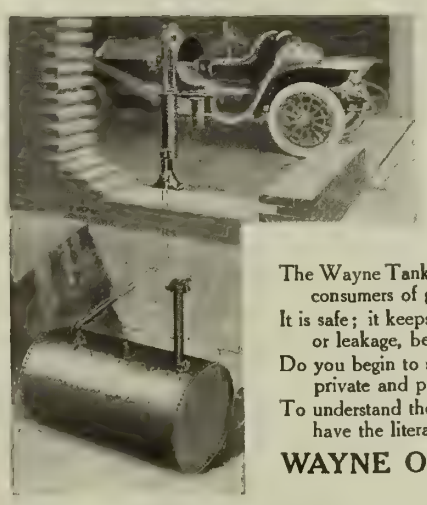

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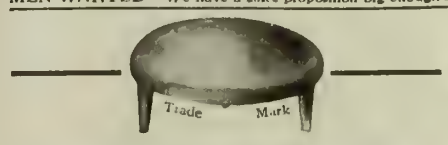

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BURNING MONEY IN BUNDLES

(Continued from Page 13)

"All right," I remarked casually; "you want fifty cars of run o' mine and I want to sell them to you. But," I inquired blandly, "do you really know just what sort of run o' mine you really want?"

For a moment he gaped in uncertainty, and then began to scowl.

"Now don't try any new tricks to rob me!" he retorted, with what urbanity he could muster. "You know me, and you know I want the lowest-priced coal you've got!"

At the time I was selling three different classes of bituminous. One was a high-quality, slow-burning, heavy gas coal, low in sulphur, ash and moisture. Delivered on his factory siding it would cost him $2.10 a ton of 2000 pounds. The second coal was a lighter, less powerful coal that contained a higher percentage of impurities, but as an offset to this the freight rate was ten cents lower. Therefore, I could deliver it on his siding at a flat $2 a ton. For a third choice I had a still lower-priced coal, a flashy, free-burning fuel, much higher than the two others in its content of the three impurities. This I could sell to him at $1.90 a ton delivered. So, when the factory man grunted "the cheapest," I smiled and asked him a question.

"The cheapest in price, or the cheapest in value?" I demanded.

Again the scowl. After a moment's dumb disdain he shot out his jaw.

"Say! what are you driving at, anyhow?" he inquired testily.

So I took a pencil and tried to show him.

In the $2.10 coal there were 15,000* heat units to the pound, and only 3½ per cent of ash. This, as you know, meant only 70 pounds of ashes to each ton of coal. Moisture amounted to a flat one per cent and sulphur .75 per cent.

In coal No. 2—the $2 kind—there were 13,500 heat units, a little more than 5 per cent of ash and 1.25 per cent of sulphur. Furthermore, its moisture was nearly two per cent.

Coal No. 3 was only an average, middling kind. It contained about 12,000 heat units to the pound, while its ash ran up to 7.50 per cent. Sulphur was close to 1.75 and moisture nearly 3 per cent.

The Cheapest Coal the Dearest

What I showed him on paper was this: Since coal No. 1 contained 15,000 B. t. u. to the pound, and coal No. 2 only 13,500, coal No. 2 had only 90 per cent of the other's strength. Therefore, it would take $2.22 worth of No. 2 coal to do the work of one ton of the $2.10 kind. In the case of the No. 3, or $1.90 coal, it would require one and one-quarter tons, or $2.40 worth, to produce the heat of one ton of coal No. 1. In each case there was still further the additional labor cost for hauling ashes.

During the object-lesson my factory friend looked on with a saturnine smile. At the conclusion he shrugged himself and grunted.

"Tommyrot!" said he succinctly; "coal is coal. I've heard all this talk about heat units before. It's nothing but hot air. Gimme the dollar-ninety kind."

Nor would he be persuaded otherwise. As I recall now, there were 2480 tons in the trainload he bought, so it will be easy for any one to estimate the rate at which he was losing his money. For me, however, the experience was invaluable. This was because of a remark he made when I strove anew to convince him.

"Look here, now," he growled with an air of satisfied conviction; "I wasn't born yesterday. If there was really that much difference between coals, you coal robbers would long ago have charged us a full price for the difference."

If the coal robbers, as he called them, only realized the facts, it is probably true that they would. But they don't realize—or, at all events, very few of them do—for in America no other commodity is so rarely sold on its own merits. Far and wide, about all the seller does to grade its quality is to class the fuel according to the district in which it is mined. And this is despite the fact that few other staples are subject

*These figures are more or less arbitrary and are assumed for the sake of simplifying the explanation. However, they are not far out of the way.

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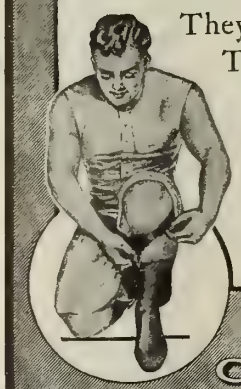

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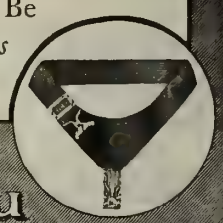

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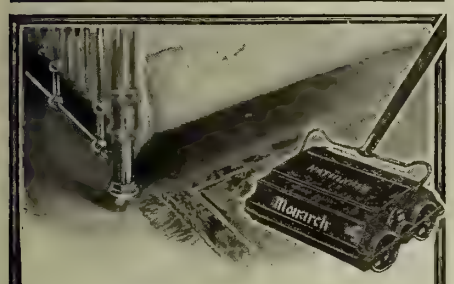

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to such variations in character. A district may set a standard, but this by no means guarantees the quality of all the fuel it produces. For example, the best coal mined on the Youghiogheny River is the best coal mined inside the Pittsburgh Forty-mile District—still it would be anything but the truth to say that all the coal on the Yough is always the highest grade. One pit may be sending up the best, while a pit three miles away, or perhaps two miles, or even a single mile, may be lifting coal that a bonemill would blush to burn. Coal cut in one part of a pit differs from coal cut in another part. The difference may not be great enough for you to detect when you burn it, yet the difference is there. Say that you use 50,000 tons a year. Then, if all your supply comes from an old and worn-out section of the works where only the pillar coal remains, it would put a pretty serious dent in your pocketbook.

The screenings from such a source are especially high in impurities. There is more ash, more slate to make the ash, because the more the roof rock is exposed to the air the more it flakes off, falls to the floor and is ultimately scraped up with the fine coal.

In one section the binding slate may be thicker or the roof softer, more friable. Hence more loose slate to make more residual ash. Or there may be more sulphur, more moisture in one section of the vein than there is in an adjoining section. There are many causes to make a fuel vary in quality, yet sellers sell it and buyers keep on buying it at a price graded virtually by the district, and by little else.

But raw cotton isn't gauged according to the field from which it comes. Nor are corn, wheat, flax, tobacco and so on. The worth of each depends on its merits and on its merits only. Not even tobacco, the most uncertain of farm products, shows a greater range in quality, district for district, than does the coal you so blindly buy with no realization of its real intrinsic value.

Accept this as a fact: No user of any sort of fuel can feel sure he is getting what he pays for unless that fuel be subjected constantly to minute and scrupulous tests.

A Model Contract for Coal-Users

One manufacturing plant that discovered this after a long and painful experience is in Cleveland, Ohio. Today its yearly contracts for fuel stipulate that payment for every carload lot shall be based on the coal's heating value and its freedom from impurities; and though many coal men profess to look on this novelty with suspicion, it will still be only a question of time when every ton of coal mined in the United States will be sold to the consumer under precisely the same conditions.

In effect, that company's contracts are as just to the dealers as to itself. In asking for bids it stipulates that the bidder shall first submit for trial and analysis a car or number of cars; and that at the same time each bidder shall name a price at which he will supply coal of a like kind and quality during the provided term of the contract. It further stipulates that in event of closing the deal the company shall have the right at any time to reject each and every carload that is found on analysis to contain over and above a certain percentage of impurities. So that the contract shall be clearly advantageous to both sides, it also presents a scale of payments to be added to or deducted from the fixed price base whenever the heating value of the coal runs respectively above or below a certain established figure.

When this or kindred systems are put into effect by all consumers we shall hear a good deal less about the dishonesty and trickery of the coal trade. Fraud does exist, of course, and in no small degree. Yet, after all, fraud is by no means so general as one might expect it to be, when one takes into account the many opportunities open to unscrupulous methods. As I have tried to say, ignorance is at the base of all the trouble and, as very often happens, the dealer is often as ignorant as his client. Learn about coal and it will be money in your pocket. Knowledge is the first price you must pay for economy, and after that comes eternal vigilance.

But don't assume from this that coal is rarely tested. Just the contrary. Yet the fact remains that in many cases where the tests are carried out they are made so infrequently and in such a manner that their

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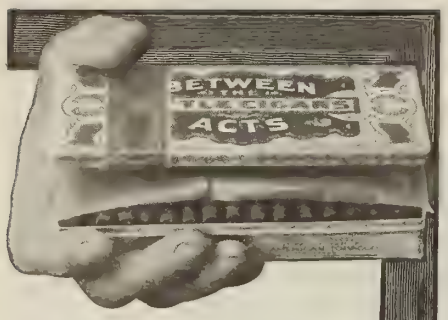

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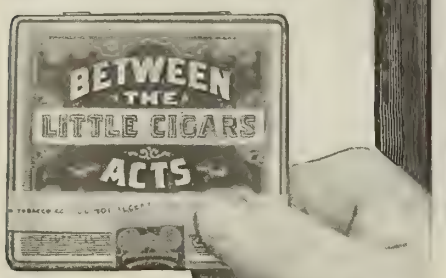

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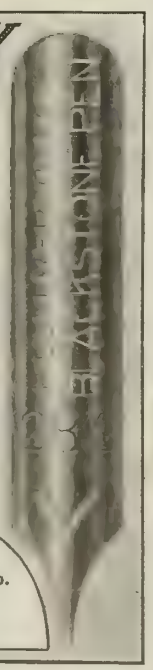
Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles



The name "Esterbrook" stands for all that is best in pens.

The standard of the world.

All styles—fine, medium and broad points.

Ask your stationer.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.

95 John Street, New York

Works: Camden, N. J.

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own object is clearly defeated. It will do you little good to test the coal only when you first sign a contract. If you buy by the carload it will pay you to test every car—or at all events to test it for the ash, anyway. From the amount of residue one may obtain a practical, rough-and-ready idea of the coal's value, because the higher the quality the lower the ash. Such a test is made by many competent analytical chemists for the nominal charge of $1 or $1.50. Better still, do it on your own premises. Any employee of average intelligence can master the ash-test process easily.

But remember this: not any amount of safeguards and vigilance will protect you from waste unless you fully inform yourself of the specific character of the fuel you happen to use. Each separate kind and quality of coal requires a separate method of handling. You can't slap soft coal into a furnace built for anthracite, nor vice versa, and expect to get full results. Nor may all grades of coal, whether the coal is anthracite or bituminous, be stoked in the same way. Coking coals require a different treatment from the non-coking kind. Draft also plays a significant part. If the draft be good, the fire should be moderately thick; the contrary is indicated if the draft be poor. Mechanical stokers offer the best means for economical stoking, yet not every kind of coal can be used in every kind of mechanical stoker. Not so very long ago I had this brought home to me in a way not very conducive to my own peace of mind.

Good Coal in the Wrong Firebox

One of my customers had been buying two carloads a week of light, fair-quality coal. Delivered on his siding, it cost him about fifteen cents a ton less than Youghiogheny gas coal, which has a high coking quality. However, after signing a contract in the spring, my client put in a narrow-bed stoker which, when used with the light non-coking coal, gave excellent results. But during the summer a serious car shortage arose in the field where the lighter coal was mined. Our mines were shut down, there was no immediate prospect of getting any cars; so, to keep my customer from running out of fuel, I put on his siding a couple of cars of Youghiogheny gas coal. By the transaction I lost fifteen cents a ton, though to repay me I had the consolation of feeling my customer would appreciate his benefit. Instead, three days later he called me up on the telephone, and in a voice ringing with injury and indignation loudly declared his troubles.

"You've shut down my factory!" he cried. "The fire's out under the boilers and the engineer threatens to quit unless he gets decent fuel."

A good deal disturbed, I put on my hat and went out to have a look. At the first blush it seemed incredible that even the worst Youghiogheny should act as he described. Maybe the wrong coal had been set off on his siding. Possibly the railroad had made the mistake of sending him some one else's cars. But when I read the car numbers and saw the coal I knew it to be Youghiogheny of the very highest grade. Meanwhile my friend, the factory man, sawed the air with his arms.

"It's the worst dirt I ever burned," he protested wildly, and instantly corrected himself—"tried to burn, I mean. It wouldn't burn if you soaked it in kerosene and built a fire beneath it."

This was going it strong. I kept my patience, however, and asked to be shown the boiler-room. Still sawing the air, my customer led me inside, and at a glance I saw the cause of the trouble.

It was the mechanical stoker's fault. Or, more truthfully speaking, the fault was due to trying to burn a coking coal in this type of stoker. The feed channel was too narrow, the side plates of the grate were set at too acute an angle; and, furthermore, the feed regulator was fixed at too high a notch, at too great a speed, for that particular kind of heavy, slow-burning fuel. As a result of this, a swollen mass of coked, half-burned coal choked up all the drafts so that the fire was strangled effectually. Nor was it possible to regulate the stoker so that it would allow the coal to burn. For half a day the engineer and I tried it, and then we gave up in disgust. Afterward there was nothing left to do but to hunt around the market until I could find enough non-coking coal to keep my client going.

"HAMILTON-MADE" GARDEN HOSE

Why it is made so stiff.

BECAUSE hose that is stiff and springy does not "kink."

Because hose that does not kink will not break.

Because hose that will not break stands wear and use for years.

Because hose that wears long is CHEAP.

That's HAMILTON-MADE HOSE. It may cost you a little more the first year, but it costs a great deal LESS the second, and third, and fourth, and every year afterward.

HAMILTON-MADE HOSE is made by our OLD, SLOW PROCESS, which produces such stiff, springy, long-lasting hose. An inner tube of pure "live" rubber is tightly wrapped with layer after layer of close-woven duck, all vulcanized tight together, with an outside cover of tough rubber to take the wear. After seasoning, every foot is TESTED under tremendous hydraulic pressure, to discover the slightest defect. This enables us to GUARANTEE our hose to stand enormous pressures. Most makers will not do this.

There's a HAMILTON-MADE HOSE for every different use and pressure, each grade made BETTER THAN IS NECESSARY to meet the requirements for that use, at prices from 10 to 25 cents a foot. Whatever grade of hose you need, ask the dealer for HAMILTON-MADE, and you will be certain of getting the BEST HOSE OF THAT GRADE that is made.

Here are some of the leading grades of Hamilton-Made Garden Hose. Note that Every label bears the words HAMILTON-MADE

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

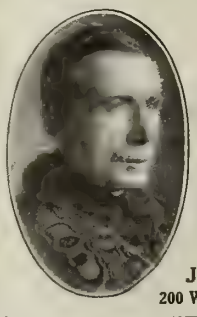
If your dealer has not HAMILTON-MADE HOSE on hand, we will deliver to you anywhere in the United States FREIGHT PREPAID, 50-foot lengths of our highest grade hose, complete with standard brass couplings, for the regular price, $12.50 each length. This splendid hose stands a pressure of 750 POUNDS TO THE SQUARE INCH, and while it is our highest-priced garden hose, it lasts so long that it is in reality probably the CHEAPEST hose made.

If you want hose of a different grade, write us for samples and the names of dealers near you.

Hamilton Rubber Manufacturing Co.

Trenton, New Jersey

Cardinal Gibbons says:



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At bookstores or write us.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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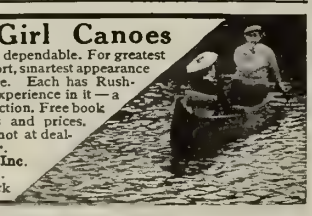

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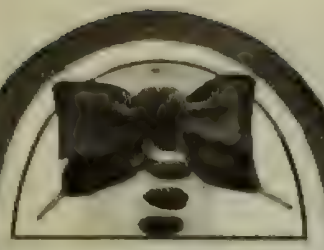

Every pair guaranteed 3 months

You're sure to be satisfied with **Nufashond.** Slide freely through the eyelets; doubly reinforced where the real wear comes; tie into a neat bow without crushing; and are guaranteed besides.

Nufashond
TRADE MARK REG.
Patented May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces

are the only laces of their kind, and they retain their lustre and beauty because they are all pure silk. Finished with patented fast-color tips that won't come off.

25 cents per pair—black, tan, and ox-blood—for men's and women's oxfords. At all shoe and dry-goods stores, and haberdashers. Every pair stamped "**Nufashond**" on the tips, and put up in a sealed box. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, if your dealer can't supply you.

Write for booklet which shows our complete line of shoe laces at every price, including our "**N F 10**," the best for high shoes. **Guaranteed 6 months.**

"**N F**" **Silk Corset Laces.** Full lengths of strongest, most perfect braid. Various lengths, widths and colors. Absolutely clean—in sealed envelopes. **25 cents to $1.**

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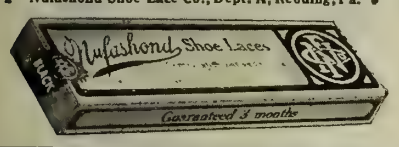

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G&J TIRES

Admitted by bicycle manufacturers and riders to be the *best* made. Wear longest, ride easiest and are most convenient to repair.

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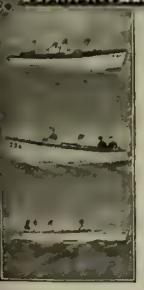
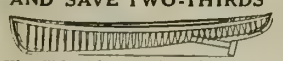
SHIPPED KNOCK DOWN **BROOKS BOATS** EASILY PUT TOGETHER
GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY



BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT AND SAVE TWO-THIRDS



We will furnish you with all the parts of a boat, machined, cut to shape, and accurately fitted together prior to shipment, or we will furnish you with instructions, and full sized paper patterns, from which you can build a boat by purchasing the material locally. For the year 1910 we have made the enormous cut of 33⅓% from our regular prices—just one-third less than they were last year. Send for our New Catalog No. 24—it's free. The exceedingly low prices will amaze you.

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WHAT SCHOOL Write fully what kind of school you seek, location preferred, expense limit, etc., and you will receive, *free of charge*, catalogues of schools meeting the requirements indicated. Complete 252 page Directory of all schools and colleges in the United States, mailed for 10c to cover postage.

Educational Aid Society, 1142-62 1st Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago

Another case where I put in a higher quality and still got into trouble occurred in a neighboring factory. In this instance, also, the consumer used the same light, non-coking coal, but, instead of firing by mechanical stokers, shoveled all the fuel by hand.

Mr. Coal Man's Yuletide Troubles

Christmas drew near. Applied to the coal trade this fact is synonymous with trouble. In my own particular case there were a number of new and unfamiliar clients on my books; and knowing the thorny hedge of graft and greed that borders the fuel business, I began to creep with the same sense of apprehension that affects every other coal man at the approach of the merry Yuletide. At the outset the cloud appeared in the shape of another car shortage. In a day or two we began to be pinched for our needs of the lighter, cheaper coal; so, in order to keep our customers going, we either went into the market and bought when we could, or when we couldn't buy substituted gas coal in place of the other. In every boiler house where they fired by hand this meant a big gratuitous profit to the consumer.

But three days before Christmas the kicks came in. There were two of them the first day and three on the following. In each case, be it known, firemen or engineers were behind the kicks; and in each and every instance they were inspired by graft and not by the quality of the coal. Ten dollars or so apiece would have silenced these petty grafters, but I made up my mind not to bribe them. Instead, I got the heating expert from a boiler works; and clad in overalls we appeared at the first of the factories. There we obtained the willing sanction of the superintendent to handle the boilers ourselves. The fireman had so jockeyed with the fires that at the moment of our arrival the gauge showed barely a working pressure of 60 pounds. In half an hour we had it up to a flat 100, with the engines and pumps taking their maximum supply of steam. Then we turned over the boilers to a badly frightened engineer and went on to the next grafter. Here the conditions were almost a duplicate, and the same was true in the next two places. But in the final boiler-room, that of a large carding mill, we caught a tartar.

Why the Flue Did Not Draw

Steam was furnished by a single large boiler of the water-tube type. The gauge read less than 70 pounds. There was hardly power enough to turn over the big Corliss engine, and as the mill was lighted by its own dynamo the lamp filaments were glowing a sickly, cherry red. "Yeh, your coal's just rotten," said the sulky person in charge.

The boiler expert and I got to work. We worked for an hour, our eyes fixed anxiously on the gauge. Still the needle stuck close to 70, while in the background a surly, heavy-faced engineer looked on with a furtive, sardonic grin. Another hour passed. We put on coal and took off coal. We raked and combed and drew the fires until our backs ached with the effort. Then toward the end of the second hour my assistant suddenly threw down his slicebar, peered intently into the furnace and gave an animated grunt.

"Well, if that wouldn't grab you!" he remarked, and grinning gleefully rushed around to the back of the boiler. A moment later I heard him knock open the manhole cover that gave access to the interior of the chimney. Then he yelled.

"Sure it would grab you!" said he, and after a struggle dragged into view a contraption made out of asbestos boiler covering. Shoved into the chimney by the engineer it had effectually choked down the draft. Twenty minutes later we had the boiler blowing off, and meanwhile the surly fellow had departed, never to return.

No, the coal man is not the only one that coal makes a crook. Ask salesmen, too, what tricks consumers play when the time comes to renew the yearly contracts—to beat down the quoted prices. Some coal men are tricky, no doubt. But there are others, too.

Summer Complexion Hints

"Don't Envy a Good Complexion; Use Pompeian and Have One"

Face Shine After a hot, dusty day the average skin is dark, "cloudy" and shiny. Soap and water afford only partial relief. Pompeian goes to the base of the trouble—pores clogged by dust and excess oil due to perspiration. Try a light Pompeian massage when you are dressing for the evening. You will be pleased to discover how clear, clean and refreshed your skin will look and also how free from unpleasant face-shine, for Pompeian removes the excess oil and hidden dust from the pores. Usually in summer Pompeian can be applied to the skin without first moistening the face.

"A Tired Face" has its muscles drawn and fatigued by summer heat. A Pompeian massage will invigorate the tired muscles and impart a wonderfully refreshed feeling and appearance. Try a light Pompeian massage when you dress for the evening. You will look and feel 50 per cent. better.

Pompeian Massage Cream

"Don't Envy a Good Complexion; Use Pompeian and Have One"

Tan is not becoming to a delicate feminine skin, especially if evening dress is to be worn. Pompeian overcomes tan because a Pompeian massage takes off the dark, "dead," dried tissue that results from exposure to sun and wind.

Note Do not apply Pompeian to a skin still inflamed by sun-burn. Since Pompeian must be rubbed on and off, you can readily see that this process will only increase the irritation. Use Pompeian to remove tan only after the inflammation due to sun-burn has ceased.

Automobilists find that Pompeian takes out the dust from the pores as nothing else will do. The "automobile complexion" has come to stay, except when Pompeian is used to overcome it.

"Don't Envy a Good Complexion; Use Pompeian and Have One"

All Dealers, 50c, 75c, $1.

Trial jar sent for 6 cents in stamps or coin.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
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Cut out along this line, fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
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Gentlemen:— Enclosed find 6c. Please send me special trial jar Pompeian Massage Cream. (Coin or stamps.)

Name .....

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If You Have Something To Fix **Don't Use Make-Shift Tools**

UTICA TRADE MARK

To mend the gas jet, to hang a picture, to bend or cut a wire, to hold something firmly, to do many, many things, see that you have a pair of

PLIERS Utica Pliers

The Only Plier that Fits the Hand.

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HOUSEHOLDERS
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Get a pair at your Hardware or Electrical Supply store today. If you are already a Plier or Nipper user you will appreciate the superior quality, design and material of Utica Pliers. If you have never used a plier you will wonder how such a tool could be made so useful and powerful. Insist upon getting the UTICA. Guaranteed satisfactory in every way or your money back.

Household Plier No. 700, Price 85 cents at dealers. 15 cents extra for mailing from us. Wire cutter and Plier combined. Has screwdriver at end of handle. One of many different styles and sizes. If your Hardware or Electrical Supply dealer does not carry full stock write us for descriptive catalogue, that shows all necessary styles, sizes and prices for everybody.

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Ideal Vacation Hat 50c

For Men, Women and Children

All sizes. Greatest hat bargain of the season. **Over 65,000 sold to pleased customers.** Guaranteed hand-woven in Mexico from palm fibre. Colored design brim, double weave, light, comfortable, cool and durable. Sticks to the head. Water will not hurt it. Just the bat for fishing, outing or gardening. Same hat but plain brim, 40 cts.—both, 75 cts.

Money back if not satisfactory. Summer Sale Catalog of other Mexican and Panama Hat Bargains FREE.

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Heyl's Humus, Inoculated with **Heyl's Concentrated Nitrogen Producer,** the best Nitrogen cultures made, increasing crops up to 300%, when applied according to our booklet, supplying not only Nitrogen to soil but acting as complete Humusfertilizer. Booklet sent on request.

Price for Heyl's Humus, F.O.B. N.Y., per 100 lbs., enough for one acre, $2.00.

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Good for the inoculation of all Leguminous seeds and growing crops. Expert advice given to farmers or garden owners without charge.

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If you want a small farm, or a big one, at from $7 to $12 per acre, send for my free, illustrated Mississippi booklet. Facts vouched for by State Department of Agriculture. Investors and Land Companies desiring large tracts at wholesale prices also please address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Northern Representative, G. & S. I. R. R., 270 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

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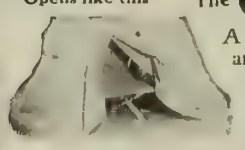

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A complete camping outfit in your hand. Take it anywhere. Opened it measures 7 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in. Closed 3 ft. 6 in. x 10 in. Storm-proof. Goes in launch, canoe or auto. Price complete, delivered. Send for Booklet O. **$8.95**

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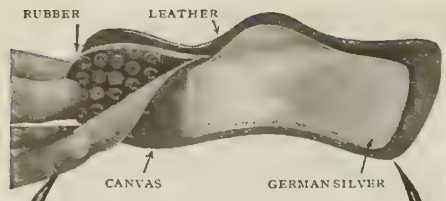

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Note that Rubber Cushion!

This is the arch support **without rigidity.** The cushion under the heel allows the weight gradually to approach the arch support, which gives slightly. The support can be made high or low as necessary. The ideal relief for the weak or flat arch is

Foster's Arch Support and Heel Cushion

With these supports in your shoes, you can stand or walk all day without fatigue or pain. **Read this letter.**

FOSTER RUBBER CO. WARREN, KENTUCKY.

Gentlemen:— Please find enclosed check to cover the above. To say that the supports are a great comfort would hardly be enough, as they have saved me many hours of pain. Yours truly,
(Signed) W. D. BELVIN.

Get FOSTER'S ARCH SUPPORTS at your dealers— or send $2 and the size of your shoes and we will send a pair postpaid.

Send for our free folder revealing the secret of tired feet and showing you how to obtain relief. We will even send a pair on approval to be paid for, or returned, if you wish. **Write today.**

Tred-Air Heel Cushions

Go **inside** your shoes. Cheaper, lighter, springier, than ordinary rubber heels. **Sent Postpaid for 25 cents. State Size of Shoe.**

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
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HAYDEN FILM TANK $1

Takes all sizes up to 4x5. The best, simplest and most improved film tank on the market. Does perfect work.

Hayden's improved film printing frame—75c.
Hayden's convertible plate frame with post-al attachment 6½ x 8½—$1.50; 8 x 10—$1.75.
Hayden's convertible plate tank, 2 sizes—5 x 7 and 8 x 10—$3.50 each.
Hayden's tank developer, 6 packages for 25c.
Hayden's dry plates, the best for studio and amateur work.

Send for catalog No. 1, giving full description of our specialties.

A. C. HAYDEN & CO., BROCKTON, MASS.
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SHIPPED IN SECTIONS **BROOKS** FINISHED AT HOME
FURNITURE
GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY

SAVE $1.00 A MINUTE

It will take you 30 minutes to put it together.

No. 6 Davenport Seven Feet Long

Our Price Cushions Complete $19.25. Dealer's Price $50.00.

You do not pay exorbitant freight charges.
You do not pay expensive crating charges.
You do not pay high finishing cost.
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You pay but one profit only—our profit.

Catalog 10 showing complete line of Mission Furniture **Free**

BROOKS MFG. CO.
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BRER FOX SAYS *Use A FOX MOTOR In Your Boot*

Fox Motors

Hold the WORLD'S Endurance Record.
Made in 18 Sizes. 3½ to 80 H. P.
30 Days' FREE Trial. Five Years' Guarantee.

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$200 Genuine Confederate Money 25c
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10 Broken Bank Notes, Fine Assortment $1.00
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DIVVER & CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Sense and Nonsense

The Flight

A dash of rain on the cabin pane,
And the hum of the old camp-kettle;
A candle wan in the chilly dawn,
And a thrill of the cold gunmetal;
A steaming cup and a springing up
With a cry and a scalded mouth,
As the clarion cry peals sweet and high
From the wild geese going south.

Oh, what is the mirth of the battle's birth?
Oh, what is the call of glory?
No note yet born to the trooper's horn,
No thrill of a world-told story,
Can quicken the heart like an early start
With the dogs, through the blowzy heather,
When the wild geese stream through the wintry gleam,
In the van of the roaring weather.

And the blest returns where the campfire burns,
Far over the lakes, afoam
With the wind's last flight in the frosty light,
As the birchbark dances home.
Come peace or war; come a lucky star!
Can you shower such spoil as I?
As the shining prey of a day's foray
Through the lines of the hunting sky?

—*Calvin Johnston.*

The Rose o' Sharon Tree

I

'Twas long, oh, long ago, though it seems but yesterday—
(The years, they are so many! my hair turning gray!)—
When all the world seemed great and wide,
So full of joy for me,
As I dreamed in the sunshine 'neath
The Rose o' Sharon Tree.

II

The years seemed so many then, the days seemed so long,
Age seemed so far away, the wealth of life so strong;
The ship of fortune sailed for me
A distant, sunny sea,
And I built my little castles 'neath
The Rose o' Sharon Tree.

III

The years are not so many now—it seems but yesterday—
The swift days fled so fast and fleet that bore my dreams away!—
The world has grown a little thing—
A weary thing to me,
Since the golden days of dreaming 'neath
The Rose o' Sharon Tree.

IV

My castles are in ruins; my ship has sailed in vain;
Life has brought the wanderlust, but never home again;
Yet the dearest of all treasures
That mem'ry brings to me,
Is that wee girl adreaming 'neath
The Rose o' Sharon Tree. — *Louise Paley.*

To Eat or Not to Eat

TWO well-known New Yorkers, after a lively winter of it, went together to a mineral springs establishment to revive. They called on the doctor, explained that they wanted to cut everything out and get back on earth again.

The doctor told them how to take their baths, what exercise to take, and gave them a diet list with various items of food on it checked in leadpencil.

They took the baths, but had a hard time of it when it came to the diet, because they liked none of the things marked. Still, they stuck it out for three days, did the best they could with the food, exercised, bathed; then went to the doctor.

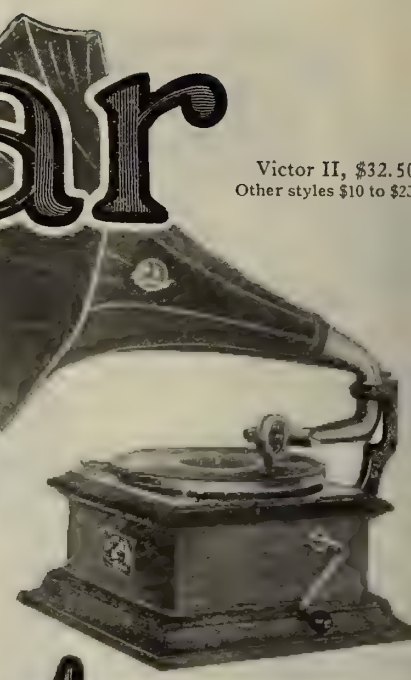
"Say, Doc," said one of them, "can't you loosen up a little on this diet? We are doing exactly what you told us to, but neither one of us likes any of those things you checked on that bill. Can't you let us have a little something more?"

"What's that?" asked the doctor.

"I say we don't like a darned one of those things you checked off for us to eat."

"For you to eat?" roared the doctor. "Why, you idiots! the things I checked off were the things you were not to eat!"

Hear the Victor



Victor II, $32.50
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We want you to know this wonderful musical instrument as we know it; to hear it and realize as we do the height of perfection it has reached in recent years; to enjoy with us and the thousands upon thousands of Victor owners, the world's best music, played as you have never heard it before.

You owe it to yourself to hear the Victor. Go today to the nearest Victor dealer's, and he will gladly play—without obligation—any Victor music you want to hear.

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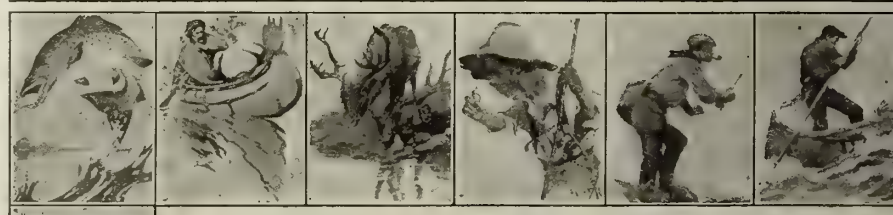
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



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The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN represents for you twelve delightful trips a year—fishing, hunting, camping, tramping; rod, dog, rifle, gun. It deals with the things of life that you love best—field, wood, stream; song of reel, crack of rifle, and the joyful, restful things of true camp life. It will lure you away from the monotonous grind of everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of the glorious open; make you forget troubles; put new life in you. Fortunate is he who can break away from work for a brief outing each year, but the contents of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN each month will keep your heart warm and red blood sizzling ALL THE TIME.

A Magazine Known Among Its Readers as "Head Camp"

The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is fondly known among its big brotherhood bunch of 100,000 subscribers as "Head Camp"—just like a big camp in the woods with a hundred thousand loyal friends of yours sitting around the fire smoking their pipes and spinning yarns. Come, brother, draw up around the cheerful blaze, and tell us a good story if you can, or just sit and listen. TWELVE TRIPS A YEAR—160 pages a month or 1900 pages in all, crammed full of stories of outdoor sport and adventure, life pictures of fish and game,—the best literature in the world for any man or boy of good red blood.

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Instant acceptance of this offer is your only choice if you love the life of THE GREAT RIGHT WAY for which the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN stands, and on receipt of $1.00 for a year's subscription we will send you by return mail the NINE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES WITHOUT CHARGE.

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Sterling Tires are biggest for their rated size. Put them on

the scales with any other and you'll see one reason why they wear best. Sterling Blue Tubes are higher in price, but have no competition in quality. Method of making is patented—no other can ever be as good. Dealers everywhere. Booklet. *Sterling Rubber Works, Rutherford, N. J.*

June 10, Hotpoint Day

Set Aside to Show the American Housewife a New Means of Comfort and Economy.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, will be Hotpoint Day throughout the United States and Canada. Dealers everywhere will offer the American Housewife an opportunity to test and try the Hotpoint Electric Iron. THE IRON FOR HOT WEATHER DAYS—always ready, always clean, perfectly safe; saves the Housewife time, energy and money. WATCH YOUR DEALER'S WINDOWS for the display. If he does not carry the famous Hotpoint, let us know, because no other iron has the cool handle—hot point—and attached stand. The Hotpoint was awarded GRAND PRIZE at the Seattle exposition. It is GUARANTEED TWO YEARS. No other iron is so handy, so sturdy and efficient.

It's not what we say that counts—but what the iron does

IN any house where electric lights are used if the ironing is done with anything except an electric iron some woman is wasting hours of time and a tremendous lot of vitality by doing the work the old-fashioned way.

Hotpoint electric iron cuts out the drudgery of ironing — it is simple and practical — the initial investment is small — operating expense is trivial and the saving in fuel soon pays for the iron.

The Hotpoint iron can be connected instantly to any electric light socket in the house or on the porch. Then you begin to iron and iron continuously. No waiting—no bother—no running back and forth—no lifting the iron. On light work the heat stored in the iron is sufficient and the current can be cut off.

The Hotpoint iron is so named because we put extra heat into the point of the iron. When the iron is not in use the point is the hottest part — but when the point is shoved into the cold, damp goods this extra heat is equalized and the point remains at working temperature. You can iron right up into the folds and tucks of the garment with the Hotpoint iron. Without this extra heat the point would soon cool down so that you could not iron with it. Therefore, we say, be sure you get a Hotpoint. No iron can possibly be "just as good."

Standard Model of the famous Hotpoint iron for the Housewife who tries to economize.

The Lighting Company or Dealer in your town is probably ready to show you the Hotpoint iron. If not write to us. No other iron has its advantages.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL ADVANTAGES OF THE Hotpoint ELECTRIC IRON — the reasons why, during the past three years, more of these irons have been sold than of any other make — just go to your dealer or Lighting Company on Hotpoint Day (or any other day) and ask to have these points explained.

HOT POINT. No other iron of any kind gives you a hot point during the course of the work. The point naturally cools down faster than the rest of the iron and in order to be kept at working temperature must have extra heat put into it.

COOL HANDLE. You never have to use a holder with the Hotpoint even on the longest day's ironing. A heavy asbestos pad in the top of the iron keeps the heat down on the working face.

NO SEPARATE STAND. No looking around for something to set the Hotpoint iron on. The stand is attached to the rear of the iron — simply tip it up. This requires almost no effort.

PERFECTLY SAFE. There is no risk or danger in using this iron. The operation is just as simple as turning on an electric light. There is no "trick" about it — no "knack."

TEMPERATURE CONTROLLED. In the back of the iron is the switch plug by which connection is made with the electric circuit. This plug can be put out and in with almost no effort. As soon as the iron is sufficiently hot pull out the plug and iron with the stored-up heat until the iron begins to cool down, then slip the plug in again. A child can do it.

ECONOMICAL. The Hotpoint iron especially is economical on account of the temperature control. A great deal of the ironing is done when the iron is disconnected.

GUARANTEE. We guarantee this iron for two years — any part proving defective in that time is replaced free of charge. As a matter of fact, under ordinary conditions one of these irons will give perfect service for many, many years.

THE IRON THAT

—has the cool handle.
—has the hot point.
—has the attached stand.
—is always clean.
—is always ready.
—saves MONEY.
—saves time.
—saves energy.
—is always safe.
—is always reliable.
—always SATISFIES.
—IS GUARANTEED TWO YEARS.

A Guarantee that is simple—no red tape—no long wait before you can again have use of your iron. Any defective part is replaced FREE.

Send Your Order To Us.

In any town where dealer does not carry the Hotpoint electric iron, do not accept a substitute, but send this coupon and check to us, and we will send you the iron, express prepaid, at the regular retail price, $5.00.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Ontario, California.
Chicago, 560 Washington Blvd.
(Send to nearest address.)

Gentlemen:

As my dealer does not carry the Hotpoint Electric Iron, please send me, express prepaid, one 6 pound Standard Model, for which find regular retail price enclosed, $5.00.

Name _____

City _____ *State* _____

Street _____

Dealer _____

Voltage of Circuit _____
(Be sure to state voltage. Apply to Lighting Company for same.)

FOR JOBBERS, LIGHTING COMPANIES and DEALERS This list of Jobbers handle the Hotpoint Iron and carry stock. Lighting Companies and Dealers can take up the Hotpoint proposition with them or with us at any of our offices.

Altoona—Electrical Eng. Co.
Abilene—Union Electric Co.
Atchiaon—Blish, Mize & Sillman Hdwe. Co.
Atlanta—Carter Electric Co.
Baltimore—Electrical Sup. Co.
Boston—Stuart-Howland Co.
Buffalo—H. I. Sackett Elec. Co., J. C. Sterns Elec. Co.
Cedar Rapids—J. B. Terry Co.
Chattanooga—Terrell-Hedges.
Chicago—Central Electric Co., Guarantee Electric Co., Monarch Electric & Wire Co., R. Williamson & Co.
Cincinnati—The Johnson-Kennedy Electric Co.
Dallas—Hobson Electric Co., Huey & Philp Hdwe. Co.
Denver—Mountain Elec. Co.
Duluth—Burgess Electric Co.
Emporia—Peters Hdwe. Co.
Fond du Lac—Briggs Elec. Co.
Greensboro—Central Elec. Co.
Houston—Hobson Electric Co.
Kansas City—Bunting-Stone Hdwe. Co., Kansas City Electrical & Telephone Supply Co.
Knoxville—Acme Electric Co.
Little Rock—So. West Electric Equipment Co.
Los Angeles—Abbott Hdwe. Co., Cass-Smurr-Damerel Co., Hoffman Hdwe. Co., Holabird-Reynolds Elec. Co., Union Hdwe. & Metal Co.
Madison—Electrical Supply Co.
Milwaukee—Albert Smith.
Montgomery—Ala. Auto. & El. Co.
New Orleans—National Auto. Fire Alarm Co.
New York City—W. F. Irish Electric Co., E. B. Latham & Co., W. R. Ostrander & Co., Royal Eastern Electrical Supply Co., Sibley & Pitman, Stanley & Patterson, C. D. Wood, Jr.
Norfolk—Woodhouse Elec. Co.
Oakland—Hammer-Bray Co.
Omaha—American Elec. Co.
Philadelphia—Jones-Beach Co., Phila. Electric Co., Walker & Kepler.
Pittsburg—Iron City Elec. Co.
Portland—Honeyman Hdwe. Co., Pacific Elec. Engineering Co., M. J. Walsh.
Providence—Union Hdwe. & Electric Supply Co.
Raleigh—Carolina Elect. Co.
Reno—Nevada Hdwe. & Supply Co., Reno Electrical Co.
Saginaw—Whipple Elec. Co.
Salt Lake City—Inter-Mountain Electric Co.
San Antonio Hardware Co.
San Diego—Hazard, Gould Co.
San Francisco—Holabird-Reynolds Co., W. W. Montague.
Seattle—Cascade Gas & Electric Co., Globe Electric Co., Holabird Electric Co.
Sioux City—Hawkeye Electric Co., Interstate Supply Co.
Spokane—Holley-Mason Hdwe. Co., Spokane Hdwe. Co.
St. Joseph—American Electric Co., Columbian Electrical Co.
St. Louis—So. Railway Co., United Electric & Supply Co.
St. Paul—N. W. Elecl. Equipment Co.
Toledo—W. G. Nagel Electric Co., Toledo Electric Co.
Topeka—H. B. Howard Elec. & Ath. Supply Co.
Trenton—F. S. Katzenbach Co.
Washington—National Elecl. Supply Co.

CANADA

Calgary—Enterprise Elec. Co.
Montreal—Dawson & Co., Ltd.
Nelson—Ashdown Hdwe. Co.
Regina—Peart Bros. Hdwe. Co.
Vancouver—R. Hoffmeister.
Winnipeg—Dawson & Co., Ltd.

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CHICAGO Office . . . . 560 Washington St.
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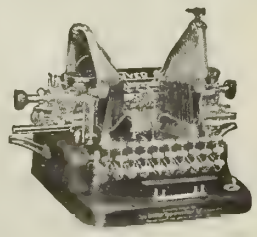
Typewriter Experts at Your Service

Typewriter Problems Solved by Our "Flying Squadron" of Experts

We offer to individuals, firms and corporations the services of our corps of typewriter experts, without obligation or expense.

These men are masters of typewriter problems. They are familiar with the construction, operation and service possibilities of every standard typewriter in the world.

They know how to make the typewriter yield its *maximum* of *efficiency*; how to make it a *more valuable* factor in the conduct of any business; how to keep it keyed up to its *best*; how to broaden the scope of its *uses*; how to handle and care for it so that it runs with *economy*, *ease* and *precision*.



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You cannot afford to permit *mistakes*, *delays*, *breakdowns* and various *other* annoyances to become a *chronic* condition.

Let us send you a Doctor of Typewriters—a real *expert*. He will study and solve your problems. He will tell you how to make your *equipment* meet your *requirements*.

And he will not accept a penny for his services. *We pay the bill!*

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The Standard Visible Writer

Our "Flying Squadron" of Typewriter Experts is the pick of the great Oliver organization of over *ten thousand men*.

These men work on a "roving commission." They cover the entire country.

They are entirely at the command of typewriter owners and operators. Your simple request, on the Application Blank, or on your business stationery, brings one of these highly trained men to your office as speedily as we can arrange the trip.

He will not importune you to buy an Oliver Typewriter, but will not refuse an order.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

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P. S.—*We are selling Oliver Typewriters for seventeen cents a day.* If interested, ask for full details of the plan.

Request for Interview

The Oliver Typewriter Company,
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

Gentlemen: I want to see a member of your **Flying Squadron of Experts** at the earliest possible moment.

*Name*_____

Address

*Nature of Business*_____

(33)

THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 16)

Then he dabbed a sponge over his face, pressed his hands to his temples and, steadying himself, unlocked the door.

"For the love of Mike!" said the indignant Tennessee Shad—and then, catching sight of Dink, he stopped. "Dink, what *is* the matter?"

"It's—it's my mother," said Dink desperately.

"She's not dead?"

"No—no——" said Dink, now free to suffocate, "not yet."

XXV

THIS providential appearance of his mother mercifully allowed Dink an opportunity to suffer without fear of disgrace in the eyes of the unemotional Tennessee Shad.

That very night, as soon as the Shad had departed in search of Beekstein's guiding mathematical hand, Dink sat down heroically to frame his letter of congratulation. He would show her that, though she looked upon him as a boy, there was in him the courage that never cries out. She had played with him, but at least she should look back with admiration.

"Dear Miss McCarty," he wrote—that much he owed to his own dignity, and that should be his only reproach. The rest should be in the tone of levity, the smile that shows no ache.

Dear Miss McCarty: Of course, it was no surprise to me. I saw it coming long ago. Mr. Ver Plank seems to me a most estimable gentleman. You will be very congenial, I am sure, and very happy. Thank you for letting me know among the first. That was *bully* of you! Give my very best congratulations to Mr. Ver Plank and tell him I think he's a very lucky fellow.

Faithfully yours,
JACK.

He had resolved to sign formally "Cordially yours—John H. Stover." But toward the end his resolution weakened. He would be faithful, even if she were not. Perhaps, when she read it and thought it over, she would feel a little remorse, a little acute sorrow. Imbued with the thought, he stood looking at the letter, which somehow brought a little consolation, a little pride into the night of his misery. It was a good letter—a very good letter. He read it over three times and then, going to the washstand, took up the sponge and pressed out a lachrymal drop that fell directly over the "Faithfully yours." It made a blot that no one could have looked at unmoved. He hastily sealed the letter and, slipping out the house, went over and mailed it with his own hands. It was the farewell—he would never toil out his heart over another. And with it went John Stover, the faithful cavalier. Another Stover had arisen, the man of heroic sorrows.

For a whole week faithfully he was true to his grief, keeping his own company, eating out his heart, suffering as only that first deception can inflict sorrow. And he sought nothing else. He hoped—he hoped that he would go on suffering for years and years, saddened and deceived.

But, somehow—though, of course, deep down within him nothing would ever change—the gloom gradually lifted. The call of his fellows began to be heard again. The glances of the under-formers that followed his public appearances with adoring worship began to please him once more.

Finally, one afternoon, he stopped in at Appleby's to inspect a new supply of dazzling cravats.

"You've got the first choice, Mr. Stover," said Appleby in his caressing way. "No one's had a look at them before you."

"Well, let's look 'em over," said Stover, with a beginning of interest.

"Look at them," said Appleby; "you're a judge, Mr. Stover. You know how to dress in a tasty way. Now, really, have you ever seen anything genteeler than them?"

Stover fingered them and his eye lit up. They certainly were exceptional and just the style that was becoming to his blond advantages. He selected six, then added two more, and finally went to his room with a dozen, where he tried them, one after the other, before his mirror, smiling a little at the effect.

Then he went to his bureau and relegated the photograph of the future Mrs. Ver Plank to the rear and promoted Miss Dow to the place of honor.

"That's over," he said; "but she nearly ruined me."

In which he was wrong, for if Miss McCarty had not arrived Appleby, purveyor of Gents' Fancies, would never have sold him a dozen most becoming neckties.

When the Tennessee Shad came in he looked in surprise.

"Hello, better news today?" he said sympathetically.

"News?" said Dink in a moment of abstraction.

"Why, your mother."

"Oh, yes—yes, she's better," said Dink hastily; and to make it convincing he added in a reverent voice, "thank God!"

The next day he informed McCarty that he had changed his mind. He was going to college; they would have four glorious years together.

"What's happened?" said Tough, mystified. "Better news from home?"

"Yes," said Dink, "stocks have gone up."

But the tragedy of his life had one result that came near wrecking his career and the school's hope for victory in the Andover game. During the early weeks of the term Dink had been too engrossed with his new responsibilities to study, and during the later weeks too overwhelmed by the real burden of life to think of such technicalities as lessons. Having studied the preferences and dislikes of his tyrants he succeeded, however, in bluffing through most of his recitations with the loyal support of Beekstein. But the Roman was not thus to be circumvented, and as Dink, in the Byronic period of grief, had no heart for florid improvisations or the applause of the multitude he contented himself, whenever annoyed by his implacable persecutor, the Roman, by rising and saying with great dignity:

"Not prepared, sir."

The blow fell one week before the Andover game, when such blows always fall. The Roman called him up after class and informed him that, owing to the paucity of evidence in his daily appearances, he would have to put him to a special examination to determine whether he had a passing knowledge.

The school was in dismay. A failure, of course, meant disbarment from the Andover game—the loss of Stover, who was the strength of the whole left side.

To Dink, of course, this extraordinary decree was the crowning evidence of the determined hatred of the Roman. And all because he had, years before, mistaken him for a commercial traveler and called him "Old Cocky-wax!"

He would be flunked—of course he would be flunked if the Roman had made up his mind to it. He might have waited another week—after the Andover game. But no, his plan was to keep him out the game, which, of course, meant the loss of the captaincy, which every one accorded him.

These opinions, needless to say, were shared by all well-wishers of the eleven. There was even talk, in the first moments of excitement, of arraigning the Roman before the Board of Trustees.

The examination was to be held in the Roman's study that night. Beekstein and Gumbo hurried to Dink's assistance. But what could that avail with six weeks' work to cover!

In this desperate state desperate means were suggested by desperate characters. Stover should go to the examination padded with interlinear, friendly aids to translation. A committee from outside should then convey the gigantic water-cooler that stood in the hall to the upper landing. There it should be nicely balanced on the topmost step and a string thrown out the window, which, at the right time, should be pulled by three patriots from other Houses. The water-cooler would descend with a hideous clatter, the Roman would rush from his study, and Stover would be given time to refresh his memory.

Now, Stover did not like this plan. He had never done much direct cribbing, as that species of deception made him uncomfortable and seemed devoid of the high qualities of dignity that should attend the warfare against the natural enemy.

At first he refused to enter this conspiracy, but finally yielded in a half-hearted way when it was dinned in his ears that he was only meeting the Roman at his own

Phew!

A telephone booth that is not regularly ventilated is a public danger. Its dead air, often fetid, warm and moist, forms an incubator which nurtures and multiplies disease germs. The installation of a

Sturtevant

Ready-to-Run
Ventilating Set

in every booth (as shown in the picture below) is as much a necessity of public hygiene as the ventilation of theatres or school-rooms.

The **Sturtevant Set** does not disturb the users of the telephone at all; our patented device prevents the escape of sound into the room or into neighboring booths. The ventilator forces the air into one or more booths, completely changing the air every few minutes, thus keeping the booths *cool* and doing away with the conditions most favoring germ-life. It runs from any electric fixture at a very low cost for operation.

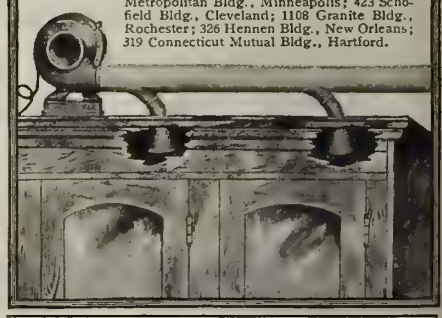
The **Sturtevant** set is a perfect device for ventilating and cooling offices, kitchens, closets, smoking-rooms, boat-cabins, lodge-rooms, laboratories, toilet-rooms, etc. In the bedroom, it gives all the advantage of out-of-door sleeping.

Size A, $35; B, $45; C, $55; delivered in U.S. For facts about ventilation and further details write for booklet P-62.

Trade prices to Electrical Contractors, Hardware Dealers and Power Companies.

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY, Hyde Park, Mass.

BRANCH OFFICES: 50 Church St., New York; 135 N. 3d St., Philadelphia; 329 W. 3d St., Cincinnati; 300 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 530 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1006 Washington Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 34 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 326 Hennen Bldg., New Orleans; 319 Connecticut Mutual Bldg., Hartford.



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A perfect seasoning for Soups, Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Gravies and Salad Dressings.

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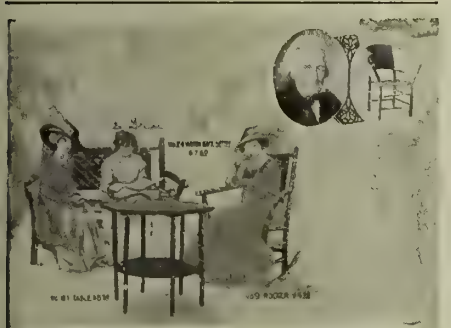

EVERY DAY—A DAY OF REST

Nearly every family spend four or five months of their lives either on the porch or on the lawn. Some homes have a Father or a Mother well advanced in years, who are compelled to spend day after day in their chair, others may be confined through sickness or accident—give them more comfort. Get them an "Old Hickory" chair and let them enjoy that elastic, springy feeling—like the gentle sway of the young tree itself. No home is too rich or too poor to have an

"OLD HICKORY"

chair, settee, swing or table. If your "bones ache" or you have that "tired feeling" then learn what comfort really is, by sitting in an "Old Hickory" chair. Then you will know what an *easy chair* is. You'll know what it is to enjoy that gentle, springy feeling no other chair can give. You'll like it for its artistic and rustic simplicity—its comfortable breath of the woods.

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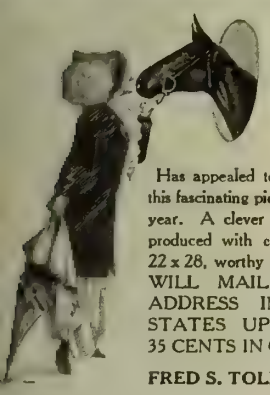

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game, that he was being persecuted, that the school was being sacrificed for a private spite—in a word, that the end must be looked at and not the means, and that the end was moral and noble.

Thus partly won over, Dink entered the Roman's study that night with portions of interlinear translations distributed about his person, and whipped up into a rage against the Roman that made him forget all else.

The study was on the ground floor—the conspirators were to wait at the window until Stover should have received the examination paper and given the signal.

The Roman nodded as Stover entered, and, motioning him to a seat, gave him the questions, saying:

"I sincerely hope, John, you are able to answer these."

"Thank you, sir," said Stover with great sarcasm.

He went to the desk by the window and sat down, taking out his pencil.

There was a shuffling of feet and the scraping of a chair across the room. Stover looked up in surprise.

"Take your time, John," said the Roman, who had risen; and then, without another word, he turned and left the room.

Stover smiled to himself. He knew that trick. He waited for the sudden reopening of the door, but no noise came. He frowned and, mechanically looking at the questions, opened his book at the place designated. Then he raised his head and listened again.

All at once he became very angry. The Roman was putting him on his honor—he had no right to do any such thing! It changed all their preparations. It was a low-down, malignant trick. It took away all the elements of danger that glorified the conspiracy. It made it easy and, therefore, mean.

At the window came a timid scratching. Stover shook his head. The Roman would return. Then he would give the signal willingly. So he folded his arms sternly and waited—but no footsteps slipped along outside the door. The Roman had indeed left him to his honor.

A great, angry lump came in his throat, angry tears blurred his eyes. He hated the Roman, he despised him; it was unfair, it was malicious, but he could not do what he would have done.

There *was* a difference.

All at once the bowels of the House seemed rent asunder, as down the stairs, bumping and smashing, went the liberated water-cooler. Instantly a chorus of shrieks arose, steps rushing to and fro, and then quiet.

Still the Roman did not come. Stover glanced at the paragraphs selected, and oh, mockery and bitterness, two out of three happened to be passages he had read with Beekstein not an hour before! His eye went over them, he remembered them perfectly.

"If that ain't the limit!" he said, choking. "To know 'em, after all! Of course, now I can't do 'em. Of course, now, if I hand 'em in the old rhinoceros will think I cribbed 'em. Of all the original Jobs I am the worst! This is the last straw!"

When, half an hour later, the Roman returned Stover was sitting erect, with folded arms and lips compressed.

"Ah, Stover, all through?" said the Roman, as though the House had not just been blown asunder. "Hand in your paper."

Stover stiffly arose and handed him the foolscap. The Roman took it with a frowning little glance. At the top was written in big, defiant letters: "John H. Stover."

Below there was nothing at all.

Stover stood, swaying from heel to heel, watching the Roman.

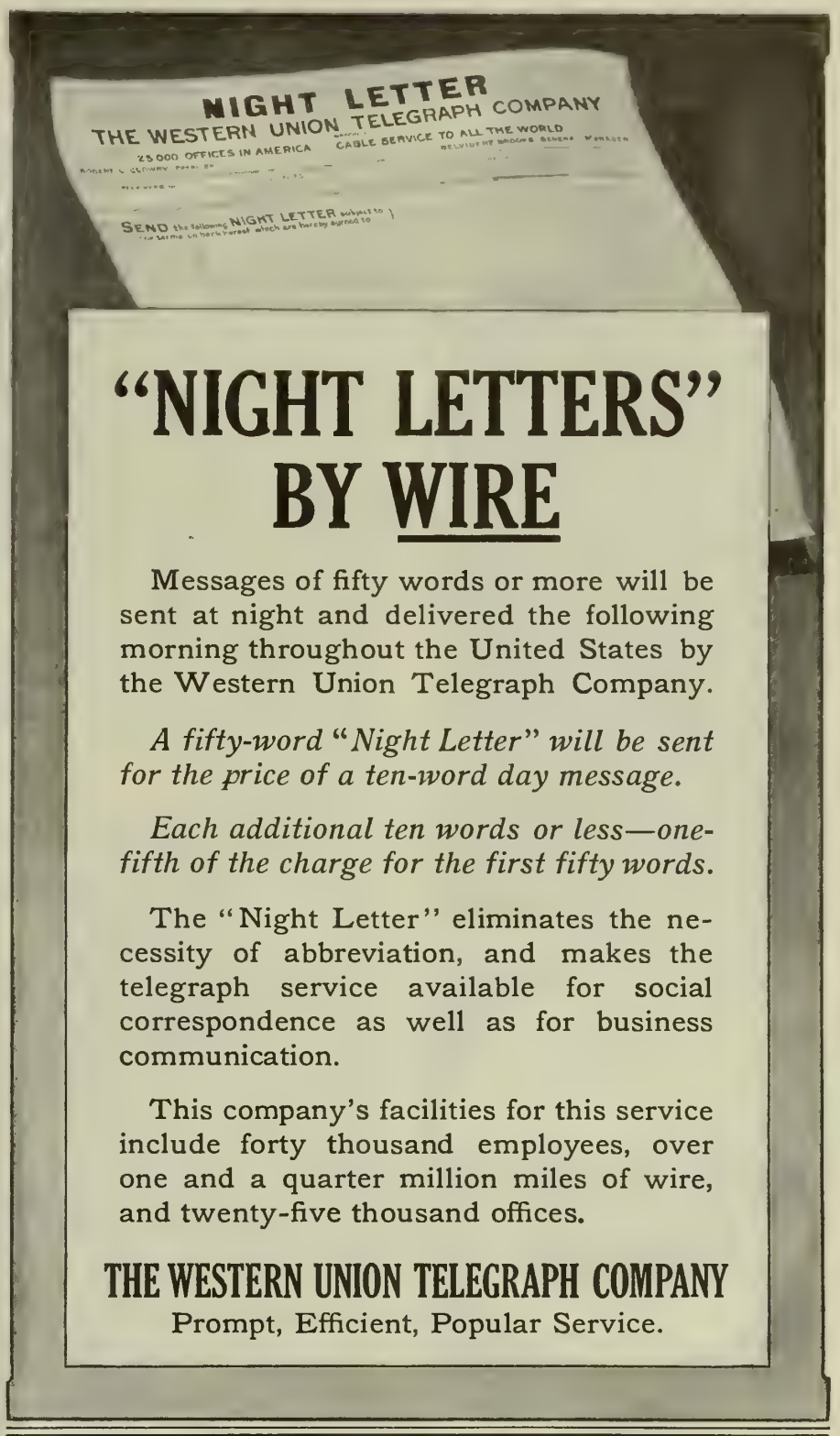
"What the deuce is he looking at?" he thought in wonder, as the Roman sat silently staring at the blank sheet.

Finally, he turned over the page as though carefully perusing it, and said in a low voice without glancing up:

"Well, John, I think this will just about pass."

XXVI

THE football season had ended victoriously. The next week brought the captaincy for the following year to Stover by unanimous approval. But the outlook for the next season was of the weakest; only four men would remain. The charge that he would have to lead would be a desperate one. This sense of responsibility was, perhaps, more acute in Stover than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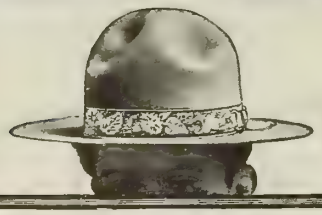

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even the pleasure-giving sense of the attendant admiration of the school whenever he appeared among them.

There were other thoughts, too, working within him. Ever since the extraordinary outcome of his examination at the hands of the Roman, Stover had been in a ferment of confusion. The Roman's action amazed, perplexed and doubly confounded him.

If the Roman was not his enemy, had not been all this time his persistent, malignant foe, what then? What was left to him to cling to? If he admitted this, then his whole career would have to be reconstructed. Could it be that, after all, month in and month out, it had been the Roman himself who had stood as his friend in all the hundred and one scrapes in which he had tempted Fate? And pondering on this gravely, Dink Stover, in the portion of his soul that was consecrated to fair play, was mightily exercised.

He consulted Tough McCarty, as he consulted him now on everything that lay deeper than the lip currency of his fellows. They were returning from a long walk over the early December roads in the grays and drabs of the approaching twilight. Stover had been unusually silent, and the mood settled on him as, turning the hill, they saw the clustered skyline of the school through the bared branches.

"What the deuce makes you so solemncholy?" said Tough.

"I was thinking," said Dink with dignity.

"Excuse me."

"I was thinking," said Dink, rousing himself, "that I've been all wrong."

"I don't get that."

"I mean the Roman."

"How so?"

"Tough, you know down at the bottom I have a sneaking suspicion that he's been for me right along. It's a rotten feeling, but I'm afraid it's so."

"Shouldn't wonder. Have you spoken to him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm not sure. And then, I don't know just how to get to it."

"Jump right in and tackle him around the knees," said Tough.

"I think I will," said Dink, who understood the metaphor.

They went up, swinging briskly, watching in silence the never stale spectacle of the panorama of the school.

"I say, Dink," said Tough suddenly, "Sis is going to put the clamps on that T. Willyboy, Ver Plank."

"Really—when?" said Dink, surprised that the news brought him no emotion.

"Next month."

Stover laughed a little laugh.

"You know," he said with a bit of confusion, "I fancied I was terribly in love with Josephine myself—for a little while."

"Sure!" said Tough without surprise. "Jo would flirt with anything that had long pants on."

"Yes, she's a flirt," said Stover; and the judgment sounded like the swish of shears cutting away angels' wings.

They separated at the campus and Stover went toward the Kennedy. Halfway there an excited little urchin came rushing up, pulling off his cap.

"Well, what is it, youngster?" said Stover, who didn't recognize him.

"Please, sir," said the young hero-worshiper, producing a photograph of the team from under his jacket, "would you mind putting your name on this? I should be awfully obliged."

Stover took it and wrote his name.

"Who is this?"

"Williams. Jigs Williams, sir, over in the Cleve."

"Well, Jigs, there you are."

"Oh, thank you. Say ——"

"Well?"

"Aren't you going to have an individual photograph?"

"No, of course not," said Stover with only outward gruffness.

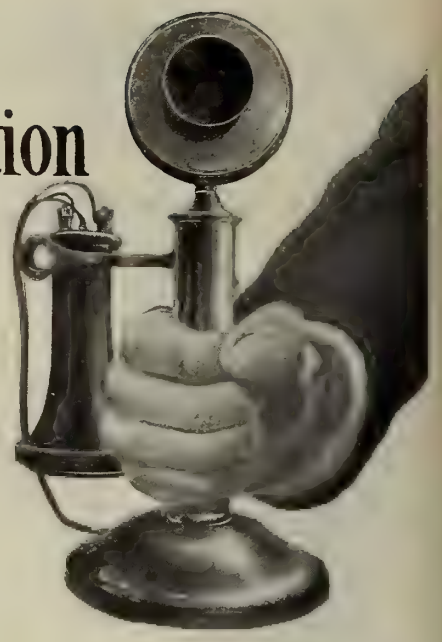
"All the fellows are crazy for one, sir."

"Run along, now," said Stover with a pleased laugh. He stood on the steps, watching the elated Jigs go scudding across the Circle, and then went into the Kennedy. In his box was a letter of congratulation from Miss Dow. He read it, smiling, and then took up the photograph and examined it more critically.

"She's a dear little girl," he said. "Devilish smart figure." Miss Dow, of course, was very young. She was only twenty.

That night, after an hour's brown meditation, he suddenly rose and, descending

Universal Intercommunication



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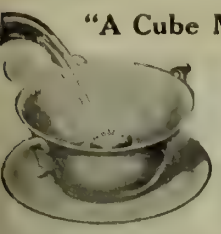

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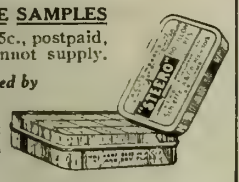

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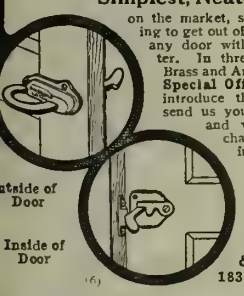

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the stairs, knocked at the sanctum sanctorum.

"Come in," said the low, musical voice.

Stover entered solemnly.

"Ah, it's you, John," said the Roman with a smile.

"Yes, sir, it's me," said Stover, leaning up against the door.

The Roman glanced up quickly and, seeing what was coming, took up the paper-cutter and began to twist it through his fingers. There was a silence, long and painful. "Well?" said the Roman quietly.

"Mr. Hopkins," said Dink, advancing a step, "I guess I've been all wrong. I haven't come to you before, as I ought, because I've had to sort of think it over. But now, sir, I've come in to have it out."

"I'm glad you have, John."

"I want to ask you one question."

"Yes?"

"Have you, all this time, really been standing by me, yanking me out of all the messes I got in?"

"Well, that expresses it, perhaps."

"Then I've been way off," said Stover solemnly. "Why, sir, all this time I thought you were down on me, had it in for me, right from the first."

"From our first meeting?" said the Roman, with a little chuckle. "Perhaps, John, you didn't give me credit—shall I say, for a sense of humor?"

"Yes, sir." Stover looked a moment at his polished boot and then resolutely at the Roman. "Mr. Hopkins, I've been all wrong. I've been unfair, sir; I want to apologize to you."

"Thank you," said the Roman, and then because they were Anglo-Saxons they shook hands and instantly dropped them.

"Mr. Hopkins," said Stover after a moment, "I must have given you some pretty hard times?"

"You were always full of energy, John."

"I don't see what made you stand by me, sir."

"John," said the Roman, leaning back and caging his fingers, "it is a truth which it is, perhaps, unwise to publish abroad, and I shall have to swear you to the secret. It is the boy whose energy must explode periodically and often disastrously, it is the boy who gives us the most trouble, who wears down our patience and tries our souls, who is really the most worth while."

"Not the high markers and the gospel sharks?" said Stover, too amazed to choose the classic line.

"Sh!" said the Roman, laying his finger on his lips. Stover felt as though he held the secret of kings.

"And now, John," said the Roman in a matter-of-fact tone, "since you are behind the scenes, one thing more. The real teacher, the real instructor, is not I, it is you. We of the Faculty can only paint the memory with facts that are like the writing in the sand. The real things that are learned are learned from you. Now, forgive me for being a little serious. You are a leader. It is a great responsibility. They're all looking up at you, copying you. You set the standard; set a manly one."

"I think, sir, I've tried to do that—lately," said Stover, nodding.

"And now, in the House—bring out some of the younger fellows."

"Yes, sir."

"There's Norris. Perhaps a little serious talk—only a word dropped."

"You're right, sir; I understand."

"Then there's Berbecker."

"He's only a little fresh, sir; there's good stuff in him."

"And then, John, there's a boy who's been under early disadvantages, but a bright boy, full of energy, good mind, but needs to be taken in hand with a little kindness."

"Who, sir?"

"Bellefont."

"Bellefont!" said Stover, exploding. "I beg your pardon, sir. You're wrong there. That kid is hopeless. Nothing will do him any good. He's a perfect little nuisance. He's a thoroughgoing little varmint!"

The Roman tapped the table and, looking far out through the darkened window, smiled the gentle smile of one who has watched that ever-recurrent miracle of humanity, the struggling birth of the man out of the dirtied, hopeless cocoon of the boy.

And Stover, suddenly beholding that smile, all at once stopped, blushed and understood!

THE END

Editor's Note—This story will be followed next week by Robert W. Chambers' new serial, Ailsa Paige.

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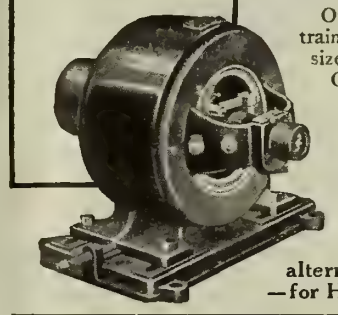

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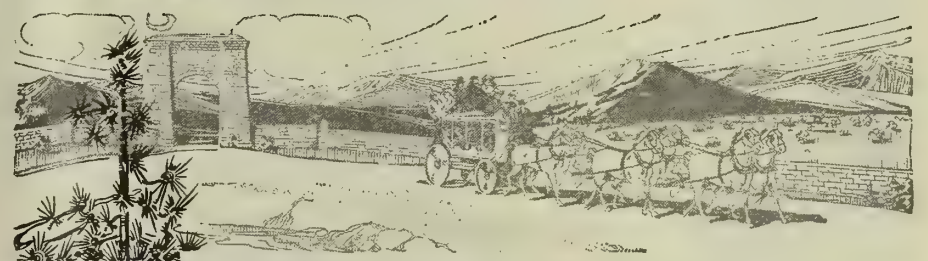

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These eighty-four thousand watches are ticking in this room ***for a purpose***—they are being ***tested.*** It is the business of an Ingersoll watch to ***keep time*** and it is made to ***do*** it before it leaves the factory. Every Ingersoll is tested three ways—hanging up, lying on its back, lying on its face. The testing and regulating of each watch takes ***seven days.***

After these eighty-four thousand Ingersoll watches are ***praved*** to be faithful timekeepers, they are distributed among sixty thousand dealers who sell Ingersolls. These dealers "keep store" in nearly every city, village and hamlet in the United States. ***Everybady knows the Ingersall watch.*** One person out of every five you meet carries an Ingersoll. You can get it at the cross-roads store.

Ask ***anywhere*** for Ingersoll. Take it with you ***everywhere*** you go. It is a good companion.

Ingersoll watches are made in four styles, 1st, the famous Dollar watch; 2nd, "The Eclipse" which sells for $1.50; 3rd, the Junior, a medium-sized watch with a thin, graceful case, costing $2.00; and 4th, the little Midget, the ladies-model Ingersoll, also at $2.00.

The Ingersoll booklet tells you ALL about these watches. Shall we send you a copy?

"INGERSOLL-TRENTON models are made at a factory one hundred and fifty miles from the one in which Ingersolls are manufactured. Besides being different in construction, they are *jeweled* and more finely adjusted. They cost $5, $7, $9."

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
21 Frankel Bldg., New York City

Arco Kid—the great alchemist!

In a jiffy—shabby motor car brasses seem solid gold,—if polished with

ARCO SPOTZOFF

Arco Spotzoff is the name of the quickest, cleanest, snappiest metal polish on earth. We like to send samples, especially to motor car owners. Your name on a postcard brings one.

The Atlantic Refining Co.
Cleveland Ohio

We are looking for live merchants and garage owners everywhere, and we have a very special proposition to offer the *early* ones. Be early.

THE INHERITANCE

(Concluded from Page 11)

"Honest, I don't want to begin again—certainly not on cocktails. The thing might turn my stomach, don't you know. I've got to be careful."

The old gentleman laughed.

"I won't force you," he agreed; "but surely you will have a sip of champagne when we get upstairs."

Bob had worked ten hours that day and his face and neck were a deep red. His shoulders ached under the armpits, but apart from that he felt as though he could eat a house. Yet for some strange reason the anchovies and caviar tasted queer to him, and the soup, following, seemed to be tinctured with copper. He did a little better with the terrapin, made considerable headway on the mutton, but flunked when it came to the *foie gras.*

"You're not eating, my boy," remarked Mr. Middleton anxiously. "I'm afraid you're not feeling well."

"Somehow things don't seem to taste as they used to," replied Bob apologetically. "I've got so used to living on prunes and bacon! Would you regard it as terribly bad form if I cut out the rest of this Babylonian feast? And—and—if I could—would you mind my having a glass of beer?"

Old Mr. Middleton burst out into a hearty laugh.

"Have I debauched your taste to that extent? Certainly not, my dear boy. Have anything you like. I've decided to relax the conditions a bit, anyhow, and let you have an occasional beer and your pipe."

"Thanks," said Bob. "Do you know, sometimes I've been on the verge of throwing up the whole business just on that account. A fellow gets so tired working there in the dust and steam that I believe he needs something of that sort occasionally. Just think what a lot of 'hog wash' I used to get away with!"

"Did you?" demanded Mr. Middleton in a surprised tone.

. . . . . .

It was not more than a month later that Bob was made shop superintendent. There was no one among the men who begrudged him his advancement. The city no longer had any lure for him. He wondered from time to time how he ever could have been satisfied to dawdle his life away when he could have been holding his own among real people and doing something for them. His entire two thousand a year went now toward keeping up his men's club, and he had a boys' gymnasium on the stocks which he expected to have built before long. The fortune that was to be his no longer filled his dreams. He hoped his kind benefactor would live long enough to see him head of the plant. When at length the good old man should, in the fullness of years, be gathered to his fathers Bob intended to build a plant of his own, with model shops and model homes for his employees. It was to be a profit-sharing enterprise, with a hospital, schools for boys and girls, a day nursery and a library. He often spent whole evenings making plans for it and thinking out the details. And while he was dreaming over the distant future Mr. Middleton suddenly died.

The news came to him just as the day men were going home and the night shift was coming on. A messenger-boy, peering cautiously into the dusk of the foundry and watching fearfully the hellish flare from the blast furnaces, timidly handed him the yellow envelope. So, release had come to them both at the same time! He should bid farewell to the scene of his labors, his struggles, his victories. He sat down on a huge casting, holding the telegram between his grimy fingers.

"No bad news, I hope, sir?" said Larry Moore, his young Irish assistant, coming up to him sympathetically.

"No, Larry; no-o," he answered.

"I'm glad of that, sir," answered the lad, turning away.

One by one the men threw on their coats, picked up their dinner-pails, and, hurrying by, touched their hats and wished him good night. He answered them all with a glow of affection. They were a good lot! How he'd miss them! How he'd miss it all—the shop—the club—his little room at Mrs. Flynn's boarding-house!

The shadows darkened and the furnaces glowed redder. The roar of the wheels, the rumble of the cranes carrying their cups of molten metal, the indistinct shouts of the workmen, the hiss of the steam, the thunder of the rolling-mills merged into a song of farewell. He should never again sit there as part of the machine—one of the units. If he ever came back it would be as an owner, not as one of the crew.

He threw off his coat, which he had slipped on preparatory to going home. The song of the steam-hammer in the adjoining mill stirred his soul. The yellow fire glowing in the pit of the near-by blast furnace illuminated the weird scene about him with fiendish glory. The night shift were just stringing in. He waved his arms and shouted to the men:

"Come on, boys! I'll stay here with you tonight! Let's get to work."

. . . . . .

Bob was surprised at the small number of people at Mr. Middleton's funeral—only a handful. It was a wonderful spring day, just two years since he had received his benefactor's invitation. As he drove back alone from the cemetery in the hack provided for him, his mind reverted to the morning he had found the old gentleman's letter upon his dressing-table, and the changes that it had wrought in his career. What a poor thing he had been!

How could Mr. Middleton have possibly made such a mistake about him! And he had permitted the old man to go ahead and leave him a fortune under a false impression.

His conscience smote him sorely about this, now that the old man was dead. What would he do with it? Would he tire of his model foundry, his hospitals and his library? Would reform sociology bore him? Would he build a yacht and go cruising around the world, or run to automobiles and racehorses? The thought of all these things troubled him.

Mr. Wigmore, the attorney in charge of Mr. Middleton's affairs, had whispered to him at the funeral that he would be glad to have him call at his offices during the course of the day, and thither Hammersly repaired later in the morning. The lawyer's windows looked down upon the shining East River and across to Williamsburg, where the plant was situated. From where he sat Bob could see the smoke from the chimney rising in a long black column into the air. Mr. Wigmore was an apple-faced little man with twinkling eyes just like Mr. Middleton's. He greeted Bob very cordially—even tenderly.

"I asked you to call," said he, "because I understood that our late client had given you some reason to believe that you might inherit something under his will. Am I correct?"

"Yes," answered Bob, wondering why the lawyer put the matter so circuitously. "He agreed to make me his heir."

"Of anything he might have at the time of his death, I believe the terms were?" supplemented Mr. Wigmore with a slight cough. "You had a sort of verbal contract—did you not?"

"Yes—I was to get whatever he had," said Bob.

Mr. Wigmore gave a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"My client had a rather curious sense of humor," he remarked, with a dry smile. "He was, so to speak, a trifle eccentric in some ways."

Bob looked quickly at the lawyer—was he going to put some sharp trick over the plate?

"The fact of the situation is," continued the little man, "that Mr. Middleton gave his entire fortune away some years before he died. His private benefactions were exceedingly munificent. He left practically nothing. The last time I saw him, however, he requested me to tell you that he had left you all that he could."

"And what, pray, is that?" inquired Bob blankly. Over the little lawyer's shoulder a huge wall calendar bearing the date "April 1" grinned mockingly at him.

"A *future,*" answered the little man quietly.

For a moment a sense of indignity, almost of bitterness, swept over Bob Hammersly. Then his eye rested upon the smoking chimney of the plant across the river. The sunlight on the swirling currents twinkled, somehow not unlike the smile in old Mr. Middleton's eyes.

"Well," he said, and he gave a little laugh, "he might have done worse."

Are you going to build or remodel your old building?

If so, write today for FREE sample and convincing proof that

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Is Cheaper and Better Than Lath and Plaster

This practical substitute for lath and plaster is easily nailed to studding. Being applied dry, it is at once ready for decoration—paint, paper or burlap. Saves time and labor; is clean and sanitary; proof against cold, heat, dampness, vermin.

Bishopric Wall Board is made of kiln-dried dressed lath, IMBEDDED in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; is cut at the factory into uniform sheets 4x4 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studding ready for wall paper, paint or burlap.

Guaranteed Proof Against Moisture, Heat, Cold, Sound and Vermin

Will not swell, shrink, warp, crack, flake or blister; is clean, sanitary and odorless. Being a non-conductor, saves fuel and keeps out summer heat; also deadens sound.

ITS MANY USES:—Bishopric Wall Board is used for dwellings, pleasure, health-resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries and garages.

Price $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f.o.b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

BISHOPRIC SHEATHING

Cheapest and Best. Ideal Material for Cement Exterior Work

Bishopric Sheathing is made of same materials and in the same way as Wall Board, but finish is not necessarily so fine and therefore costs less; is proof against heat, cold, dampness, sound and vermin. Makes the best insulation. Cheaper and better than lumber. Does away with building paper. Our free booklet fully explains its many uses and advantages over lumber in both frame and cement construction. Also used with excellent results as a lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables or other outdoor buildings.

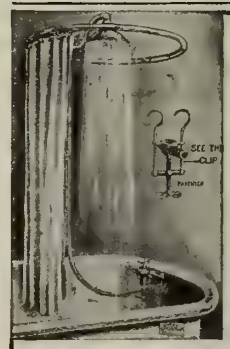
Price $2 per square of 100 sq. ft. or $5.12 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f.o.b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Free Samples and Booklet

describing Bishopric Asphalt Mastic Wall Board, Sheathing and Roofing sent upon request.

DEALERS, WRITE FOR PROPOSITION

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.
22 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.



The Only Portable Shower Bath with a Metal Faucet Attachment

The new **Speakman metal clip faucet attachment** does away with the unsatisfactory rubber bulb which often lasts but a short time—cracks, splits, and falls off. The Speakman Attachment can't blow off, fall off or leak. Quickly attached by a thumb-screw. All metal, no rubber.

Get the booklet telling about The Speakman Portable Shower Bath.

Nickel-plated brass throughout; non-kinking, non-bursting, rubber hose; heavy, white duck curtain. **A full size, practical shower,** complete **—$12.50.** Gives results equal to showers costing several times as much. Sent upon receipt of price, if your plumber hasn't it. Freight prepaid east of the Mississippi. If not better than expected, return it and get your money back.

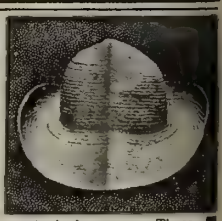
SPEAKMAN SUPPLY & PIPE CO.
Box 989, Wilmington, Del.

To Architects and Builders—We are the largest manufacturers of shower baths, of **all kinds,** in the U. S. Ask for complete catalog.

New York
156 Fifth Avenue

San Francisco
Monadnock Bldg.

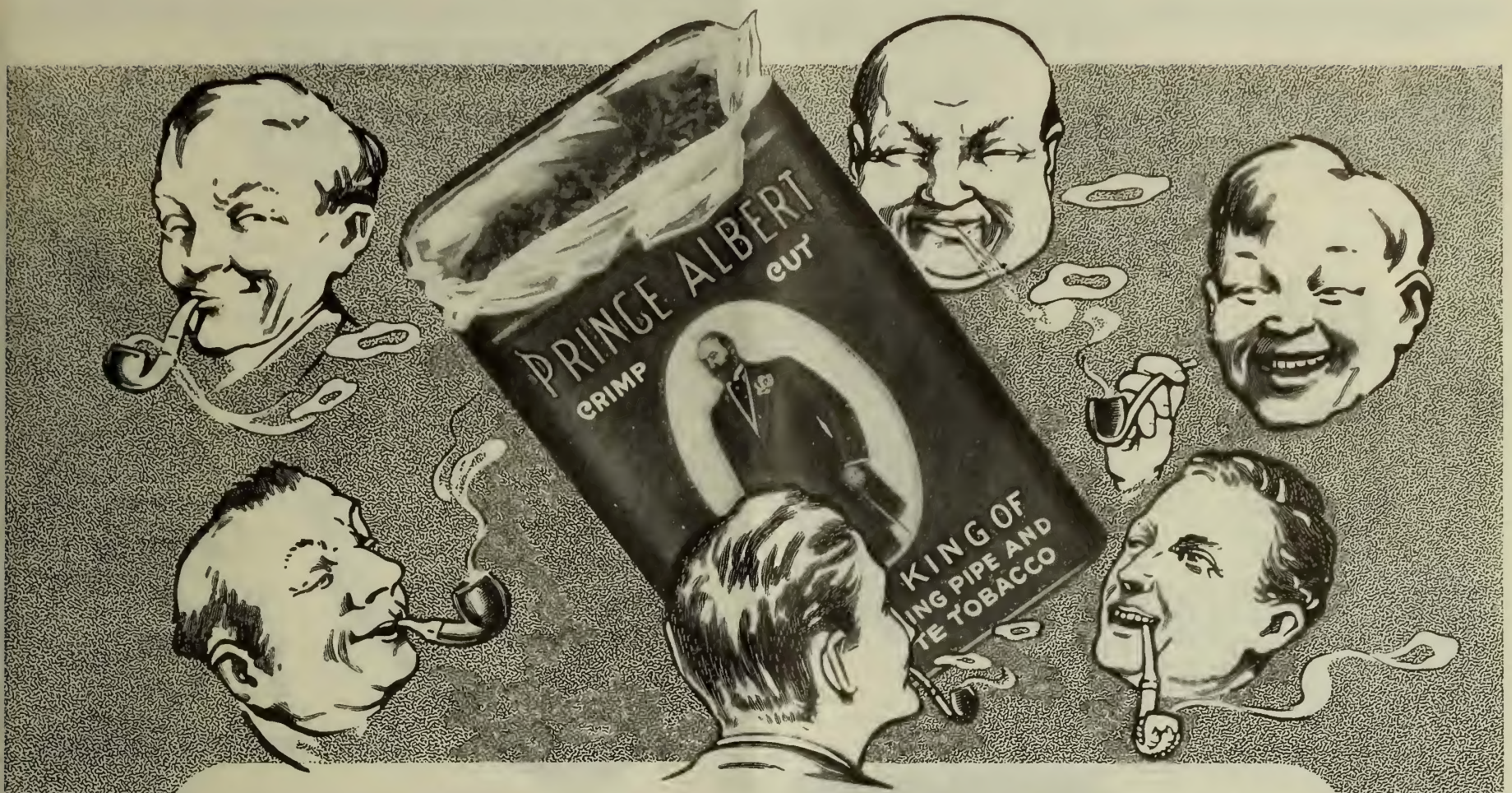
$5 GENUINE Hand Woven PANAMA



Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Hats

Panama Hats more popular than ever—all the rage this summer. By importing large quantities we can sell direct to user for this surprisingly low price. These hats are warranted genuine all hand-woven; unblocked, and can be worn in that condition by Gentlemen, Ladies and Children. Easily blocked in any shape or style. Just as serviceable as the $10.00 kind; the difference only in fineness of weave. Assorted sizes. Weight only 2 oz. Sent prepaid, on receipt of **$1.00.** Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City



Men, here's pipe tobacco that answers *every* question

Take our word for it! You'll get chummy with Prince Albert on the first fire-up. Can't help it! Because you're smoking a real man's tobacco now—tobacco that will test right up to exactly what it is claimed to be—*tobacco that can't bite your tongue!* Why, it's great, big cheering news for every man who ever drew on a briar or a clay!

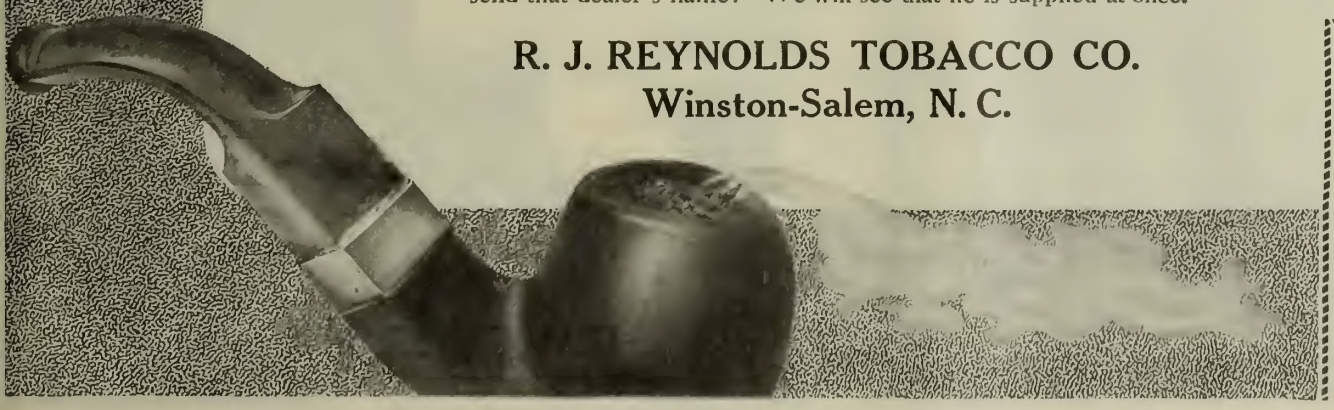
PRINCE ALBERT

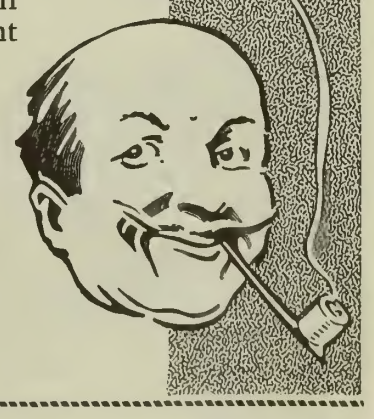
is a revelation in pipe tobacco. It cost a fortune to perfect the process which removes the sting. There can be no "near substitute." We control the patent exclusively. No tobacco ever produced can be compared with it!

Get out that old jimmy pipe NOW! Start all over again, you pipe-shy smokers! Know for your own satisfaction, your tongues' satisfaction, what we tell you is right; know what thousands of pipe-happy men all over the nation know — *Prince Albert can't bite your tongue!*

Within the next ten minutes be kind enough to walk into a tobacco store and invest 10 cents in a tin of Prince Albert. If your dealer doesn't handle it, fill out the coupon below and enclose 8 cents for a liberal introductory tin. And don't forget to send that dealer's name! We will see that he is supplied at once.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.





Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Enclosed find 8c for which kindly send me your introductory tin of "Prince Albert" Tobacco.

(This offer applies only in U. S.)

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's name _____

Address _____

The Standard Paper for Business Stationery—
"Look for the Watermark"

EVERY business letter conveys to the intelligent reader an impression of the thought behind the words, of the personality behind the signature. In selecting the paper for the letterheads, telling your printer to use

Old Hampshire Bond

is merely a safe, practically an automatic way, of seeing that the impression conveyed is as clean and strong and positive all through as the paper upon which your letter will be written.

Write us for the Specimen Book of the paper, showing letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. It's worth having.

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.

Made "A Little Better than Seems Necessary"
"Look for the Watermark"

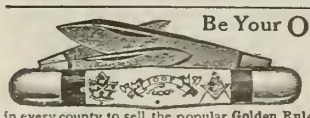
RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

NIAGARA TO THE SEA

Through the Venetian Scenery of the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of all the marvelous Rapids and the historic Associations of Old Quebec (America's Gibraltar) thence to the incomparable Saguenay River, with its majestic Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity."

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide.

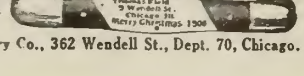
THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Dept. "A." Montreal, Can.



Be Your OWN BOSS

Make Money Easy

AGENTS wanted in every county to sell the popular Golden Rule Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblems, etc., on handle. Some agents earn $75 to $200 a month selling our shears, transparent handled pocket knives and razors. Big profits, quick sales. Exclusive territory. Experience unnecessary. WE TEACH YOU HOW. Write to-day for terms and become one of our successful salesmen.



Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 362 Wendell St., Dept. 70, Chicago.

MAGAZINE MEN

Thomas Dixon, Jr.

S. E. Kiser

John T. McCutcheon (on the Left)

BE COMFORTABLE IN HOT WEATHER

Take off close unventilated shoes and put on these cool comfortable Oxfords. Everyone's feet perspire freely and are always uncomfortable on hot days. These common sense shoes insure foot comfort in the hottest weather and will cure many foot ills.

Tan Tuscan Calf
E. C. Ventilated Shoe

Youths' and Girls' .	10-2	$2.00
Boys' and Ladies' .	2½-6	2.50
Men's	6-12	3.00

Wear E. C. Ventilated Shoes

Look for trade mark E.C. Ventilated Shoes on sole. Ask your dealer for the E. C. Ventilated Shoes.

If he cannot supply you write us, mentioning this magazine, and we will ship them prepaid upon receipt of price. Send for circular.

Engel-Cone Shoe Company, East Boston, Mass.

This Shows the Double-Acting, Ball-Bearing Grate Used in "JEWEL" Warm Air Furnaces

We illustrate it because the **Grate** is the **Soul** of a Furnace. No Furnace is better than its Grate.

This **Jewel** Grate is the simplest, strongest, most efficient Grate in the world. Takes less labor to operate—requires less fuel. No poking.

Second only to the Grate is the **Jewel** Warm-Air **Dome**—the **Only** warm-air furnace dome that is exactly right in shape, size and thickness; you never get any burnt or scorched air from a Jewel Furnace. The heat from a Jewel is always vitalizing, stimulating, healthful.

Equally important is the Jewel **Two Piece**, perpendicular **Firepot.** Ashes cannot accumulate on its sides. It lasts forever.

Jewel Furnaces are superior to all others because the Firepot, Dome, Grate and every other part are scientifically correct —No guess work.

If you're going to build—or want a better and more satisfactory way of heating

Send For Free Book **"How My Jewel Furnace Saved Me Money"**

Tells some astonishing facts about the superiority of Warm Air Heating over every other system. Explains the economy of Jewel Furnaces in detail.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS *"Largest Stove Plant in the World"*

1322 JEFFERSON AVENUE
DETROIT, MICH.

BUY A JEWEL AND SAVE FUEL

The Question the Motorist Asks —and the Answer

ALL of the advertising of the Warner Auto-Meter, practically, is devoted to answering one question. We do not have to advertise its accuracy, its reliability, its dependability under all service conditions. For these are everywhere admitted without argument. In important tests or races the Warner Auto-Meter is the one speed-indicating device considered. But the one question which occurs to some motorists—especially to inexperienced ones—is:

"Can I get as good a speed-indicator as the Warner Auto-Meter for less money?"

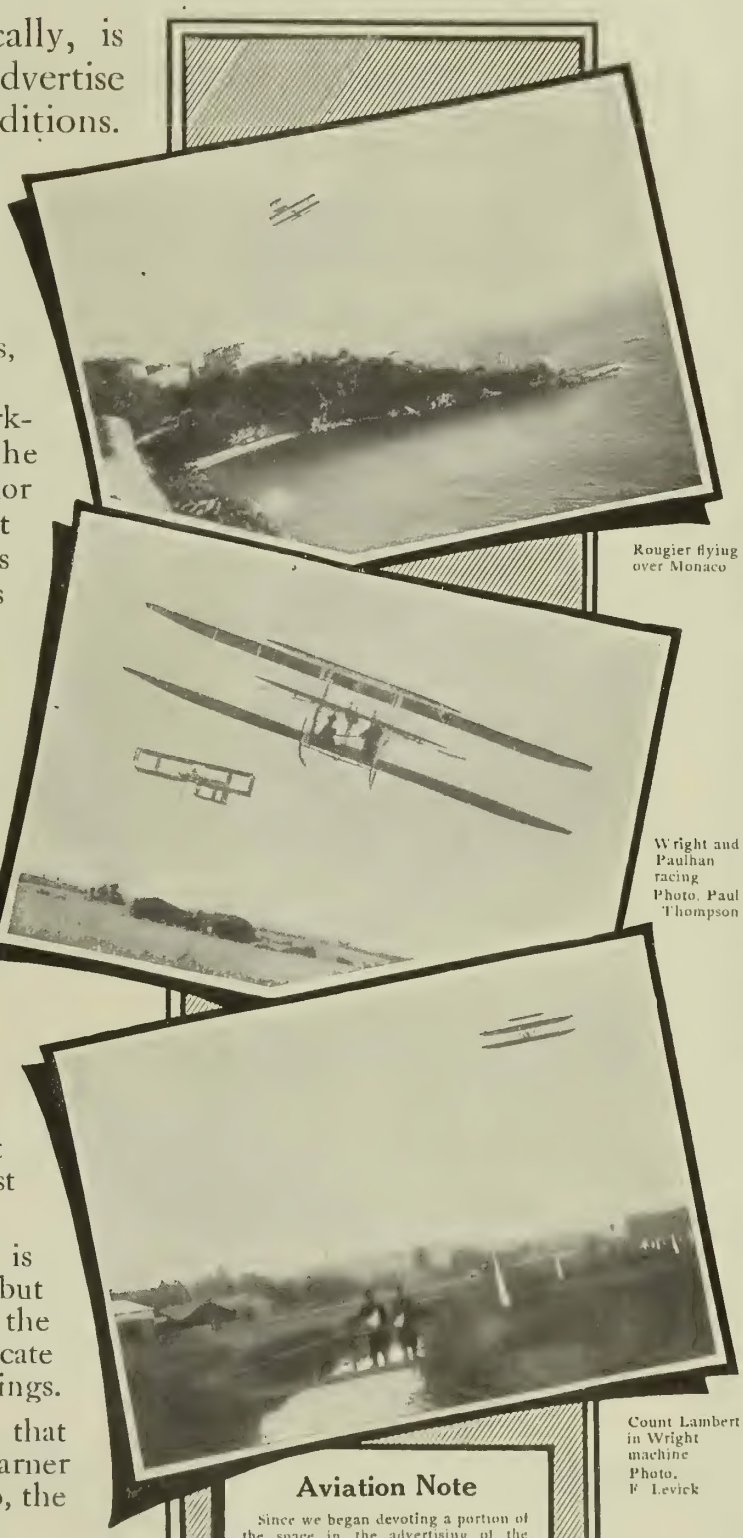
Or, to put it a little differently—"Will a lower priced speed-indicator give me good-enough service?"

Let us consider that question logically.

There are some lines where a lower cost merely decreases the length of service or lessens the beauty of appearance.

One tailor, for instance, may make a suit of clothes for twenty-five dollars, while another charges fifty.

Of course the material, the workmanship, the appearance of the cheaper suit will be greatly inferior to those of the better one. But it will still serve all the purposes of a suit of clothes, and perhaps give almost the same wear in proportion to price. So its purchase at times may be a justifiable economy, because of the "good-enough" service it gives.



Rougier flying over Monaco

Wright and Paulhan racing
Photo. Paul Thompson

Count Lambert in Wright machine
Photo. F. Levick

The Warner Auto-Meter

But in the case of a speed-indicator there is no "good-enough" service.

It is either absolutely accurate—it either tells you just how fast and how far you're going—or it does not really tell you anything at all.

And it is just that absolute accuracy that makes the Warner Auto-Meter at once the aristocrat of speed-indicators and the highest priced speed-indicator made.

For the cost of the instrument is not in the pieces of metal which constitute it, but in the hours of labor of expert workmen, in the perfect adjustment of related parts, in the delicate balancing of the almost infinitesimal jewel bearings.

But these things also furnish the reasons that make the experienced motorist put the Warner Auto-Meter on his car. And they answer, too, the question of the motorist of less experience.

Our interesting booklet is free. Write or call for it.

Model M.

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"
Ten Models—$50 to $145

Warner Instrument Company

907 Wheeler Ave., BELOIT, WIS.

Branches: Atlanta, 116 Edgewood Ave.; Boston, 925 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 720 Main St.; Chicago, 2420 Michigan Ave.; Cincinnati, 807 Main St.; Cleveland, 2062 Euclid Ave.; Denver, 1518 Broadway; Detroit, 870 Woodward Ave.; Indianapolis, 330-331 N. Illinois St.; Kansas City, 1613 Grand Ave.; Los Angeles, 748 S. Olive St.; New York, 1902 Broadway; Philadelphia, 302 N. Broad St.; Pittsburg, 5940 Kirkwood St.; San Francisco, 36-38 Van Ness Ave.; Seattle, 611 E. Pike St.; St. Louis, 3923 Olive St.

Aviation Note

Since we began devoting a portion of the space in the advertising of the Warner Instrument Company to the pictorial representation of aeroplane development, I have been astonished at the great number of earnest workers who are devoting time and thought to human flight.

And I have been especially surprised at the results achieved by boys of the high-school age. There is a Juvenile Aviation League among the New York City school children which is really accomplishing wonderful things.

I hope in a later issue to show some pictures of their work.

A. P. Warner

ROXFORD

The GOOD KNITTED UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS

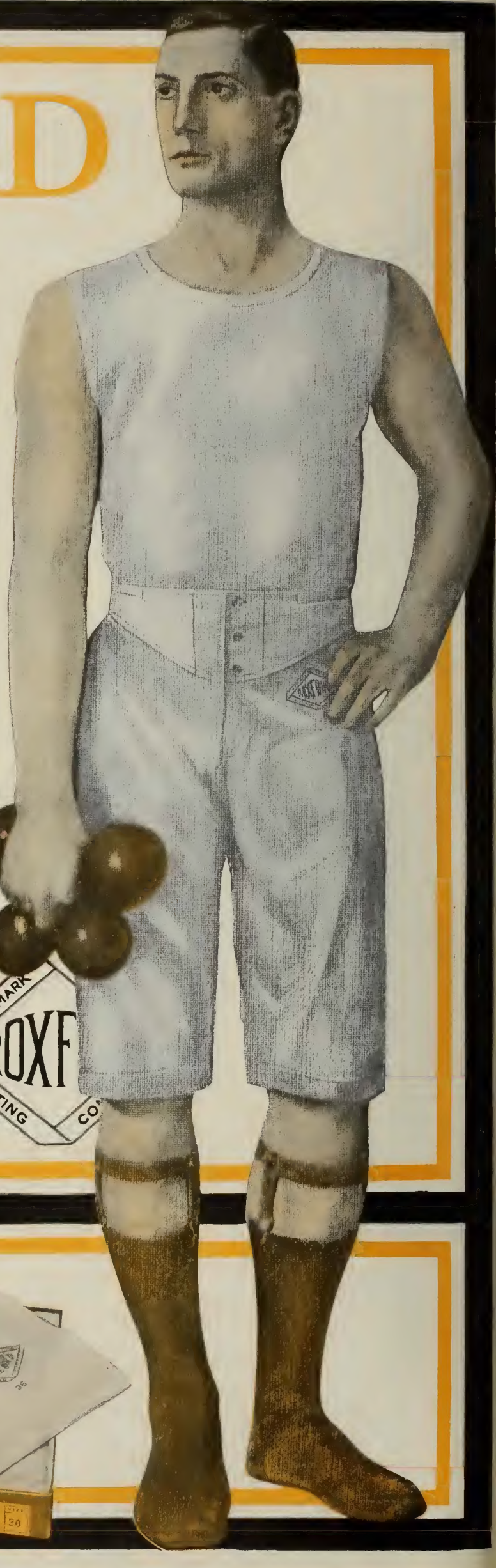
Plan your own comfort. Don't drop in just anywhere and buy your underwear. You've got to live with it all summer—half the hot weather discomfort comes from the binding and sticking of skimpy, ill-designed shirts and drawers.

ROXFORD is full-cut—elastic. Generous in shape and finish. *Knitted.* Made of good, old-fashioned, cool *balbriggan.* And you can get all the *new styles*—knee drawers; short sleeve or sleeveless shirts (without buttons). ROXFORD *fits*—will not shrink in wear or wash.

Long-sleeve Shirts	Ankle-length Drawers
Short-sleeve Shirts	Knee-length Drawers
Sleeveless Shirts (no buttons)	Short-stout Drawers
Short-sleeve Shirts (no buttons)	Long-slim Drawers

Ribbed and Flat Union Suits

50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment. *Your good dealer carries Roxford.* Send for the little ROXFORD Book. It tells all about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. *It's well worth writing for.*

TRADE MARK · REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE · ROXFORD · KNITTING · COMPANY

ROXFORD KNITTING CO.
Dept. K
Philadelphia